March 1966, 75 cents

THE Atlantic

Brooke of Massachusetts: Where I Stand

Robert Lowell
Conor Cruise O'Brien

Erich Leinsdorf
What Makes Opera Run

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Put yourself in Pedro's place and decide what you would do!

Pedro Rodriguez is a resourceful 8-year-old who lives in New York City.

Last spring, Pedro went to spend his Easter vacation with relatives in Boonton, N. J. A few days later, he grew homesick, so he slipped away on the bicycle he had with him and started for New York.

After seven long hours of pedaling through strange streets and towns, he realized he was hopelessly lost. It was ten o'clock at night and he had only 15¢ in his pocket.

Through the darkness, Pedro saw the friendly light of a phone booth, dropped his lone dime in the slot and dialed "Operator." Mrs. Anna Appleton, Night Chief Operator in Bloomfield, N. J., took over the handling of his call.

Pedro knew few English words and Mrs. Appleton couldn't understand his frantic Spanish. But her calm voice reassured the boy and she held him on the line while she enlisted the help of a Spanish-speaking student at a nearby college. Patiently, they pieced together Pedro's story.

But how do you find a boy in a booth who has no idea where he is? Mrs. Appleton knew only that the call must be coming from one of five adjacent communities. In quick succession, she called the police in each town and asked them to check.

The Fairfield police found Pedro in a booth only a block from their headquarters. His mother came to get him and the story had a happy ending—thanks to a boy who knew enough to dial and an operator who lived up to the Bell System's long tradition of serving and helping, whatever the need.

Have you trained *your* children how to dial "O for Operator" in case of emergency?

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MARCH ATLANTIC 1966 VOLUME 217 NUMBER 3

ERICH LEINSDORF	What Makes Opera Run	53
EDWARD BROOKE	Where I Stand	60
ROBERT LOWELL	Fourth of July in Maine – A POEM	66
CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN	Africa's Answer to Schweitzer	68
PAULINE KAEL	Marlon Brando: An American Hero	72
HOWARD LOWRY	The Small College: Another View	76
ISAAC BABEL	Shabos Nahamu – A STORY	79
JULIUS DUSCHA	Bonanza in Colorado: Who Gets It?	82
W. S. MERWIN	Dusk in Winter – A POEM	86
DONALD HALL	Writers on the Campus	87
DAVID RAY	Committee – A POEM	90
WILLIAM JAMES, JR.	John Singer Sargent in His Studio	91
NORMAN ANTHONY	The Rise and Fall of Elmer Zilch	93
LOUIS KRONENBERGER	I am, Yours &c. The Art of Writing Letters – BOOKS AND MEN	97
L. E. SISSMAN	Chamber Music, Bar Harbor, Off-Season – A POEM	139

THE ATLANTIC EXTRA

RUDOLPH WURLITZER	The Boiler Room – AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"	127

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington – British Guiana – Norway 6

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – PETER DAVISON – JOHN L'HEUREUX – JACK BELCK – LIONEL WIGGAM		140
PHILIP DALLAS	Sardinia	145
HERBERT KUPFERBERG	Originality and Success	150

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	156
OSCAR HANDLIN	Reader's Choice	160
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	166

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Why many investors are asking brokers about listed stocks.

Here are three points many new investors find attractive when considering stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

With over 20 million Americans now investing in stocks and bonds, it is significant that most of them own securities listed on the Exchange. You may be interested in knowing why many investors who hope to build a richer, fuller life are exploring this interesting group of stocks.

—*—

1. A select "few." For one thing, though less than 1% of the total number of American corporations are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, they earn nearly 65% of all reported net profits and pay about 60% of all dividends. (Would a "second income" from dividends interest you?) These corporations represent leaders of many industries—companies you know and the products or services of which you may use.

—*—

2. A wide choice. If you look for a variety of investment possibilities, you'll find it on the Big Board. Listed stocks include 12 different airlines, 131 utilities, 78 food processors, 40 steel and iron companies—and major corporations in almost any field you can name.

—*—

3. The busiest market. An important feature of listed stocks is the ease and speed with which they can usually be bought or sold. This is because the New York Stock Exchange is the nation's biggest and busiest two-way auction market. Last year, on the average, some 6,176,000 shares were traded each business day. Normally, you can buy or sell listed shares in a matter of minutes.

—*—

Where to start.

But once you decide you want to invest, how do you go about it? We suggest you begin with four things: a rule, a goal, a judgment, a broker.

—*—

Your rule should be to invest only money you won't need for regular living expenses or emergencies. No investment is a "sure thing"—prices go both ways, down as well as up.

How stocks get to be listed on the Big Board.

The Exchange judges each company that applies for original listing on its merits. It may consider listing a stock if, at the time of listing, it meets such guide-lines as these:

* there are 1,700 shareowners who own at least 100 shares each.
* 700,000 shares are in public hands with a market value of at least $12,000,000.
* the company has demonstrated earning power of at least $1,200,000 a year after all charges and taxes.

In addition, companies which apply for listing must agree to issue financial reports to their shareowners and to give owners of common stock the right to vote. There are other guide-lines for de-listing.

Your goal might be to increase the value of your stock so you'll have a comfortable nest egg for later years. Maybe you hope to "hedge" your savings against inflation. Perhaps you'd like to build a portfolio that pays regular dividends. If you're primarily interested in protecting your capital, you might look to bonds. Whatever your goal, make sure it's realistic and completely clear in your own mind.

—*—

Your judgment, in every case, should be based on pertinent facts—not unfounded rumors. Examine the trend of the company's sales and profits. How does it measure up in its industry? Once you've sorted out the facts then bring your judgment into play.

—*—

Your broker should be chosen with the greatest care. We suggest you see a partner or registered representative in one of the Exchange's member firms. Ask him to help you bring your personal investment picture into sharper focus. Ask him for facts. Ask for his opinions. Though he can't always be right, he may stimulate your thinking with his knowledge of the securities business.

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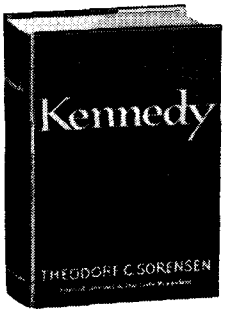

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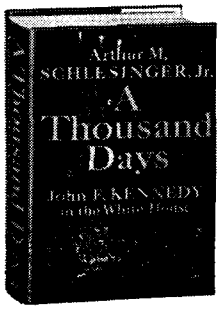

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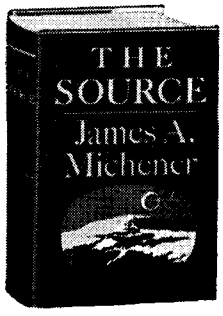

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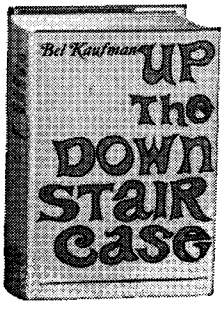

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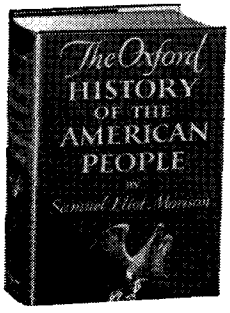

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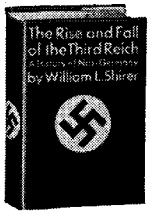

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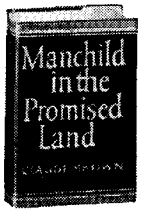

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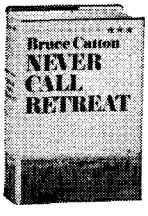

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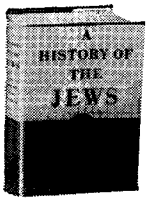

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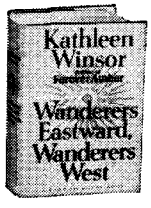

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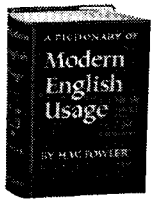

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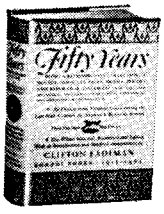

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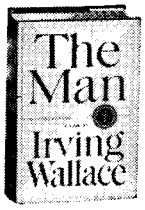

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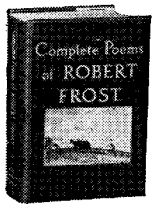

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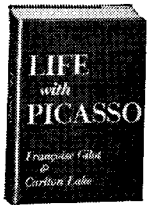

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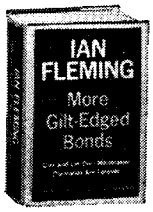

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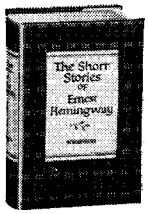

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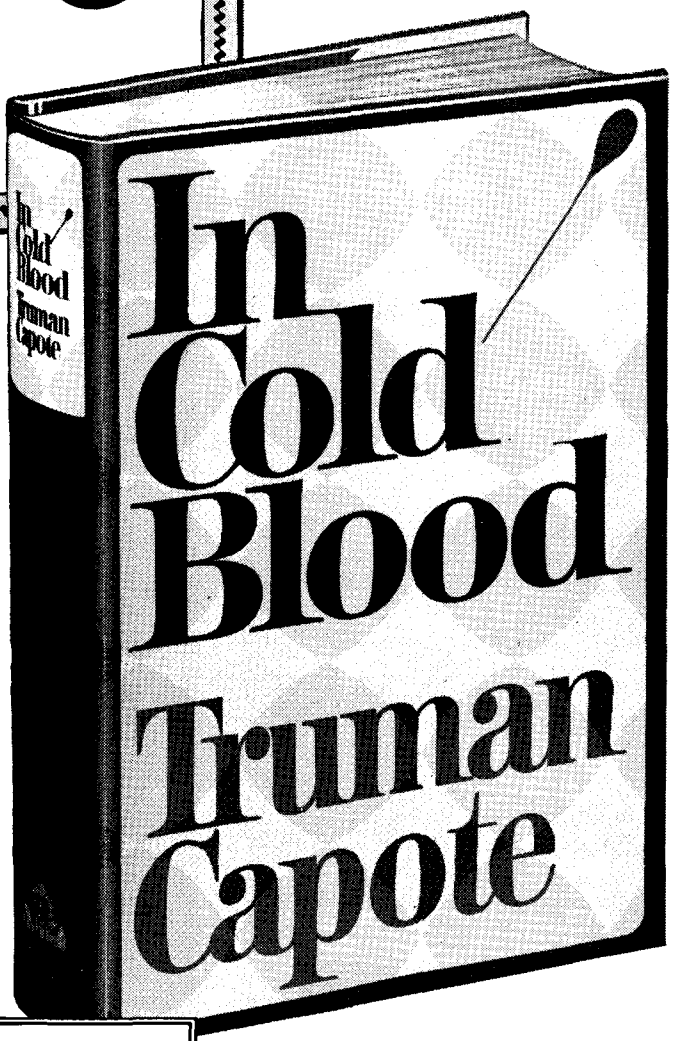

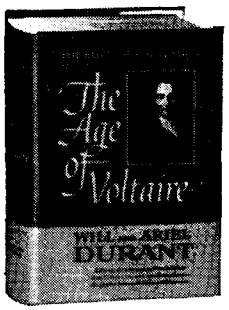

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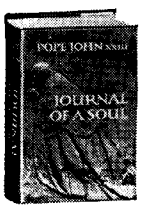

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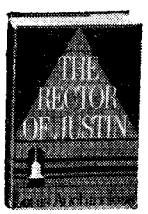

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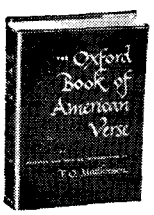

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

WASHINGTON

Lyndon Johnson has labored mightily to find an end to the conflict in Southeast Asia. Those who call him insincere in his peace campaign do not know the man or the politician. The war is an enormous burden on both. However rough and tough an operator the President may be, he is a man who is deeply moved and hurt by suffering, waste, and destruction. The casualty lists touch him to the quick. He cannot understand why men cannot settle their differences around the conference table to their mutual advantage.

As a politician, the President knows that if the war drags on interminably, it could be his undoing. He is not prepared to admit that he did other than what he had to do in providing increased aid to South Vietnam last year and in applying pressure which he thought would force the Communists to the bargaining table. But he recognizes that Vietnam is an increasingly dangerous political issue and that it could play a significant part in the 1966 congressional elections and in his own re-election campaign only two years away.

Let no one say that the President does not earnestly want a settlement of the war. It is his most urgent wish and one that he never ceases to nurture by work and constant inquiry. He is determined at the same time not to let the war destroy his domestic program. That is why he took a bolder-than-life stance in support not only of continuing but of expanding the Great Society.

And, political being that he is, he shrewdly challenged those who would cut the domestic program to say whom they would sacrifice. Would they take from the children, the sick, and the distressed? "I believe we can continue the Great Society while we fight in Vietnam," the President declared. Yet even he must have had his doubts, for he also said: "Because of Vietnam we cannot do all that we should, or all that we would like to do." The doubts will increase if the fighting increases.

The President does not like to be told that anything is impossible or that the nation cannot accomplish miracles. One reason why he is frustrated in Vietnam is that the pressures he applied last year have not produced the results he expected. Now he cannot accept complacently either the Federal Reserve Board's tightened monetary policy or warnings that he cannot have both guns and butter. He will fight for both, and they are both expensive. The economy is operating closer to capacity than at any time since World War II. Yet strains are bound to develop that will make the President's problems more difficult.

The threat of famine

While the Administration is pushing with all possible speed its Great Society programs, it may soon find that in the important area of agriculture it is time to think in terms of new policies. We are a great power almost as much because of the richness of American farms as because of the strength of American industry. We are the only nation in the world which has a significant farm surplus and which also could easily increase its agricultural production. For three decades we have designed our agricultural policies to limit production; within a very short time we may have to do everything possible to encourage production. As the underdeveloped world, including Communist China, continues to lose the ability to feed itself, the pressures on the United States to produce more food will mount.

A few simple statistics tell the stark story. Before World War II, the underdeveloped world of Asia, Africa, and Latin America exported to the developed industrial countries of the North approxi-

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Research Submersibles: A report from General Dynamics

New breed of vessel:

A hundred and thirty feet down in the Aegean Sea, a Byzantine galley had hidden its secrets for almost fifteen centuries. Then in 1964, University of Pennsylvania Museum archeologists mounted paired cameras on a new research submarine, Asherah, and learned more from the three-dimensional photographs obtained in one "flight" over the wreck than had been possible from weeks of scuba diving.

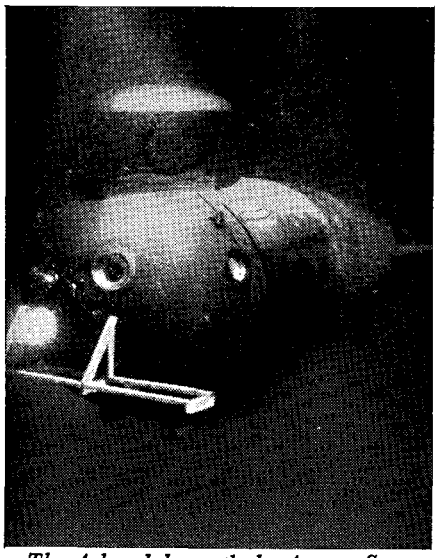
This was the first of dozens of undersea jobs already done by Asherah. The Asherah is the 339th—and at 17 feet long, the smallest—submarine built by General Dynamics. For comparison, the Holland, the very first submarine we delivered to the Navy in 1900, was 54 feet long. Over the years, we have built the prototypes of most classes of United States Navy submarines, including its nuclear-powered undersea ships.

But the true manned research submarines are really a new breed of boat. Less than a score now exist.

Depth and mobility:

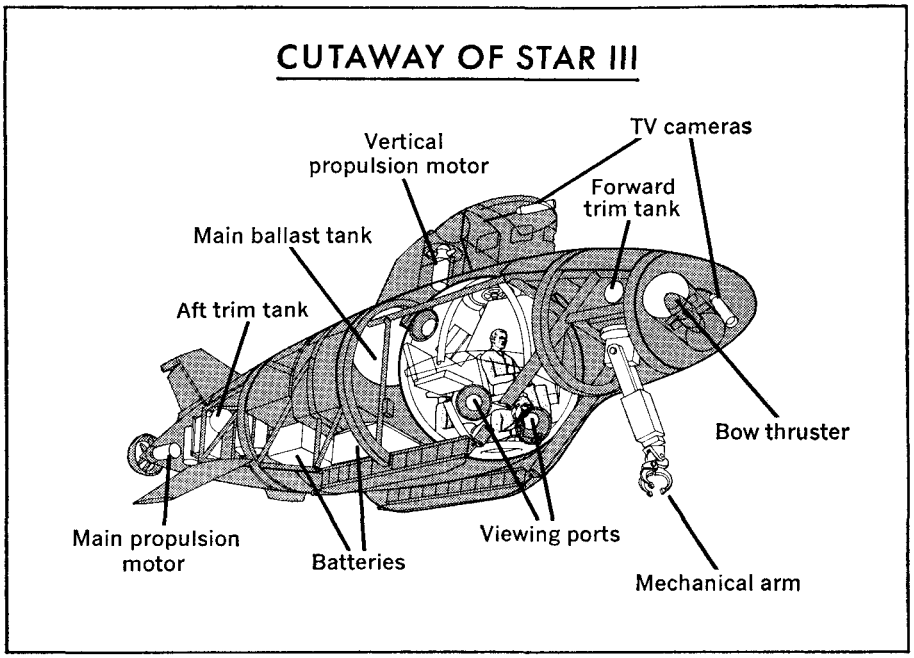
Unlike bathyscaphes, designed to drop to great depths but remain relatively immobile for passive observation, the new research submarines must have depth capability, the ability to perform useful work, and the mobility to survey extended areas at a reasonable speed.

Asherah is one of the first true research submarines. It can dive to 600 feet (World War II subs rarely dived much below 300 feet), stay submerged for ten hours, cruise at three to four knots, move in all directions. An improved sister ship, Star II, is made of the same HY-80 steel that goes into nuclear submarines; it has depth capability to 1,200 feet.



The Asherah beneath the Aegean Sea.

A larger boat we call Star III (see cutaway drawing below) is built of even tougher HY-100 steel. It has a cruising depth of 2,000 feet, and is equipped with an external mechanical arm that has interchangeable "hands"—a clamshell grip, a wire cutter, and a "three-finger" which can pick up a pencil or a 200-pound weight, or manipulate a valve.



The Aluminaut, the largest research sub so far, was built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International to prove, among other things, the feasibility of aluminum as a hull metal. The 51-foot Aluminaut is designed to operate at depths up to 15,000 feet, under pressures up to more than 7,000 pounds per square inch. Aluminaut, in early sea trials, has cruised as deep as 6,250 feet, and remained submerged for over 30 continuous hours. AWorld War II military submarine rarely remained submerged for more than 24 hours.

Problems and needs:

These early research subs still have many limitations of speed, range and submerged endurance. They require back-up by a mother ship and have to be carried or towed to a job location.

This last "limitation" can sometimes be an advantage. Asherah and Star II, for example, are small enough to be rushed by air for a rescue operation.

But subs with many special characteristics will be needed for exploring—and for exploiting—the sea.

Some vessels will have to withstand pressures up to 10,000 pounds per square inch, to allow them to penetrate into mid-ocean abysses four miles deep. Work subs for, say, mining will have to be stable enough in a buoyant environment not to be whipped about in reaction to the force of their own tools.

We have already done a study for the Bureau of Fisheries showing feasibility of a submarine to track oceanic fish. It would be 160 feet long, carry 31 persons at speeds up to 20 knots, and could cruise submerged for up to 90 days.

Right now, we don't think there will ever be one single all-purpose type of research-work submarine. Just as land vehicles range from motor scooters to 20-ton earthmovers, so will most manned submersibles be designed and built for special purposes.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic and communication systems; machinery; building materials; coal and gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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mately 11 million tons of food and feed grains a year; today the industrial North exports to the underdeveloped world 25 million tons of grains annually. Thirty years ago the United States and Canada exported 8 million tons of grains a year; now they export 60 million tons. Thirty years ago Russia and Eastern Europe exported 5 million tons annually; today they import 12 to 15 million tons. In Latin America, where population growth is fastest, food output per capita has declined 7 percent since the end of the 1950s.

Underwater harvest

A few years ago the nation appeared to be on the threshold of far-reaching conquests in the science of oceanography. President Kennedy and his science adviser, Jerome B. Wiesner, were enthusiastic about the prospects of new ways to "tap the ocean depths." The seas seemed to many scientists to be as important in the field of exploration as outer space. Oils and minerals, new sources of food, a key to a better understanding of wind and weather, as well as new possibilities of national defense, were there for the oceanographers to discover.

Yet progress in the years since March, 1961, when President Kennedy sent Congress a special message on oceanography, has been disappointing. Instead of the coordinated program he wanted, there has been fragmentation. Biologists, geologists, chemists, physicists, and others interested in the science have competed with one another. A score of government agencies have vied for the scarce amount of federal funds appropriated. Engineers and technologists have been under pressure from fishing, shipping, mining, defense, recreational, and conservation interests. Various industries have competed with one another. There has been, as one scientist has said, a gap in leadership. There also has been a gap in advocacy, for the Johnson Administration has not shown the keen interest of its predecessor.

Congress has been subject to the same diverse pressures from scientists, special interests, and the competing bureaucracies. More than twenty-five bills — none sponsored by the Administration — were introduced last year to deal with the problem, and each house passed a bill designed to bring about a coordinated effort. But no agreement was reached, and the effort is still going on to reconcile the versions approved on each side of the Capitol.

Chief hope is now centered on the Senate bill, which was sponsored by Senator Warren G. Magnuson of Washington, chairman of the Committee on Commerce. It would establish a Cabinet-level National Council on Marine Resources and Engineering Development, with the Vice President as chairman. The council would be charged with developing "a comprehensive program of marine science activities, including, but not limited to, exploration, exploitation, and conservation of the resources of the marine environment, marine engineering, studies of air-sea interaction, transmission of energy, and communications, to be conducted by departments and agencies of the United States." It also would direct and fix responsibility in the several agencies.

As Senator Magnuson has told the Senate, the Convention on the Continental Shelf, only recently ratified by the required number of nations, gives the United States a new continent to explore and to exploit. The land area of the United States is 3,615,211 square miles. The surface area of the Continental Shelf adjacent to the United States is 850,000 square miles. Its potential wealth is incalculable. A definition of government policy is clearly needed, and then, as President Kennedy said five years ago, "concerted action, purposefully directed, with vision and ingenuity." Coordination cannot be achieved with twenty government agencies competing for funds, with government and industry suspicious of one another, and with each scientific discipline wanting to dominate.

With famine perhaps a greater threat to the world today than the atom bomb, every effort should be made to acquire and apply new information about the harvest underwater. If one hundredth of the energy and money being spent on the space program were applied to the field of oceanography, the results might be dramatic.

The old men of Congress

Leverett Saltonstall, the senior senator from Massachusetts, has announced the close of his political career in typically honorable manner. At seventy-three, he decided that he should not be a candidate for re-election to a six-year term. He made his decision public in ample time to give all potential candidates for his seat an opportunity to make the race. While still in good health, he is retiring from the Senate, where almost a score of his colleagues are more than seventy years of age.

Not long ago, another New Englander, Ralph Flanders of Vermont, voluntarily retired in much

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the same manner and for the same reasons. But they are the exceptions to the rule. Carl Hayden of Arizona is eighty-eight and presumably will run again this year. Several other senators who are in their seventies will seek re-election in November. Last fall, his health already failing, Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia resigned from the Senate and engineered the appointment of his son to his seat.

After Lyndon Johnson became President, he and a group of friends, including the Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, were watching a rerun of his 1964 address on the State of the Union. Behind the President on the podium were Speaker John W. McCormack of Massachusetts and Senator Hayden, the two men next in line for the presidency. "You see, Mr. Secretary," the President remarked to Rusk, "that is why I won't leave the country until after the election." McCormack and Hayden still are in line of succession, but after Vice President Humphrey.

While the older men of the Senate and House hold the positions of power (the average age of seventeen Senate committee chairmen is sixty-seven, and the average age of twenty-one House chairmen is sixty-six), the typical member of the 89th Congress is considerably younger. At the beginning of this Congress the average age was 51.9 years; it was 52.7 in the 88th Congress. And many of the brightest stars are among the younger groups in both House and Senate.

Moyers and the press

Few men have done more for President Johnson than Bill D. Moyers, the youthful press secretary at the White House. Most observers of the Washington scene regard the President as one of the ablest men ever to hold high office in this country. Yet he has a blind spot: he has never understood or been reconciled to the role of the press or of public debate. He likes to operate in secret, and he resents public discussion of an issue until he is ready to speak.

In the short time that Moyers has been in the press office he has vastly improved White House relations with the press. But the relations can never be easy as long as the President insists on such petty things as having a secretary take down the name of every questioner and the questions asked at a Moyers' press conference or requiring assistants to give him memos on every meeting, in or out of the White House, with newsmen.

The assistants have been almost completely shut off from the press, even for background purposes, because the President believes that this protects him against unwarranted leaks and is therefore to his advantage. Reporters are equally convinced that it is to his disadvantage because it prevents fuller understanding on their part of the issues and thus makes their reports less complete and less accurate than they should be.

Although Moyers has made it clear that he has a low opinion of the press in general, the press in general has a high opinion of him. Newsmen know that he is under constant cross fire, from the President for saying too much and from the press for saying too little. Most members of the press think that it would be a serious national loss for Moyers to leave his job, from the point of view of both the press and the President.

Like the President, Moyers is quick to criticize the press. He has singled out many stories in recent months for harsh attack. Yet some of the errors that the press has committed might have been prevented if there were more open policy at the White House and more trust on both sides.

"In Washington," Moyers said recently on television, "the press generally tends to write its opinions of a matter, and then to seek out facts for it."

As for the presidential press conference, Moyers said that it is the President's prerogative to decide when and how to use it because "it's to serve the convenience of the President, not the convenience of the press." That is surprising doctrine in light of the traditional view that the press conference is for the convenience of neither, but for the enlightenment of the public on public policies. In the absence of a question

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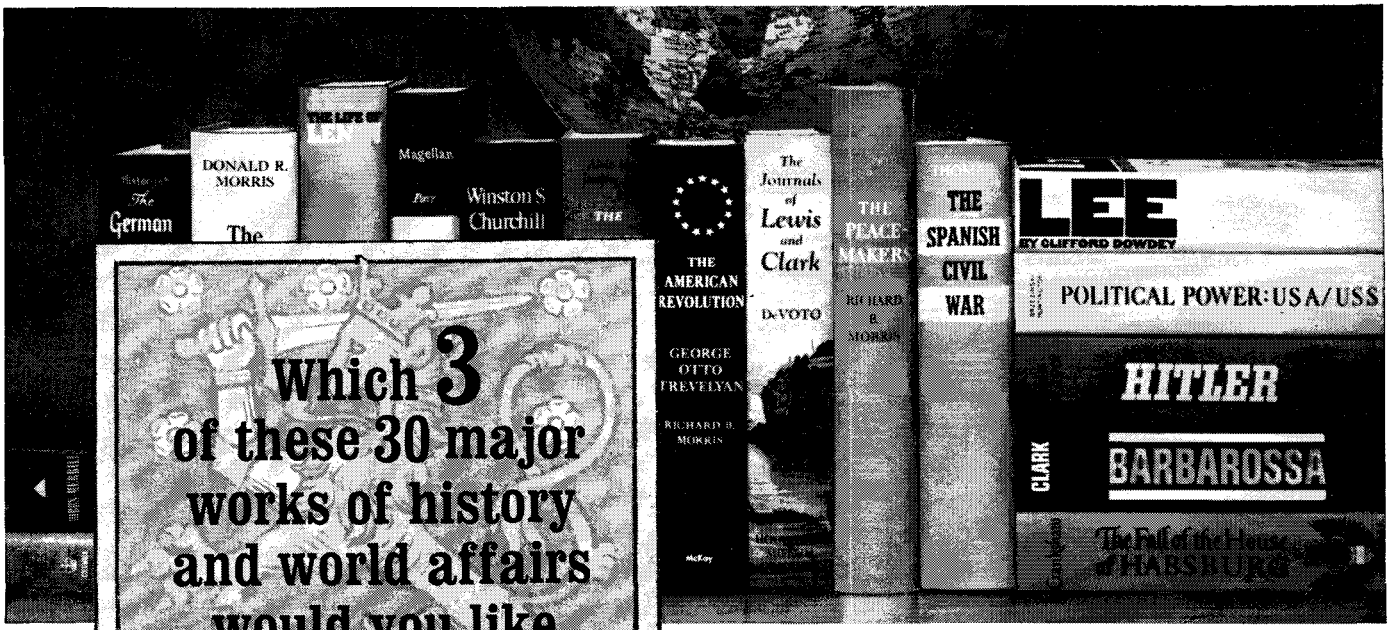

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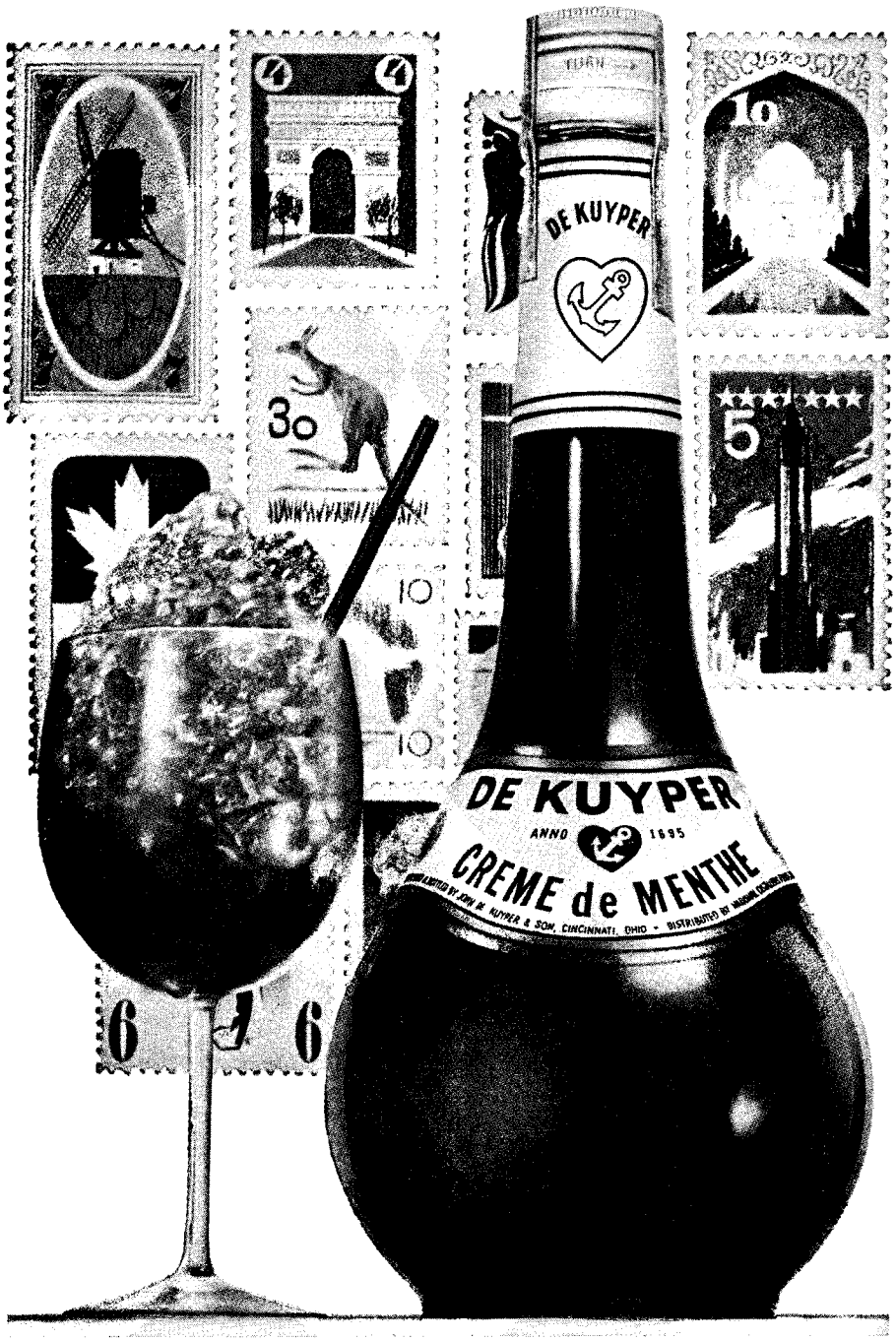

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period on the parliamentary model, the presidential press conference has served as an important though imperfect bridge between the President and the people. But to President Johnson the conference is a nuisance, or simply a platform for a presidential speech well prepared in advance.

Early in the Kennedy Administration, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., asked Jean Monnet, the eminent French friend of America, what he thought of the New Frontier. "The thing I note most is that the conversation is recommencing," Monnet replied. "You cannot have serious government without collective discussion. I have missed that in Washington in recent years."

He would miss it again today. Moyers has improved the dialogue between the press and the White House. Some discussion has recommenced. But with other officials under orders to wait for the President to speak, collective discussion is limited. It is noteworthy that the first serious discussion of Vietnam policy in many months was provoked not by Administration reporting of the facts and issues but by the report of Senator Mansfield and the senators who accompanied him on his fact-finding mission.

Mood of the Capital

It may be true that wars once were exhilarating and brought out the best in a united nation. But today Vietnam hangs like a heavy cloud over Washington. It has produced no inspiring slogans, and even the legitimate heroes on the fighting front are unsung. The contrast between vast prosperity at home and misery for soldiers in a dirty war has damaged the nation's social and moral fabric. The war dominates policy-making in Washington despite the best efforts to prevent it from doing so. It is rapidly becoming the number one political issue.

Whatever the President may say, it has diverted the nation from its course. It is impossible for Washington to concentrate effectively on other issues, including the future of NATO and the problems of world hunger, while preoccupied with the indecisive fighting.

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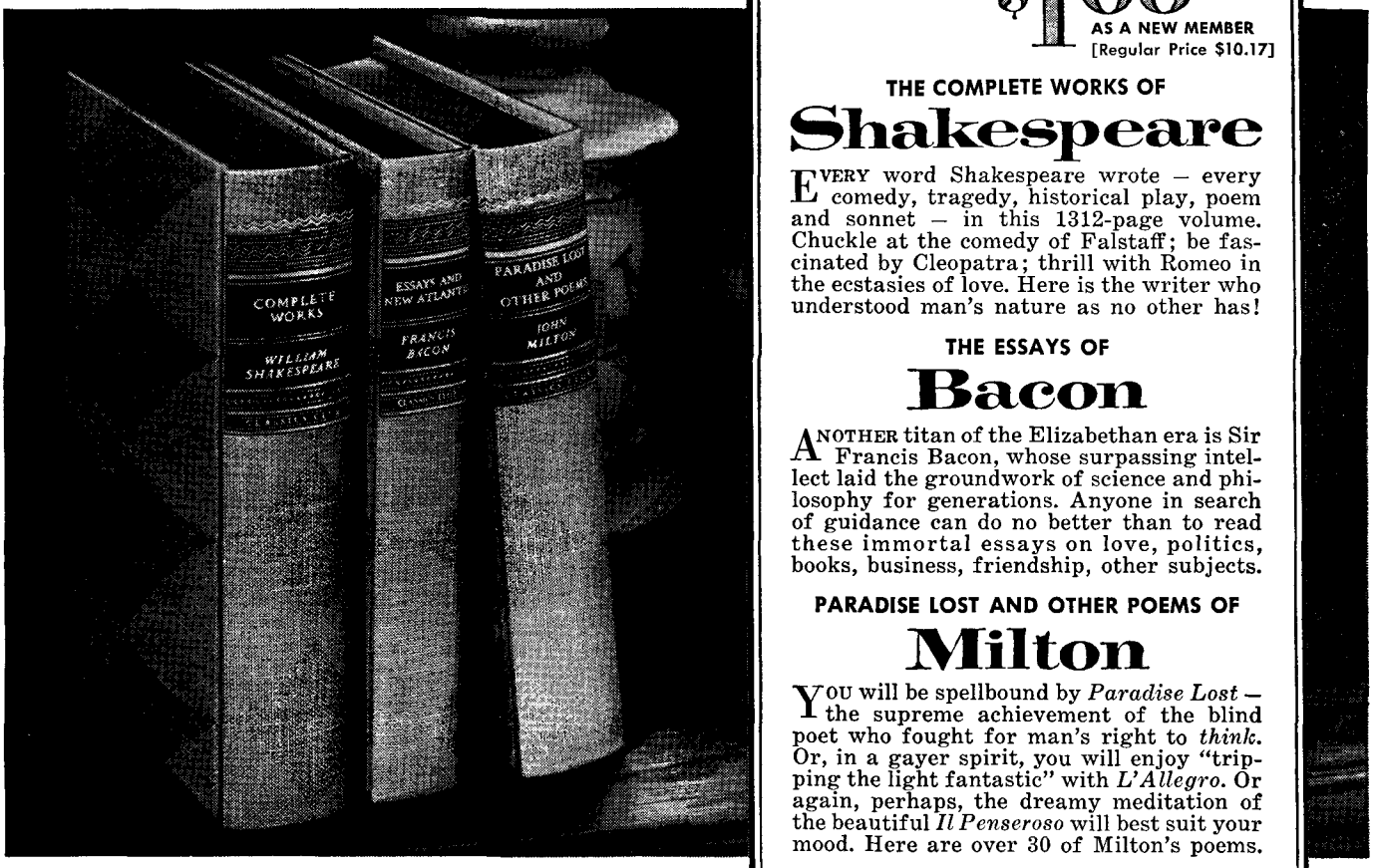

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BRITISH GUIANA

After more than a dozen years of political turmoil and racial strife, British Guiana will achieve independence on May 26 to become South America's eleventh nation and its first new country in more than a century. But despite the fact that 1965 was a year of relative political quiet and mild economic advance, only rash observers would pretend that this British colony, the size of Minnesota, has smooth sailing ahead.

Even the most sanguine of those conversant with the political scene in Georgetown, British Guiana's steamy capital, regard the future with optimism that is guarded. The pessimists maintain it will be only a matter of time before Guyana, as the country will style itself after independence, comes apart at its racial and ideological seams. Racism, Marxism, poverty, and a massive Venezuelan territorial claim are the problems which Prime Minister Forbes Burnham's coalition government must face.

Empty interior

British Guiana, which has towns with nice names such as Paradise, Better Hope, and Bachelor's Adventure, has a population of 658,000. Of these, 330,000 are East Indians (of whom 16 percent are Muslims), 205,000 are Negroes, 79,000 are "mixed," and 30,000 are Amerindians. There are also 7000 Portuguese, whose home language now is English, 4500 Chinese, and 2500 Northern Europeans. All but 50,000 of the total population live within forty miles of the coast, leaving the forested interior virtually empty.

This ethnic mosaic is complemented by a social and economic stratification related to race. Although there are many exceptions, the Northern Europeans tend to be at the top of the social ladder and to enjoy the highest standard of living. They are followed in both categories by the Portuguese and the Chinese, who dominate the retail trade. The Negroes and people of mixed race tend to be urban and to hold down most of the minor white-collar jobs. The East Indians are primarily a rural people working on the sugar plantations, although many of their leaders have gravitated to the professions. Because of their numbers, the political scene is dominated by the Negroes and the East Indians.

Politics in recent years has tended to stratify along ethnic lines, much to the misfortune of British Guiana. First on the political scene were charismatic Cheddi Jagan, an East Indian dentist educated in the United States, and Janet Rosenberg, his Chicago-born wife. Both are Marxian socialists who profess to believe in parliamentary democracy. Both refuse to answer questions relative to Communist Party membership, although Janet, a highly efficient but now rather dowdy woman of forty-five, is reputed to have belonged to the Young Communist League.

The Jagans organized their People's Progressive Party (PPP), with the help of Forbes Burnham, who served as its secretary-general, as a nonracial extreme left-wing socialist party which attracted many of the Negro urban poor. But the core of the party always was, as it is today, the East Indian community, which numbers just over half of the total population. And the East Indians vote for Jagan not because he is a Marxist — most of them are conservative peasants — but because he is an East Indian. The PPP's campaign slogan in East Indian communities is "Vote for the race."

In the colony's first elections, in 1953, Jagan's PPP swept to victory with 51 percent of the total vote and 18 of 24 seats in the legislature. The mercurial dentist then committed his first major mistake: Jagan's government set out to wreck the constitution and thus prove it unworkable. Within six months the British had reasserted direct colonial rule and jailed Dr. and Mrs. Jagan.

To the left

Before the next elections were held in 1957, the Jagans' Marxist leanings had become more pronounced and Forbes Burnham had broken away, taking most of Jagan's Negro support with him, to form the People's National Congress (PNC). But the PPP still got 47 percent of the vote.

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Report on British Guiana

In 1961, by which time politics had polarized on an ethnic basis, with the PNC becoming less socialist and almost entirely Negro, the PPP's portion of the vote had dwindled to 43 percent while Burnham's followers mustered 41 percent. But overweighting of rural constituencies combined with Negro clustering in urban areas assured Jagan of continued control. There was a further irritation of racial animosities, and hundreds of lives were lost in communal violence between 1961 and 1964. Burnham and Peter D'Aguiar, leader of the right-of-center United Force (UF), demanded new elections before independence under a system of proportional representation. Jagan countered with a plea for a lowering of the voting age to eighteen, which would have enabled him to take advantage of the higher East Indian birthrate.

These questions proved insoluble when the territory's political leaders met in London in 1962 and 1963. Finally, all three men requested Britain to make a decision and undertook to abide by it. By this time London and Washington, with one eye on Castro's Cuba, were thoroughly disenchanted with the Jagans. The United States had cut off all aid to British Guiana and was doing everything it could to support Burnham. London's decision: no lowering of the voting age, proportional representation, and elections in 1964. Jagan returned fuming to Georgetown, and in new racial violence more than 200 people lost their lives.

The system of proportional representation follows the Israeli pattern, with the entire country as one constituency, each voter casting a single ballot for a party list. With more than 96 percent of the electorate voting in December of 1964, the balloting almost exactly reflected the country's ethnic divisions. Once again the PPP led the polling with 45.8 percent of the vote. But under the proportional system, this won Jagan only 24 seats. Burnham's PNC polled 40.5 percent and won 22 seats. D'Aguiar's UF, supported by the Amerindian, Portuguese, Chinese, and Northern European voters, picked up 12.4 percent of the

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vote and 7 seats in the assembly. Four minor parties got less than 2 percent and won no seats.

Prime sit-in

Jagan refused to vacate the Prime Minister's office, and it took an order-in-council from London to get him out to make way for a PNC-UF coalition led by Burnham, a lawyer and a former mayor of Georgetown. In pique, Jagan boycotted last year's London constitutional conference which set terms for independence.

The PPP, largely financed by GIMPEX, the party-owned export-import firm which sells Eastern European goods here, has used the filibuster and the boycott in an attempt to wreck Burnham's government. Jagan, who in January traveled to Havana for the Afro-Asian–Latin-American "anti-imperialist conference," is an angry and embittered man who keeps to his Freedom House office and refuses to see Western journalists. His party is in considerable disarray, although control is still firmly in the hands of the Jagans and the extreme left.

Burnham, whose behavior as Leader of the Opposition certainly was not above reproach, has done his best to demonstrate to the East Indian Communists that he is the Prime Minister of all the people of British Guiana, not just the Negroes. He has made many goodwill trips to East Indian communities, appointed committees designed to redress the imbalance of race in government departments where Negroes predominate, and raised the minimum wage. Three East Indians serve in his fourteen-man cabinet.

Jail Jagan

In an effort to bolster Burnham's pro-Western government, a Western consortium of nations, led by the United States and Britain and supported by funds raised locally, poured more than $24 million in aid into British Guiana in 1965. Much of this money has been spent in rural areas where East Indians predominate.

However, while the East Indian community unquestionably is grateful for Burnham's moderation, an

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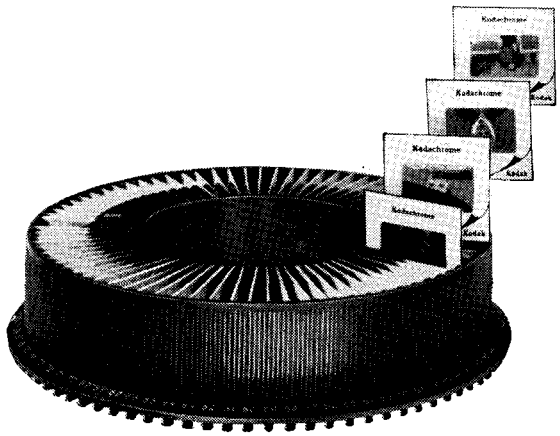

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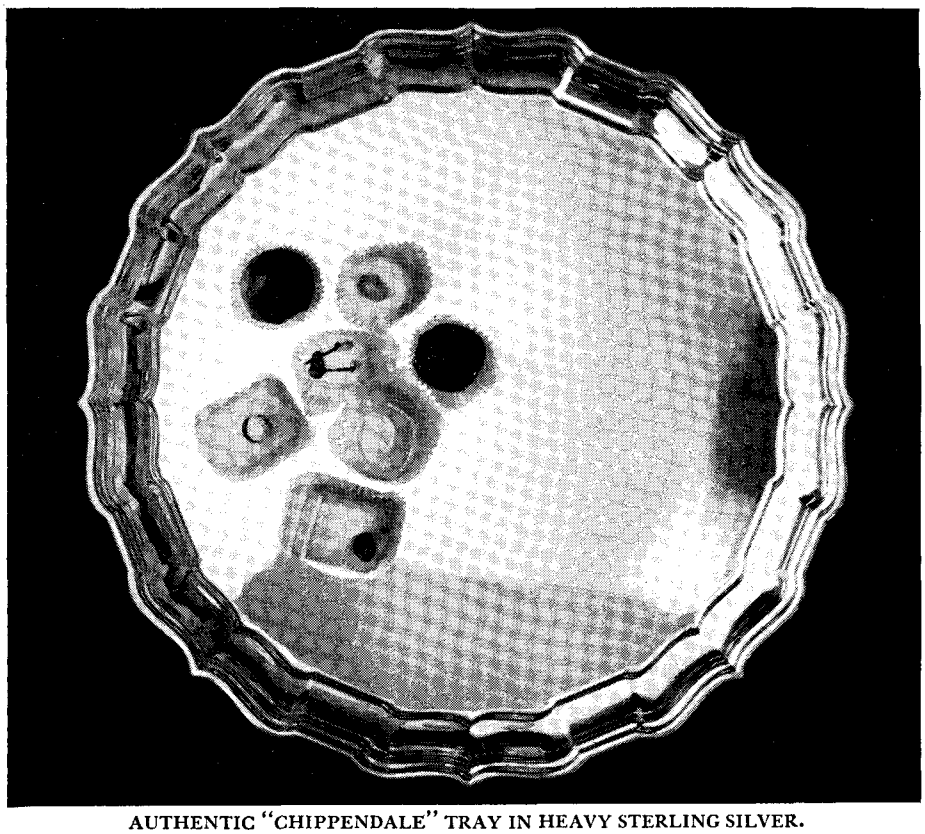

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end to the killing, and increased economic opportunities, it is doubtful if these factors have weaned away from Jagan any significant percentage of his support.

Given the greater fecundity of the East Indian community (the population as a whole is growing at a rate of more than 3 percent annually; the East Indian rate may be as high as 4 percent), Jagan is likely to come to power again within ten years despite proportional representation, assuming he can maintain control of his ethnic group.

There are three possible ways by which Burnham might be tempted to prevent this. The most obvious is by detention of the Jagans — about twenty PPP activists are now in jail. But this could well lead to terrible racial rioting. A solution favored by Ptolemy Alexander Reid, Burnham's tough-talking Minister of Home Affairs, is to open the country to mass immigration from the overcrowded English-speaking West Indian islands. But as Finance Minister D'Aguiar points out, "immigration can hardly be attractive when the host country is poor and already has a 14 percent unemployment rate."

The third solution, and the one apparently most favored by Burnham, is the creation of some form of political ties with the smaller West Indian islands whose populations are predominately Negro. The Prime Minister took a small step in this direction in December when he announced the formation of a free-trade area with Barbados and possibly Antigua and Grenada. This plan, however, could be scuttled by a British proposal announced December 30 which would give six West Indian islands, including Antigua and Grenada, the status of "states in association with Great Britain," with complete responsibility for their own internal affairs. In any case, these measures skirt the real issue, which is: Will Burnham (and Washington) allow a lawfully elected Marxist government to take office if the situation arises?

Man behind M

The economic picture is little more encouraging than the long-term po-

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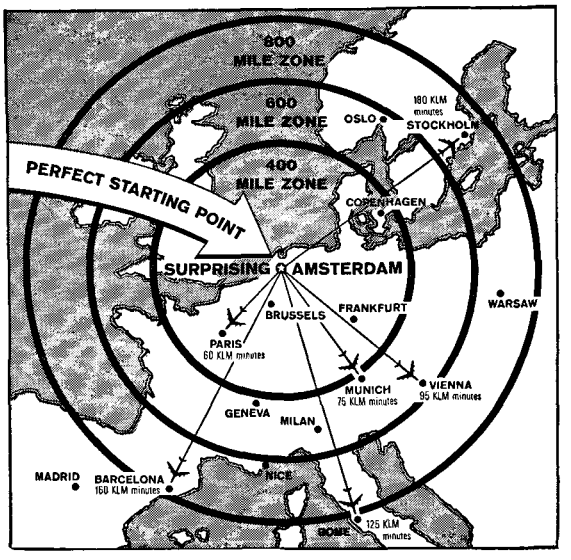

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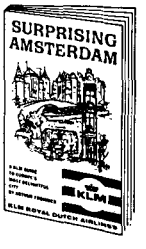

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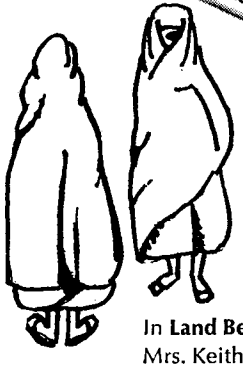
between the Sea and Sahara



In **Land Below the Wind,** winner of the Atlantic Non-Fiction Award, Mrs. Keith told of her adventures with her husband in the jungles of North Borneo; in the bestselling **Three Came Home,** she wrote of her family's ordeal as Japanese prisoners of war. And now, in her first book in more than a decade, she tells of the nine years spent with her husband in Libya where "reality exceeds fiction in drama, beauty and fascination," where she fell in love with the dust-swept Sahara, the gaudy dunes of the Red Desert, the jagged profile of the Black Plains — a land of ancient rites and veiled faces, of modern fixtures but no water, of nomads asleep beneath tattered tents and "nouveaux riches" who race Alfa Romeos and vacation in Rome.

With the grace of a poet and her usual irrepressible wit, Agnes Newton Keith delights readers with the story of how she lost her heart to Libya.

**Publishers' Weekly*
Illustrated with 50 line drawings by the author; $6.95 at all bookstores

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

litical prospect. The economy of "B.G.," as the territory is called locally, is dominated by a corporation chaired by Sir Jock Campbell, known jocularly in British financial circles as "the man behind 'M'." "M," as any red-blooded American youth knows, is the boss of James Bond, Agent 007. Campbell, who was named a life peer in this year's New Year Honors List, is the chairman of the Bookers Group, which in 1964, partially to diversify its holdings in the face of increasing violence in British Guiana, acquired a 51 percent interest in the late Ian Fleming's copyright.

Bookers is an international corporation employing more than 36,000 people in eleven countries (the company sells carpets in London, automobile parts in Canada). By British or American standards, it is not a huge concern: in 1960, ranked by their net assets, Bookers stood 118th among British companies.

But within the context of British Guiana (1965 government budget: $64 million), Bookers is enormous. The company, with a total investment in Guiana of $124 million, is the territory's largest employer and biggest taxpayer. Last year Bookers' production of sugar, rum, and molasses accounted for nearly half of British Guiana's $94.5 million worth of exports. In addition to sugar planting, the firm has interests in foundries, gin, shrimping, storekeeping, drug manufacture, printing, stock feed, balata collection (used in golf ball cores), petroleum marketing, insurance, road transport, and shipping. So complete is Bookers' domination of the economy that many Guianese half-jokingly refer to their country as "Bookers' Guiana."

Campbell, an enthusiastic socialist and a member of Britain's Labor Party, has carefully kept Bookers out of British Guiana's turbulent politics and avoided identification with right-wing groups. Bookers pays among the highest wages in British Guiana; 75 percent of its upper- and middle-echelon executive posts are held by Guianese. Economic Affairs Minister Henry Thomas and Home Affairs Minister Ptolemy Reid are Bookers products, and the com-

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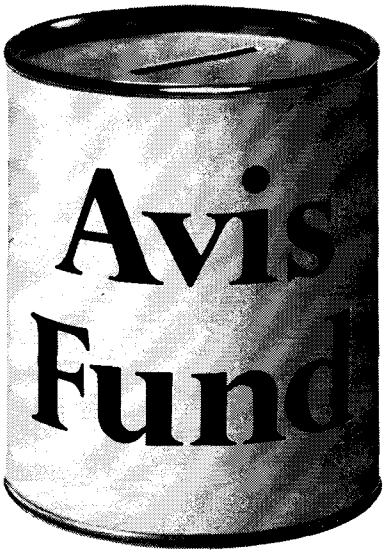

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pany recently agreed in principle to a scheme whereby the government of British Guiana will acquire a minority shareholding position in the sugar industry. But, although sugar is a labor-intensive crop, Bookers provides employment for less than 25,000 Guianese.

Fragile props

The second prop of the territory's fragile economy is bauxite and alumina, exports of which in 1964 were worth $34.8 million, about a third of the country's total. Dominating this industry is the Demerara Bauxite Company, a subsidiary of the Aluminium Company of Canada, which has $72.5 million invested here, accounts for 80 percent of British Guiana's exports of bauxite and alumina (the territory ranks behind only Jamaica, Russia, and Surinam as a world producer), but employs only 3500 men. Reynolds Metals, a U.S. firm, accounts for the remaining production.

Rice is British Guiana's only other significant export. In 1964, 156,000 tons were produced on 278,000 acres from East-Indian-owned farms averaging 12 acres in size, most of them on polders, tracts of land reclaimed from the sea — a relic of the days of the Dutch occupation. The rice is of low quality. About 45,000 tons are consumed annually, and another 60,000 tons go to the British West Indian islands, leaving a surplus of 50,000 tons for which a market must be found.

Jagan's pro-Communist government was able in 1964 to sell 18,000 tons of rice at an artificially high price to Castro's Cuba while smaller amounts went to Russia and East Germany. These markets now are closed to British Guiana's pro-Western government.

Despite the Communist purchases, when Burnham came to power he found the country's warehouses bulging with 50,000 tons of unsold rice, some of it from the 1963 crop. This he managed to dispose of at a loss of $1.7 million, a considerable blow to this territory's limited economy. For political reasons, the loss was not passed on to the East Indian growers. Agriculture Minister Llew-

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Lydia Diaz is working her way through college—as a visitors' guide at the University of Puerto Rico.

Lively youngsters with lively minds—the bright new generation in Puerto Rico

(youngsters so eager to learn, the Commonwealth spends a full third of its budget on education)

PUERTO RICO has a new fountain of youth—its eager-beaver, *well-educated* younger generation.

The student in our photograph was snapped between classes at the University of Puerto Rico. This university alone has a total of 23,000 students—boning up on every subject from agriculture to nuclear physics.

Add to them the students at Puerto Rico's four other institutions of higher learning and 16 vocational schools and you get a total of 37,000 students. An impressive figure for an island with a smaller population than the city of Chicago.

To keep pace with this dedication to learning, the Commonwealth spends a larger proportion of its budget on education than any country in the western world—including the U.S.

When Ponce de León sailed from Puerto Rico to the mainland, he was searching for a fountain of youth to keep him eternally young. Now the traffic is reversed. U.S. manufacturers are coming to Puerto Rico at a steady clip to take advantage of a different kind of fountain of youth—the island's pool of well-educated youngsters.

If you feel your business could do with an injection of youthfulness, come to Puerto Rico. Some manufacturers find they can choose from many applicants for each job. *All well-educated.*

One of a series on the cultural and economic development of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for information on productivity and special incentives. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. CID, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019.

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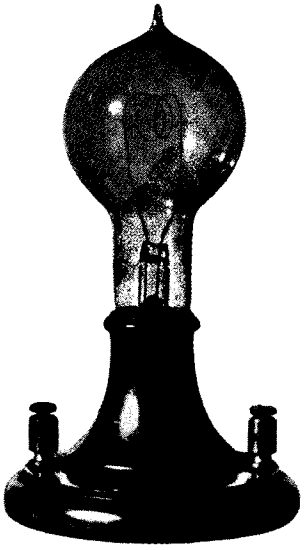
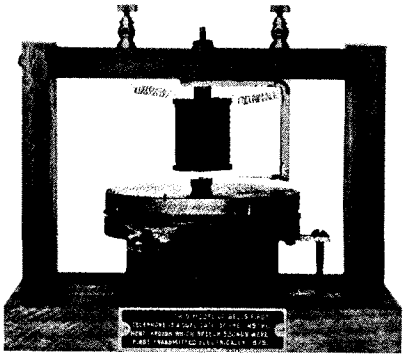
They laughed.

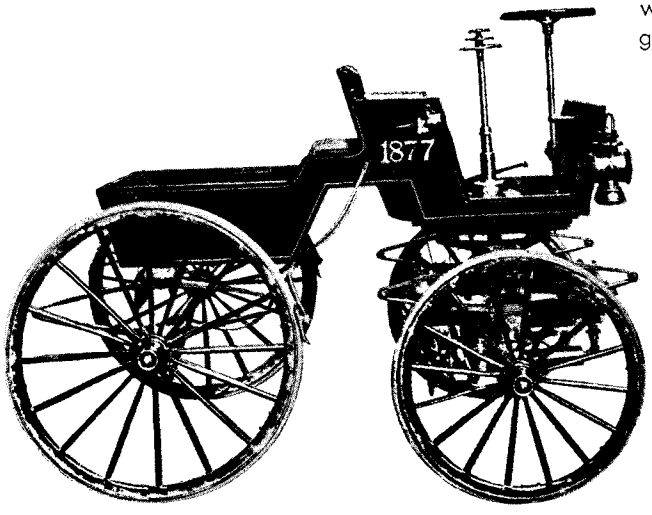
3000 B.C. Somebody invented the wheel. It was round and funny. And since the road wasn't invented yet, everybody laughed.



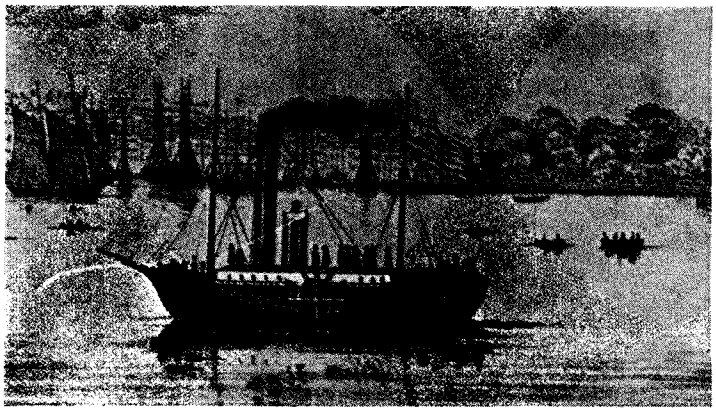
1879. The electric light bulb. It was so dim, people had to use a gas lamp to see it. They laughed.



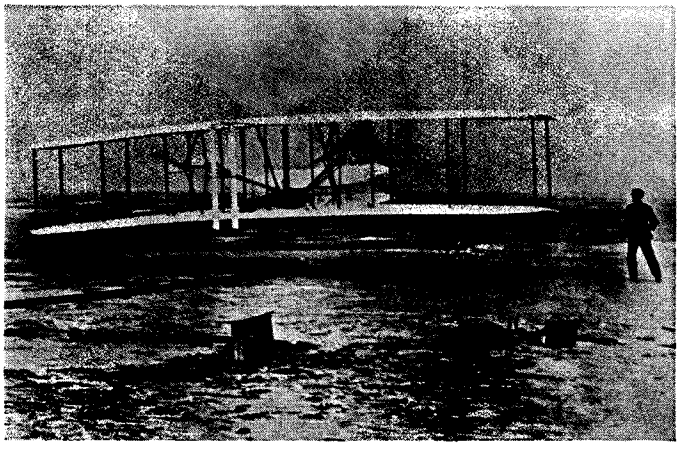
1875. The telephone. Who'd want to stand and talk to a box full of wires? They laughed.



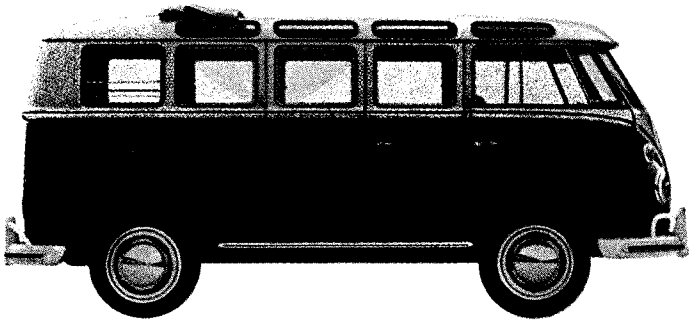
1877. The automobile sputtered down the road. The horse and buggy passed it like it was standing still. And it usually was.



1807. The first steamboat in America made it from New York to Albany in 32 hours. A small boy could've beat it in a rowboat. They laughed.



1903. The airplane. Off it soared into the wild blue yonder; down it came 59 seconds later. They laughed.



1950. The Volkswagen Station Wagon. It was square and homely. But it held almost twice as much as un-funny wagons, took 4 feet less space to park, never froze up or boiled over, and cost about half as much to run.

The VW Wagon is still a pretty funny sight. And people are still laughing. But the laughter is dying down.

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ellyn John asserts that the only hope for the rice industry is "to cut production and increase quality," a task easier said than done.

American aid

"The short-term economic problem," explains American A.I.D. director Harry Yoe, "is to reduce unemployment as quickly as possible and get the economy moving again." To this end, most of the U.S. assistance of $13 million last year went into labor-intensive public works projects. For the long term, a Seven-Year Development Plan drawn up by Jamaican economist Sir Arthur Lewis, who teaches at Princeton, will be presented to the legislature this year. The plan calls for expenditure of $174 million, nearly two thirds of which will be in foreign aid. Guyana may, in fact, have difficulty spending the money.

Burnham admits that between 500 and 700 technical posts in the civil service are vacant because there are no Guianese in the country qualified to fill them. The Prime Minister has launched a drive to lure back the hundreds of professional people who emigrated rather than live in a Jagan-ruled British Guiana. But many of them are doing well in their new homes, and it remains to be seen how many will want to return to the narrower horizons of their homeland. British Guiana remains short of capital and skills, is endowed with few exploitable resources, and offers only a restricted domestic market.

Venezuela's claim

A final cloud on the horizon is a Venezuelan claim to nearly two thirds of the colony. The Dutch held parts of the coast from 1648 until 1814. Most of their settlements were to the east of the Essequibo River, far removed from the Spanish settlements west of the Orinoco. Nevertheless, on the basis of discovery and exploration, Spain claimed the lands to the west bank of the Essequibo.

The British replaced the Dutch in 1814, and by 1840 had pushed their outposts all the way to the eastern mouth of the Orinoco. In 1887, following the discovery of gold in the area, Britain refused to submit the

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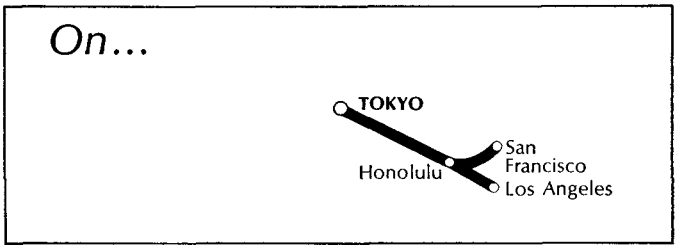

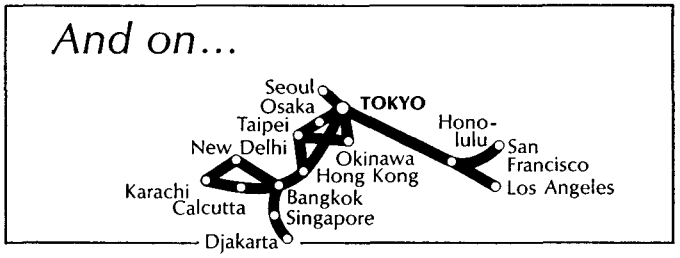

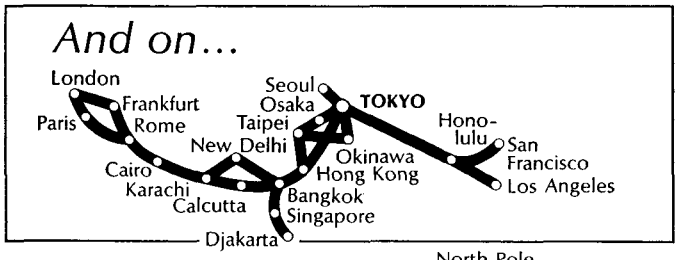

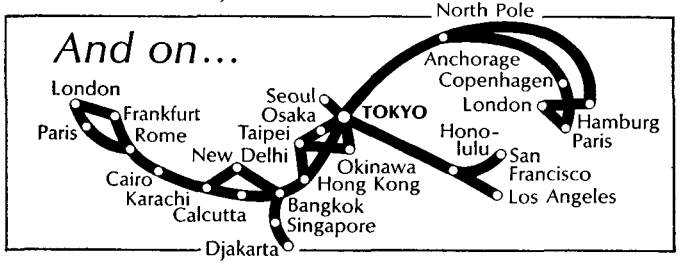

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dispute to arbitration, and Caracas severed diplomatic relations with London.

Eight years later, Venezuelan border guards arrested two British police officers in the disputed area and charged them with violation of Venezuelan territory. Britain, engaged at the time with France in a scramble for spheres of influence in Africa and the Middle East, backed off and agreed to arbitration. An international tribunal awarded 90 percent of the disputed area to Britain but gave Venezuela control of both banks of the mighty Orinoco. Both Britain and Venezuela signed the arbitration award in 1897 and later ratified it. Nevertheless, Venezuela always has felt cheated by the award, primarily because the republic was not represented on the tribunal.

The position is even more adamant than that of the British. Burnham, in December of last year, stated that the claim was "impossible" and that Guiana had "no desire to engage in endless, disgusting, tiresome and long drawn-out litigation." Britain, however, which has extensive economic investments in Venezuela running into many millions of dollars, agreed to hold talks with the republic on the question. These began in 1963. Additional sessions, with Burnham participating, have been held in December, 1965, and in February of this year.

The paradox of the situation is that Venezuela has a Communist guerrilla problem of its own; President Raul Leoni is favorably disposed toward Burnham, whom he has no desire to embarrass politically; and Caracas realizes that it would be the loser if the dispute paved the way for a return to power of Marxist Cheddi Jagan.

On the eve of independence, then, British Guiana has more than its share of problems. The biggest thing Burnham has going for him at present is that Washington, determined that Guyana will never become a Cuba on the Latin-American mainland, is intent on making his government a success. He will need all the help he can get.

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The Atlantic Report NORWAY

When the Norwegian Labor Party was voted out of power after thirty years of continuous rule last September, the Socialist ministers carried on in office for another month with the momentum of permanence and a kind of impervious disbelief at the prospect of change.

They completed work on a government budget for 1966. They drew up a legislative program and duly presented it to the new Storting, which they no longer controlled. Then at last, in October, the Socialists cleaned out their desks and departed from offices where they had almost been part of the fixtures since 1935, except for wartime exile in London. The Conservative-dominated four-party coalition government which moved in was grateful for a month in which to sort out its own political problems and table of organization, and apparently just as grateful for the program which the Labor government left behind.

The first policy statement and outline of the government's program by the new Premier, Per Borten, ruffled few Socialist feathers and was barely distinguishable from that of the old government. In November, after a month in office looking at the books and getting acquainted with the problems of power, the coalition then proceeded to adopt Labor's budget almost lock, stock, and barrel. Minor tax relief on upper incomes and small increases in appropriations for roads, schools, and harbors affected less than one percent of the budget total.

Change takes place slowly in Norway. Carving a viable life out of these ruggedly beautiful woods and fjords is a slow process. Norwegians move carefully, and then they dig in tenaciously. They are shipowners who go for long-term contracts and long sea hauls, fishermen who buck the oceans and wait for the herring runs, farmers who must bide the long nights in the lonely countryside until the short harvest of the summer sun.

When Norwegians woke up to find, somewhat to their surprise, that indeed they had changed their government after thirty years, they also woke up to find that there had been a steady, almost glacial alteration in the social, economic, and political structure and outlook of their country across the long years of benevolent Socialist rule and the post-war boom. And the Norwegian Labor Party discovered to its visible distress that it had failed to stay politically tuned to an emerging new, young, liberal middle class which its own policies had helped to create.

There are 3,700,000 Norwegians living in a country which is half again as large as Great Britain with a coastline almost as long as from Maine to Florida. But only 3 percent of the land is tillable, another 24 percent is covered by forests, and the remaining three quarters of the country is wasteland. Norway has been primarily a country of small towns and villages, averaging less than 10,000 population, strung along its beautiful coastal fjords and connected by little coastal steamers which call in once a day, up and down, day in and day out, winter and summer, with the regularity of a railroad, bringing mail, fresh vegetables, oil, tractor parts, stocks for the village stores, schoolbooks, and all the other paraphernalia of a viable society.

The new middle class

In such a small and stable society, the shifts and changes of economics and the movement of population produce a much greater proportionate impact than the statistical numbers alone would appear to indicate. From 1960 to 1965 the patterns in Norway altered to a remarkable degree. The rural population, which numbered nearly 2,500,000 in 1960, declined by more than 10 percent in five years. The towns and cities grew by approximately 35 percent, up from 1,150,000 in 1960 to well over 1,500,000 by 1965. With this shift of people into the urban areas, there has been a steady decrease in employment in the traditional Norwegian occupations: farming down 10,000 since 1960; forestry and lumbering down 7000; fishing down 5000; mining and quarrying down more than 1000. Meanwhile, manufacturing industries have added 15,000 workers to their payrolls, the retail and distributive trades have

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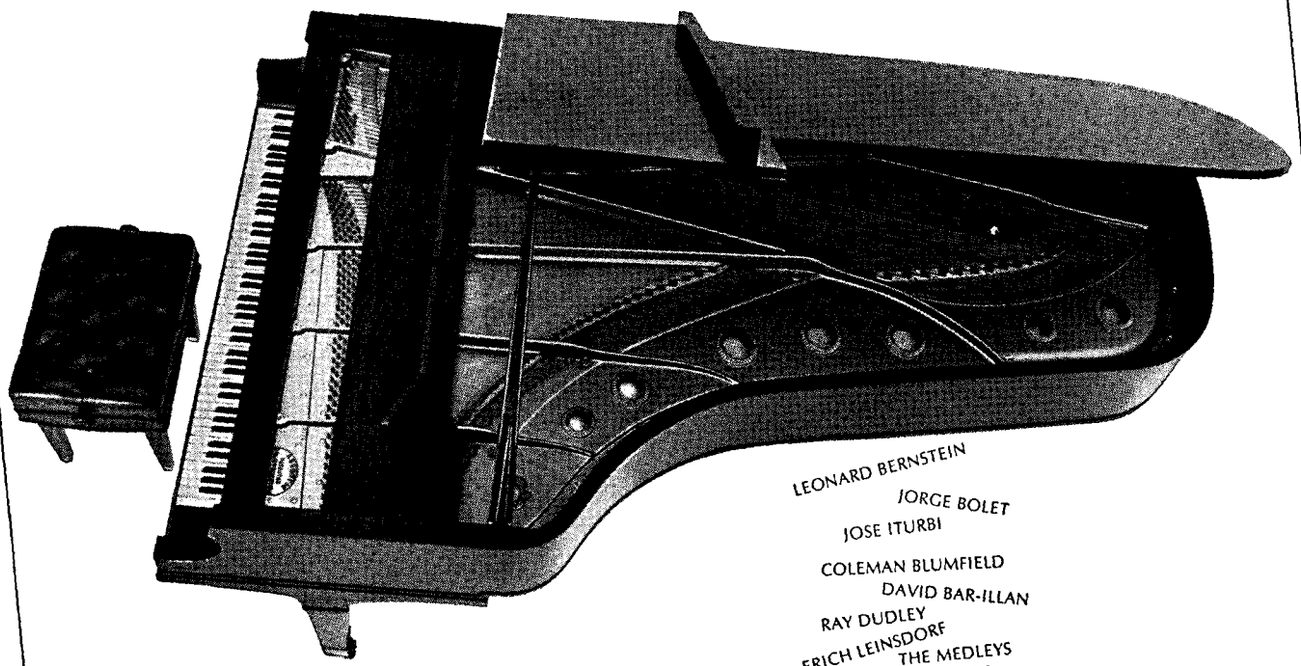

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Perhaps the most interesting statistics from the standpoint of Norway's social development are a 15,000 increase in five years in the number of schoolteachers and educational workers, and an increase of 7000 doctors, veterinarians, and hospital and medical employees. In a total working population of a little over 1,000,000, these figures reflect a very considerable change in Norway's economic and social structure since the war.

The new class of educated wage earners, white-collar workers, and professional people are better read, better informed, and more independent-minded than their parents were. They are not imbued with the cautious, inward-looking traditions of the countryside or the old-fashioned trade-union socialism.

Against this background, the Labor Party went into the general election suffering from an "old" image — the same faces, years and years in power, the same manner of dealing with problems under Premier Einar Gerhardsen, a carpenter and an old-time Socialist, who spent the war years in a German concentration camp and who has run the government and the party with a carpenter's grip since 1946.

Gerhardsen's main political preoccupation, moreover, was not with the new voting class but with the extreme left. In the 1961 general elections, a group of fellow-traveling neutralists calling themselves the Socialist People's Party broke away from the Labor Party and won two seats in the Storting, which was then split exactly down the middle — 74 seats for Labor, and 74 for all the other parties combined. The two SPP members voted with Labor on almost all basic issues until suddenly in 1962, when they sided with the parties of the right on an internal issue involving a mine disaster. As a result of the tie, Labor was out of office for one month. Then the two leftist renegades withdrew their support from the Conservative coalition, and Labor was back.

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Report on Norway

The result of this affair was to give the opposition parties a real thirst for power, while Gerhardsen concentrated for the next three years on getting errant Socialist voters of the left back into the fold.

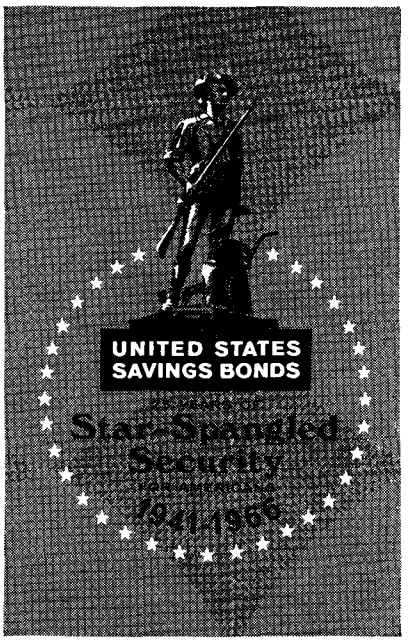
Labor out, compromise in

Norway goes to the polls every two years, alternately electing new municipal councils and the national parliament. In the municipal elections of 1963, following the brief month out of office in 1962, the Labor Party came out strongly on top and prided itself that it was on the upswing and that the Socialist People's Party still was its main enemy. But as became clear when the national elections came around last September, the new voters had simply stayed at home in the 1963 municipal elections and then turned out in droves in 1965 to put Labor out of office.

Labor held its own in September of 1965. But the Conservative Party was up 55,000, the Agrarian Center Party up 29,000, and the Liberals up 53,000 for a total of 137,000 *new votes*. The fourth coalition party, the religious Christian People's Party, dropped by 15,000 votes, but nevertheless, the net increase by the coalition parties was more than enough to give them 80 seats in the new Storting to 68 for Labor. The Socialist People's Party also increased its vote by nearly 80,000, and easily held its 2 seats in the Storting. The defeat made it painfully clear that the Labor Party had failed to assess the changing outlook in Norway.

The coalition parties finished well out in front because they offered a variety of appeals and alternatives, and they pledged in advance that they would join to form a government if they won control of the Storting.

The Conservative Party, representing big business, the shipowners, the industrialists, and the managerial class, promised to "curb Socialism," readjust the tax burden, ease up on property controls, make private building easier to finance, and examine and overhaul the workings of state-owned or state-controlled industries and enterprises.



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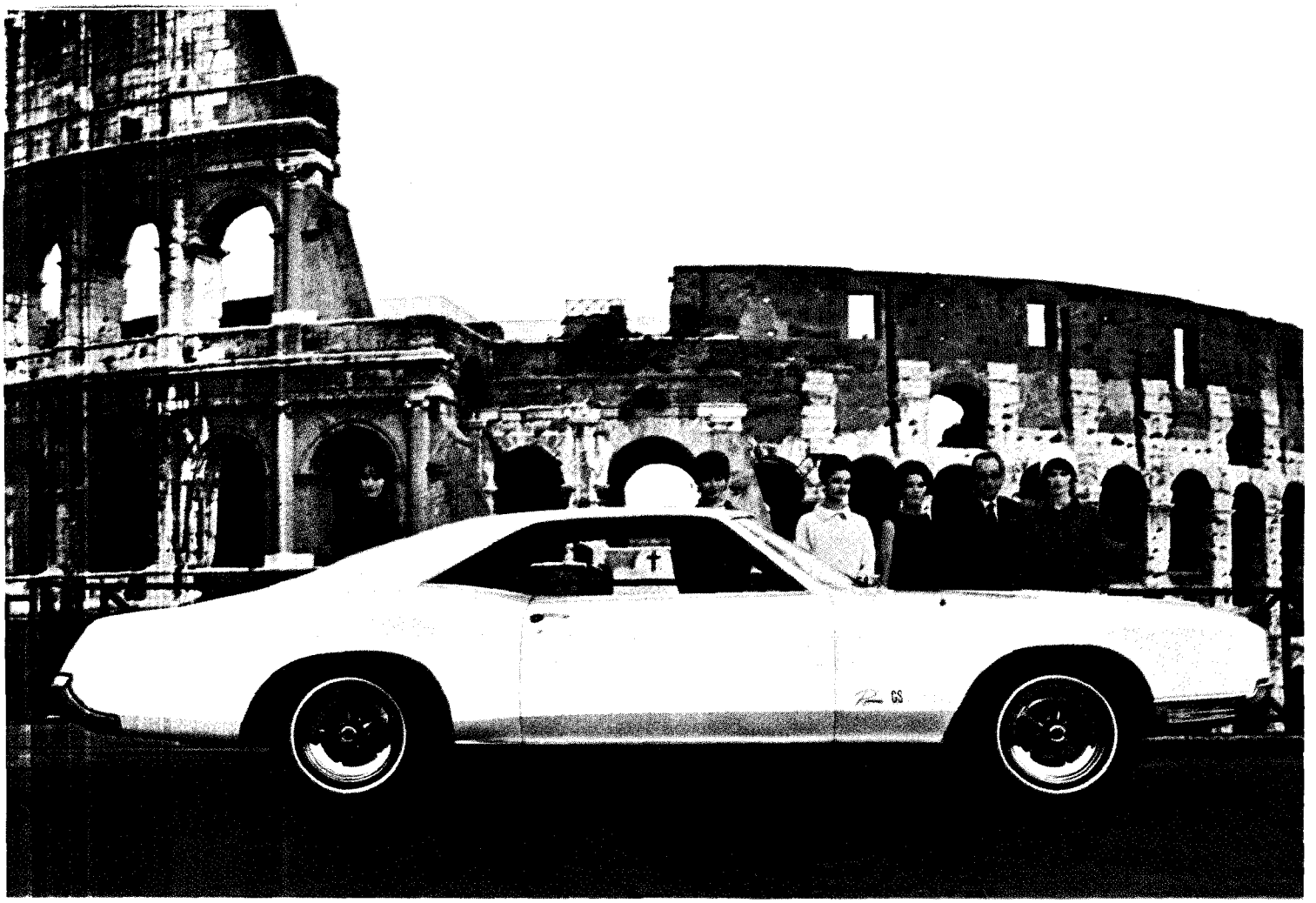

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Report on Norway

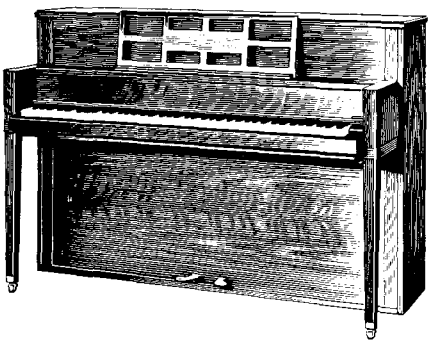
The Agrarian Center Party was pledged to pay higher subsidies to farmers, bring roads and improvements to rural areas, and check the movement from the farms into the towns. The Christian People's Party appealed to the old-fashioned Lutheran fundamentalists, who wish to see religion playing a larger role in the life of the nation. And on the left of this assortment of odd political bedfellows, the Liberal Party offered a kind of "we can do it better" appeal to the Socialist-minded Norwegians.

When the election was over, it was no easy operation to fit all of this into a coalition, but the overriding desire for power after thirty years in the wilderness was enough to ensure an atmosphere of compromise. The coalition will be subjected to a great deal of internal and external stress and strain. But at the same time, it is a new government in power, and the satisfaction of power will undoubtedly do a great deal to hold things together.

This is particularly true in Norway, because the range of options and solutions to problems is very narrow. In a small and fairly sophisticated state like Norway, the problems are easy to define, and the facts then almost always dictate the solution. The Labor government, for example, was collecting about 31 percent of the national income in taxes. This is a very high percentage, and about all the coalition will be able to do will be to reapportion the burden in some new way. But if it reduces taxes, it will also reduce the money available for such projects as roads and harbors and schools, which it has pledged to expand. No very dramatic breakthroughs or dynamic new policies are in fact possible in Norway. The economy runs more like a watch than a boiler factory.

A change in management

The change which the coalition is bringing to Norway is essentially one of management. At the very outset, the four parties made clear and everybody accepted the fact that there is not going to be any retreat in Norway's social security structure or basic socialist measures.



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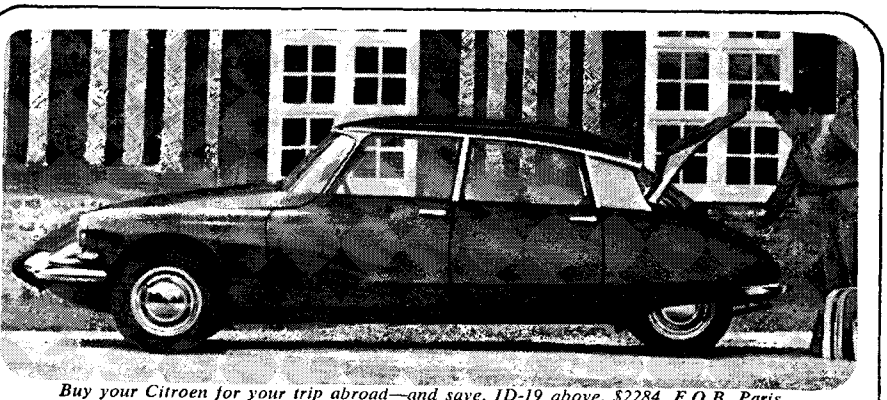

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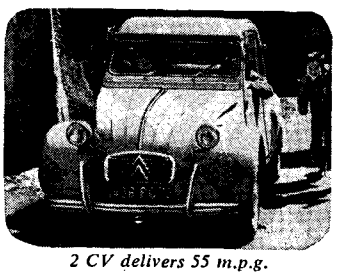

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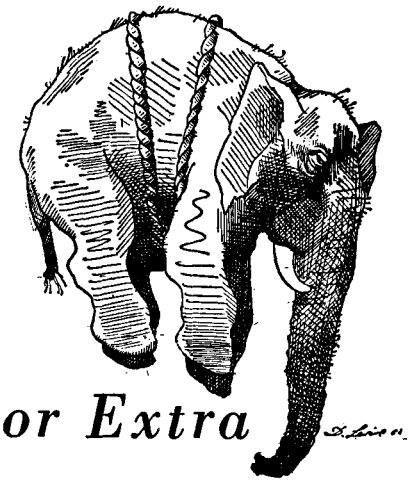
IN THE APRIL *Atlantic*



A Major Extra

THE REPUBLICANS
Can They Come Back?

A team of seasoned observers examines the crisis within the Republican Party, the revolutionary changes in its finances, the difficulties of competing with Lyndon Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Baines Johnson. Also in the main tent a gallery in words and pictures of Republicans who count for, or talk, the most.

Evicting the Poor

by Arthur Simon

A Lutheran minister living and working in New York's lower East Side tells, in simple yet jolting detail, how a big city blithely pushes its slum dwellers into the streets and pits poor against poor to make way for new middle-class apartments.

Eugene Ionesco: A Portrait

by Curtis Cate

Writer, critic, and *bon vivant*, Mr. Cate regards Ionesco as *the* existentialist playwright of our times. Against realism in all its forms, the dramatist has launched a crusade, bent on doing for the contemporary stage what abstract painters, sculptors, and composers have been doing in the plastic arts and music.

Plus . . . "How a Singing Star Is Made," the second of Erich Leinsdorf's articles on opera; "Whales vs. Salt," the looming destruction of the breeding ground of the great gray whale; a new Atlantic "First" story; and other *Atlantic* features.

But the coalition government did announce in its first policy statement that it was not going to proceed with plans drawn up by the Labor government to establish a state-owned commercial bank in Norway. Banking will remain the preserve of private ownership, and will not be invaded by the state.

Similarly the new government intends to reorganize the management of some of the state enterprises and sell off or close down some state-owned industries where the investment is clearly shown to be poor. In the housing field, a program is still being shaped, but in general the government intends to ease up on the taxes on property turnover, and make it easier for private investors to buy, sell, and build apartments and houses. This will be the general approach of the new government — to encourage private enterprise and initiative at the expense of state direction.

At the same time, the new government is as aware as the Socialists are that there is a limitation to what private capital and private enterprise can achieve in Norway. A small society with small resources always requires a high degree of government investment, direction, and interference. Norway's nonferrous and ferrous ore reserves have an estimated life of only about fifteen years. After that it will be necessary to depend on imported ores for the small but economically important aluminum and steel works.

The wood and pulp industry is on the decline, and though reforestation is under way, trees grow slowly, and it will be twenty years before production can begin to rise. Hydroelectric development has been going on at a steady, planned, upward rate all over Norway, but in ten years it will have reached capacity and there will be no more to develop. Fishing has its limits and its competitors.

Hope in new industries

In short, the framework for economic growth in Norway is very narrow and very small. In a decade or so, it will begin to decline. The future seems to lie in bringing new,

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Report on Norway

small industries to Norway's small towns to utilize a good labor force and cheap electric power. Instead of producing mainly raw aluminum, Norway should be expanding into aluminum finished products. One American company, Northrup Aviation, has already been helping in this field by turning over to a Norwegian company its designs for a whole range of aluminum construction fittings. Alcoa is investigating the possibility of an aluminum plant in Norway.

Some Norwegians believe that it is essential to attract big companies with world marketing facilities to establish plants in Norway and provide the production know-how, the designs, and the distribution for Norwegian-made products. But there is both a reluctance to invite too many outsiders into the Norwegian economy and also a rather determined Norwegian pride in "do it yourself." There is a Scandinavian epigram: "The Swedes make it, the Finns complain about it, the Norwegians brag about it, and the Danes sell it."

All the same, as basic industries such as forestry, mining, and fishing decline, Norway will have to find ways of expanding its manufacturing industries, and will also have to check the continuing movement into big population centers such as Oslo, Bergen, or Trondheim by providing jobs in the smaller cities and towns. It is not a program which will just automatically happen under laissez-faire capitalism, and the new government recognizes this as clearly as the outgoing Socialists do.

The change in Norway is being watched closely in the other Scandinavian countries, where Conservatives are taking heart that Socialist rule need not be permanent after all. Meanwhile, the Norwegian Labor Party, after the first shock of defeat, now takes the pragmatic attitude that a spell in opposition to rethink and reorganize and, above all, to try to "get with" the new class in Norwegian society is not a bad thing. Despite the change in government, Norway is still basically a leftist country, and Labor is by far the dominant political party, with 44 percent of the vote.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Unbalancing the budget

SIR:

Neil W. Chamberlain's article, "The Art of Unbalancing the Budget" (January *Atlantic*), is a very timely discussion of a topic usually buried in misunderstanding.

The danger in his criteria is the assumption that nearly full employment is the proper performance criterion for the measurement of objectives of our economic system. We are in a period when the country is voraciously consuming all that is produced. At some future date the country simply will not need or want all it is capable of supplying. All material wants will be supplied by less than 100 percent of the potential working force. In this situation a reduction in taxes will lead to increased employment and production without a comparable increase in consumption. The effect of striving for full or nearly full employment could be deflationary in that producers would be forced to lower prices in order to stimulate consumption. Overproduction would thus cause economic instability.

The proper objective of an economic system is to provide a structure in which nearly 100 percent of the population can fulfill its material needs and desires. It will eventually be necessary to determine how much consumption is needed to fulfill this objective.

ROBERT P. PORTER
Framingham, Mass.

Old days in Wyoming

SIR:

I am moved to write you to tell you how much pleasure the article "Solo in Wyoming," by Charles W. Morton, in the January *Atlantic*, gave me. It brought back memories of a happy, carefree childhood, more than eighty years ago.

I grew up on the banks of the Graybull in the eighties and early nineties. My earliest recollections are of wading in Rose Creek, or trying to pole-vault across it as my older brother did and getting a dunking for my pains, and of skating across the Graybull in the wintertime.

My father was ranch boss, or foreman, of the Z-T, only then it was called the Fleur de Lis and was owned by Henry Ashworth and James C. Johnston (twin brother of Sir Harry Johnston of South African fame).

I was seven years old before I ever saw a white child other than my brother, but that did not matter. The majority of our cowboys were younger sons of English or Scottish "gentility" who came out to make their fortunes or to have a lark. But they were "big brothers" to us.

My first lessons in French were from a young French count, who came out hoping to make enough to enable him to marry the girl he loved instead of the girl with money whom his parents had selected for him.

When the Z-T was sold, my father went to Pitchfork, where we remained until it was absolutely necessary that we children (by then there were three of us) have some formal education. When that time came, my father sold his holdings and went back to Medford, Oregon, where my grandparents had come in a covered wagon in 1851, and where my mother and I had both been born.

The Z-T evidently hadn't changed much by the time Mr. Morton got there, except that he speaks of tractors and Caterpillars; our only power was horse. I earned my first money when I was seven, riding my horse to pull the loads of hay up onto the stacks.

MARIE B. MANLY
Washington, D.C.

In appreciation

SIR:

Thank you for a wonderful story, "Wild Honey," by James Ballard. His name should have been on the front cover along with Peter Ustinov's. Your January fiction offering was unusually good.

CHARLES F. SKINNER
Duncanville, Tex.

A logical incongruity

SIR:

Leland Hazard's views on paradoxes and contradictions in present Indian society ("Strong Medicine for India," December *Atlantic*) are well taken, but not all the examples he cites are as perverse as they may appear. For instance, he describes the incongruous effect of massed Indian military bands playing Henry Francis Lyte's "Abide With Me" during the patriotic celebrations held in New Delhi every year. But "Abide With Me" happened to be a favorite hymn of Gandhi's, and is frequently played at Indian ceremonies as a tribute to the dead Mahatma.

CHRISTINE WESTON
Boston, Mass.

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Peace Corps in Tunisia

SIR:

Your recent Report on Tunisia (November *Atlantic*) was good, but it missed a bit on the Peace Corps.

Tunisia does not have the largest Peace Corps contingent of all African countries. It currently has 219 volunteers. Ethiopia, Liberia, Malawi, and Tanzania have more.

The contingent of volunteers that worked on Tunisia's road machinery (not tractors) did a good job. Peace Corps volunteers also worked on experimental farms and taught in rural orphanages. A group of nurses served in Tunisia's hospitals and clinics. But most of Tunisia's Peace Corps volunteers are architects, city planners, and English teachers. More than half of the government's architects and planners are volunteers. For three years they have been building low-cost housing, schools, city halls, airports, and youth centers. They have produced plans for complete modern cities. And they've worked on renewal projects for centuries-old walled towns, whose town-house concepts are still new and are being adopted by our satellite cities. Volunteers are working with mayors and governors throughout Tunisia and have worked directly with President Bourguiba on several projects.

One hundred and forty-one volunteers are teaching English to about half of all the students in Tunisia's secondary schools and teacher-training institutions.

You mentioned that the Tunisians thought it condescending that I rode a bike. I'm convinced that in Tunis, as in Washington, it's the best way to get to work.

RICHARD A. GRAHAM
Washington, D.C.

On mediation

SIR:

The Report on British Honduras (January *Atlantic*) states that "Guatemala and Britain jointly asked for U.S. mediation of the dispute" over British Honduras and that "Washington has made no definitive reply to the request."

This latter statement is inaccurate, as is revealed by the following press announcement which was released by the Department of State on November 18, 1965:

"At the request of the Governments of Guatemala and the United Kingdom, the Government of the United States has undertaken to mediate the dispute between those two countries over British Honduras (or Belize). The United States Government has appointed as its mediator, Mr. Bethuel Matthew Webster, of New York City, a prominent lawyer familiar with government matters. The President has accorded Mr. Webster the personal rank of Ambassador for the purpose of this mediation. Representatives of the British and Guatemalan Governments are meeting informally in Washington with Mr. Webster and officials of the Department of State, to make procedural arrangements for the mediation of this long-standing problem."

RICHARD A. FRANK
Office of the Legal Adviser
Department of State
Washington, D.C.

Against student protests

SIR:

In the article "A Vote for Student Protest" (November *Atlantic*), Mary N. Gonzales states that the fact that some students are wrong is no logical argument against demonstrations, and that a student's righteous wrath and insistence that a society improve itself immediately are the inevitable concomitants of an intelligent student's attempt to relate what he hears in class to himself and the world.

To demonstrate by burning draft cards is constitutionally wrong. To undercut by demonstrations the morale of American troops in carrying out the orders of our government, and to help the Viet Cong through demonstrations with propaganda material that hinders American troops in the fulfillment of their orders, are, I believe, wrong. When student demonstrations are sufficiently broad to impair the efforts of the government to protect men's lives, it seems not only wrong but also a logical argument against such demonstrations.

ENS. T. N. TOM
Danang, Republic of South Vietnam

From a disabled veteran

SIR:

Re: the John E. Booth article, "Veteran Against Veteran" (October *Atlantic*). I agree that the 10 and 20 percenters ought to be stricken from the VA roster through a cash settlement, with hospitalization available at all times for the

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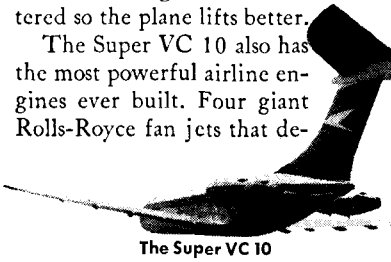

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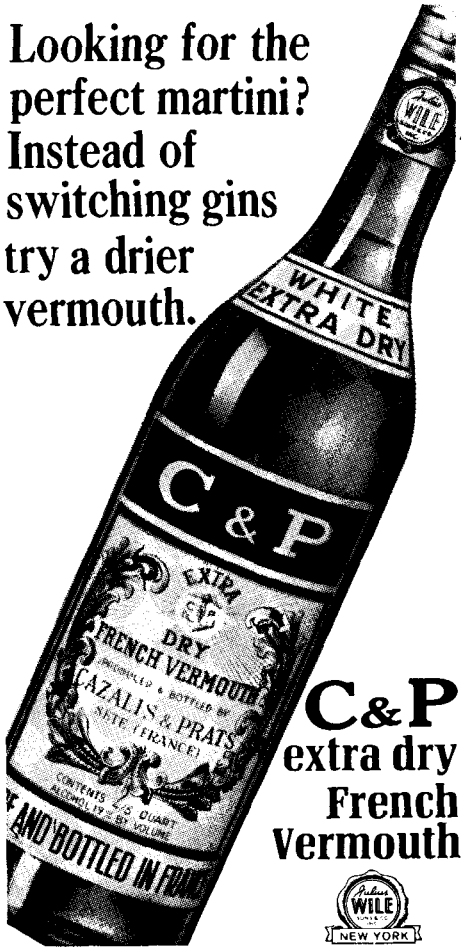

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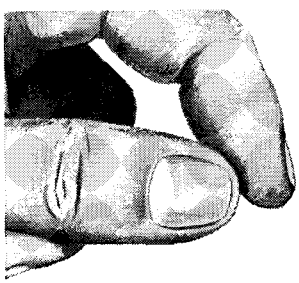
Paul Wile
NEW YORK



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particular disability. In over twenty years, I have not known of one 10 or 20 percenter who was unemployed because of his disability.

As a totally blinded veteran of World War II — having had both eyes shot out in combat — I think I am qualified to make an intelligent observation of the situation of similarly disabled veterans. For the first two years after my discharge from the service, a grateful government gave me the grand sum of $190 a month to live on. Before enlisting, I had earned more than that as a laborer. The raises in disability compensation over the years have been slow, and always inadequate in relation to the cost of living. The token raises were always sucked up by current running expenses so quickly that it was hard to believe that a raise had been granted.

I am actually rated at 160 percent disabled because of gunshot wounds to the right arm, leg, and hip, facial disfigurement, plus several zero disabilities, which are recorded but not severe enough to rate with a percentage. These additional disabilities make me affluent to the tune of approximately $42 per month in terms of the present rating schedule.

If any Washington politician is really interested in the seriously disabled, I have yet to see evidence of it. I do not believe that the elimination of the 10 and 20 percenters from the VA rosters would mean a shift of funds to better the lot of the totally disabled, because if the alleged feeling were there, the totally disabled would have fared much better long ago, no matter what the rating setup.

WALTER F. BRANLUND
Hanover, Mass.

Gilman on Handlin

SIR:

Concerning January's Bookshelf, I must comment on two things in Oscar Handlin's review of my *Science: U.S.A.*

One is the statement that I am associate editor of *Popular Science.* Actually, that experience ended ten years ago, becoming part of a varied background in science, writing, editing, and teaching.

The other is Handlin's idea that approving practical science means downgrading the theoretical. But need one be so partisan? Why not merely measure both doer and thinker by the same standard — his fruitfulness? He may even be the same man. For instance, I wrote, "Somewhere in the Einstein story may be an allegory. . . . He was content with a job as a patent examiner. Later he called it 'a kind of salvation.' It earned his living; it left his mind free after work for riddles of the universe. And he changed the world. In contrast, the alchemists were highly 'motivated' by their pursuit of homemade gold. And they got nowhere."

As the review says correctly, I am "by no means complacent." But again, what disturbs me is the diminishing competence and even integrity of today's corpulent science — theoretical and practical alike. I cite many examples of theory degenerating into dialectic surrealism, of practicality deserting necessity in favor of gadgetry, of theoreticians and experimenters joining to produce a reckless biology, and so on.

Too much research is partly playground for a new elite, partly laboratory for the socially irresponsible. Meanwhile, the government's taxpayers foot most of the bill. So these blunt questions confront us: Will science clean its own house? Will government force it to do so? And what of the otherwise enlightened layman? As long as he chooses to remain illiterate in science, how can he intelligently approve or condemn the kind that government buys for him?

WILLIAM GILMAN
Middletown Springs, Vt.

Talking books

SIR:

Please convey my heartfelt and brainfelt gratitude to the Atlantic Monthly Company for allowing the Library of Congress to record the magazine's issues for the benefit of blind reader-borrowers.

Ever since these recorded issues became available several years ago, I have been enjoying them. The traditional quality and balance of their contents are not only literary refreshment but also a valuable leaven among contemporary periodicals.

In these days of universal social and political change, I appreciate greatly the perspective afforded me through the medium of *Atlantic* Reports. Their impartial and substantial character is impressive.

WILBUR T. LOCKE
Springfield, Mass.

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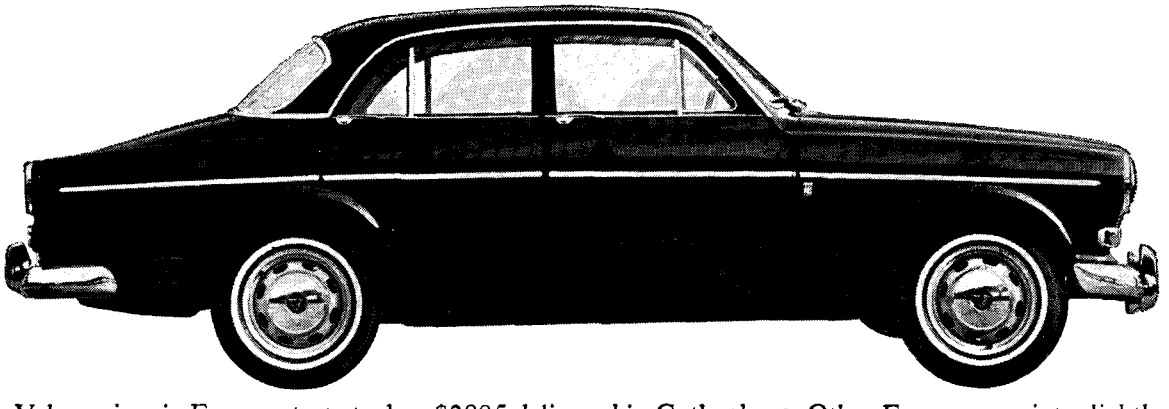

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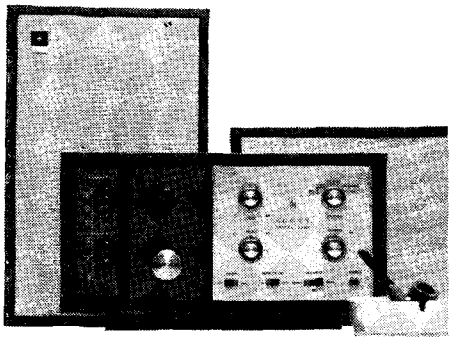

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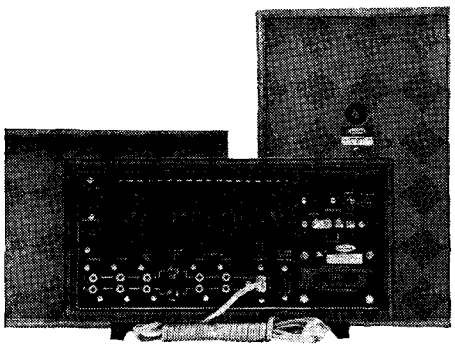

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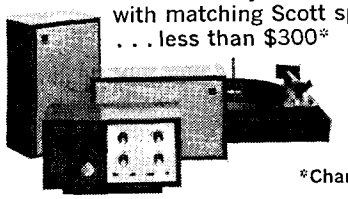

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Prison writers

SIR:

Your column, The Peripatetic Reviewer, in the January issue, took a few swings at plagiarists in general and prison writers in particular. They weren't low blows, nor were they undeserved; but as a convict and an aspiring writer who has resisted the temptation to rewrite Hemingway, I'm moved to counterpunch as best I can.

Certainly you will uncover a higher percentage of plagiarists among prison writers than in the "free world." The pursuit of shortcuts is what makes plagiarists — and most criminals. But I think it would be terrible if editorial offices were closed to all convict writers. If they haven't been published even in an institution publication (there are over 200 in the United States and Canada), a simple test of their ability could be devised.

Prison writers work under conditions and restrictions, both physical and psychological, that make success almost impossible. This fact alone is enough to make many would-be writers in prison stop trying long before they become addicted to putting words on paper. I'd like to see prison writers given more encouragement because the man who becomes proficient has probably developed more self-discipline than he ever had before.

But even the man who tries and fails is better from having tried: nonfiction teaches him to reason and put his thoughts in a logical order. Fiction promotes self-discovery because the writer can't help examining his own motivations along with those of the characters he invents. Anyone who seriously tries to master the writing craft — whether he succeeds or not — has to come away more clear-thinking, more socially conscious, and with greater self-realization. The benefits writing bestows on the writer are great ones.

ALBERT F. NUSSBAUM
United States Penitentiary
Leavenworth, Kan.

A mistake occurred in The Peripatetic Reviewer for January for which I apologize. The submission of Edna St. Vincent Millay's early poem was made not by Eugen Boissevain, her husband, who died the year before she did, but by one of the literary executors of her estate. In other respects the story is true, for the poem was read and declined by the ATLANTIC before it found acceptance and publication in New York. —EDWARD WEEKS

Wallis on Lowry

SIR:

For President Lowry's eloquent defense of liberal education [on page 76 of this issue] I have only admiration. "The best that has been thought and said" in the past, distant or recent, is, I agree, proper content for undergraduate education if it is to help in finding "a pattern of what man's life should be"; though I would have emphasized equally the intellectual processes of developing ideas, expressing them, testing them, examining their ramifications and their implications, appraising them, and assimilating them.

I can take no exception, either, to President Lowry's high esteem for smallness, if for no other reason than that the University of Rochester is itself a small university. Our undergraduate liberal arts college, for example, is comparable in size with many independent "small" colleges, and this is true also of some other colleges within universities — for example, Chicago and Johns Hopkins. Perhaps, though, I would concede more readily than President Lowry, if I interpret his tone aright, that large colleges may even offer as much opportunity as small ones for intimate personal association and fulfillment of "the need for belonging."

But neither the value of a liberal education nor the size of the college is the issue I raised. The issue is whether the *independent* liberal arts college, isolated from graduate work and research, can continue to attract and hold faculty of top quality who can "speak to the dynamic spirit of man"; and whether able, well-prepared, and strongly motivated students can attain their fullest development within a four-year curriculum. Should not most such students pursue at least one subject beyond the normal undergraduate level, so that "the four years can be richer and more significant"?

So while I accept the points that President Lowry makes, I cannot see that he has come to grips with my central thesis.

ALLEN WALLIS
President, University of Rochester
Rochester, N.Y.

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THE ATLANTIC

WHAT MAKES OPERA RUN

BY ERICH LEINSDORF

Of the nearly four thousand operas that have been produced on stage, only forty or fifty have survived in current repertory. Boston Symphony conductor Erich Leinsdorf was for many years a conductor of opera at the Metropolitan in New York and abroad. In this first of two articles he writes about the shortcomings and the virtues that spell failure or enduring popularity.

Ever since I moved to Boston to conduct symphony concerts exclusively, one of the principal questions put to me in interviews is "How much do you miss opera?" Mind you, not "Do you miss opera?", because the questioner takes it for granted that it is impossible for one who has conducted so much opera to live without it, but "How much?" Half-seriously and half-facetiously I reply that my nostalgia at this stage, less than four years after my last Metropolitan performance, is still controlled.

A European may gradually become saturated with the operatic repertory, but this rarely happens in the English-speaking world, which is ever more fascinated by this hybrid theatrical form. The reasons for the belated popularity of opera in the United States lie outside the realm of musical or theatrical aesthetics; for many years, financial support here was channeled mainly toward the symphony orchestra, which to the austere philosophy of Anglo-Protestantism appears worthy and uplifting while much of opera is tinsel and circus.

Since 1937, when I first looked at the American scene, the picture has changed radically. The Metropolitan then played a sixteen-week season, and that was all the operatic fare available to New York in a year. Now there are twenty-seven to twenty-nine weeks of the Met, twelve of the City Opera, two of the National Company, and performances by special organizations of a list of rare works. In Chicago and New Orleans, opera has been revived, and the West Coast boasts a major artistic enterprise in the San Francisco Opera Company, whose ascendancy is being challenged by the development of Los Angeles as an opera-producing city.

To analyze the reason for opera's hold upon the affection of the public, we must distinguish at the outset between those operas which are truly loved and those which are tolerated, appreciated by small specialized audiences, or totally ignored. *Annals of Opera*, compiled by Alfred Loewenberg, lists about 3800 titles of operas performed from 1597 to 1940. I have picked at random the year 1865. What do we find? C. E. diBarbieri's *Perdita*, or *A Winter's Tale*, Lassen's *Le Captif*, Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*, Cornelius' *Der Cid*, Faccio's *Amleto*, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, von Suppé's *Beautiful Galatea*, Moniuszko's *The Haunted Castle*, Sebor's *The Templars in Moravia*, Marchetti's *Romeo e Giulietta*, Serov's *Rognyeda*, Basin's *Le Voyage en Chine*, von Flotow's *Naida*, and that is it.

Of the thirteen works premiered during that year, current repertory retains only one of them, *Tristan*. We know the names of Meyerbeer, Cornelius, and von Suppé. Maybe some people recall the names of Moniuszko and von Flotow, but neither of these composers figures on opera or concert programs, notwithstanding a recent revival of *Martha* by the Metropolitan Opera in New York. I did record the comic opera *The Barber of Baghdad*

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by Cornelius in 1956, and while the music is charming, I realized then that a stage performance, particularly outside the German provinces, is no longer likely to happen, for the story is a silly yarn about a love-sick young man who is helped in the oddest way by a quasi-philosophical barber, and the Wagnerian-style music is somewhat ill suited to the text.

Most operas see the light of day for a very short time, then are relegated to library shelves and to secondhand music stores. Therefore our musical snobs should stop looking down on such perennials as *The Barber of Seville* or *La Bohème*. *La Bohème* will be seventy years old this year. It had its premiere in Turin on February 1, 1896; within three years it was given in twenty-eight different cities including Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Los Angeles, Tunis, Smyrna, and in all the better known musical capitals of Europe.

The enormous effort it takes to conceive, compose, and fully orchestrate an operatic score does not necessarily ensure a lasting success. The surviving and successful operas — and by successful I mean broadly popular in a variety of countries — number only from forty to sixty works. Eight by Wagner, an equal number by Verdi, four to six Puccinis, three to five Mozarts, a number of single works from the French repertory, a few of the older Italians — Rossini, Donizetti — a small number by Richard Strauss make up the staples without which repertory cannot exist. Whether you count eight or sixteen Verdi operas in this group depends on the localities you are canvassing. In Glyndebourne, for example, *Macbeth* has been produced repeatedly but never *Aïda;* in Tokyo, Rome, or London, *Aïda* is rated as one of the most popular works, but not *Macbeth*. With every one of the prolific operatic composers — Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, Strauss — this relative rating is necessary, and accordingly, the popular repertory varies from three dozen to five dozen works.

From the category of works played only for a specialized audience, I recall a beautiful and typical example. The German composer Hans Pfitzner wrote a long and difficult opera in three acts called *Palestrina*. It is an attempt to dramatize the pain of the creative process by showing the melancholy Palestrina torn between a cardinal's peremptory order to write a model Mass and his own doubts of his creative powers. The composition takes place on stage with nine dead composers appearing to Palestrina as symbols of the immortality of great music. By contrast, the second act shows the Council of Trent during a tumultuous session; and what had seemed the central theme in Act One — a composer in his quest for inspiration — becomes the world of church politics in Act Two.

When I was a student, my colleagues and I never missed a performance of this work. It was given regularly, once in the fall and once in the spring, in a rather small auditorium. It never drew more than half a house, and that half was made up of music students and priests. Perhaps the priests went to bone up on the Council of Trent, and perhaps they went because there was no wild lovemaking and love music to corrupt them. In any case, the opera never had a genuine following among the general public. It never made the international circuit. Performances in five German cities, plus Vienna, Switzerland, and Antwerp, constitute the geographical range of *Palestrina*. The length of the work cannot be the reason for its failure since equally long works by Wagner are high on the list of favorites. The heavy German texture cannot be responsible, as once again Wagner, and Strauss, have made the popularity charts. Thus I suspect that the subject matter, in its eminent suitability for priests, was the cause of its limited appeal.

In that long work no woman plays a role. The composer's dead wife is part of a dream sequence; the other female voices, a soprano and a mezzo, belong to two boys, son and disciple of Palestrina. The opera is entirely devoid of any love interest, and I suggest that the loyalty of the public has always been weakest when a love story was missing and strongest when love inspired the composer to write music of great fervor and sensual effect. The love stories of the most popular, successful, and enduring operas are so full of passion that their impact from the stage, as expressed through beautifully timbered human voices, preferably at extreme ranges, has no equal in music or theater.

Any analysis will show how prominent are the elements of passion and love among successful operas. We generally consider five works of Mozart to be part of the standard repertory: *Seraglio*, *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan Tutte*, and *The Magic Flute*. Of these five the second and third hold a special position of affection, while the other three, musically just as great, are less successful because their libretti are less capable of arousing true compassion on the part of the audience.

The Magic Flute suffers from the worst fate of all. While the text was being written by Emanuel Schikaneder, a bankrupt theater manager who was determined to seek his fortunes anew with the help of the great Mozart, a rival impresario premiered a show called *Kasperl*, or *The Merry Bassoon Player*, taken from the same source as *The Magic Flute*. Schikaneder quickly changed all the principal characters from good person to bad person and vice versa. But in his haste he did not bother to make these changes on what he had already written, the shift taking place in the middle of the first act.

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Any kind of audience participation in the suffering of the principal characters therefore becomes impossible. When a great score — and all of these three works, *Seraglio*, *Così*, and *Magic Flute*, are among the most sublime ever written — is provided with an inferior libretto, many listeners simply sit back and enjoy the incomparable music, but they do not get much out of the work as a whole.

It is maddening to musicians that *Falstaff*, the greatest score by Verdi, has not attained the popular acclaim accorded *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, and *Aïda*. *Falstaff*, with a wonderful comedy text taken by Boito from *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, is one of the few truly miraculous scores, not only in terms of Verdi's own development but by any and all standards. It is an exuberant, exhilarating piece of music; but the fact that a love story (and it is only puppy love between young Miss Ford and young Mr. Fenton) has been relegated to the background has impeded the popular success of the work.

Rheingold and Siegfried are far less popular with even the Wagner enthusiasts than are *Walküre* and *Götterdämmerung*, and *Parsifal* has not attracted as large an audience as *Tristan*. Among Puccini's works, *Suor Angelica* and *Gianni Schicchi* (another chef d'oeuvre) cannot hold a candle to *Bohème*, *Tosca*, and *Butterfly* for audience popularity. Puccini proves most eloquently that when story and score drip with passion, the public goes wild. People are also completely enchanted when they are witnessing in an exotic setting problems of love which never occur in a lifetime on the block where they live or in the offices where they work.

Fatal ending of tragic love, passions fighting taboos, and the scorn of the establishment are themes with the strongest appeal because audiences feel and identify with these situations. Look at the three masterpieces of Puccini: hero and heroine live together without the benefit of clergy. What greater thrill than to witness the glorious exchange of arias between Mimi and Rodolfo, the duets of Tosca and Cavaradossi, and the long preparation for the "wedding night" by Butterfly and Pinkerton.

Verdi too gives us in his most successful works either love that cannot but lead to disaster — Aïda and Radames — or love that is illicit, as in *Rigoletto* and *Traviata*. In *Walküre* we see the tragedy of incestuous love, and in *Carmen* we find a weak man with a beautiful tenor voice fatally attracted by a gypsy, when all forces of decency have him marked as the future husband of a blonde childhood sweetheart who sings the prettiest tunes.

RARELY in the history of opera have there been successful comic works. Mozart's *Figaro*, Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, Wagner's *Meistersinger*, and Strauss's *Rosenkavalier* are the only ones which have remained in standard repertory without interruption.

These four comedies have one significant motif in common: the assumption of a false identity by one of the principals — Cherubino, Count Almaviva, Magdalena, and Octavian. Their disguises serve in each case to frustrate the ridiculous lover, who in a comedy is the indispensable third party. The ridiculous thirds are Count Almaviva in Mozart's *Figaro*, Doctor Bartolo in Rossini's work, Beckmesser in *Meistersinger*, and Baron Ochs in *Rosenkavalier*. In the first and last of this distinguished quartet, the piquancy of the disguise is heightened by having the boy's role acted by a female. It speaks ill for the understanding of certain film and opera producers that at times Octavian has been assigned to a man. What was intended as delightful and amusing masquerade in the original thus becomes slightly questionable, semiperverted buffoonery.

Opera, unlike the spoken dramatic comedy, is not the proper medium for social satire. And whatever sociological overtones we might find in *Meistersinger* and *Rosenkavalier* are more in the eyes of the beholders than in the minds of librettist and composer. The social significance in *The Marriage of Figaro* by Beaumarchais has been eliminated almost entirely by da Ponte, notwithstanding the fact that many contemporary stage directors bend over backward to instill rebellion into the love comedy. The *jus primae noctis*, which in Beaumarchais has all the earmarks of an intolerable social evil contributing to revolt of the peasantry and the servants, is in *The Marriage of Figaro* only part of a very attractive love chase. To make the seigneur's "right of the first night" appear as an intolerable hardship to the servant, the lord should be an evil, revolting man on whom the public can lavish its hate. But Count Almaviva in *Figaro* is no worse than a very active woman chaser. Indeed, there is very little in him of a grand seigneur oppressing his servants to the point where revolt becomes justified. Social satire is an intellectual exercise admirably suited to spoken dialogue but out of place with music.

But why is it that no matter how carefully the great comedy score *Falstaff* is produced, or how well it is performed, it retains only a limited attractiveness which puts it in group two of our repertory?

One of the reasons is that although it contains all the elements of a successful comedy, they are not effectively related to one another. The protagonist, Falstaff, has no connection with the lovers, Nanetta and Fenton, and their ultimate good fortune in marrying despite the earlier objections by the girl's father is really in no way linked with the central comedy.

Compare the second act finale, when the two

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lovers stand kissing behind a screen and are discovered during the chase after Falstaff, with a similar scene in the second act of *Meistersinger*, when Walther and Eva are hidden behind some bushes beside Pogner's house while Beckmesser, the man who is being fooled, sings to a girl in the window, supposing her to be Eva. All this is known to Hans Sachs, who not only disturbs the serenade of the ridiculous lover but in his song contrives to insert many allusions to the girl sitting with her lover in the shadow of her father's house.

In *Falstaff* there are two unrelated actions: Ford and his companions chasing after the old rogue, and the love affair of the young couple, who need not even be there to alter the situation; while in *Meistersinger* all five principals are inextricably bound together.

Disguise, which in the four greatest comic operas plays such a large part, is used in *Falstaff*, too, when Ford visits Falstaff's residence as Mr. Fontana. Logically speaking, Ford need not disguise himself since Falstaff has never met him before; therefore he merely assumes a different name. Again the device is there, but not as an essential, dramatically cogent motif.

Dr. Caius, representing in *Falstaff* what Beckmesser is in *Meistersinger*, never develops into a real character and is made so ridiculous that it is hard to conceive why he would ever have been promised the hand of Ford's daughter. Beckmesser, however, has never been chosen by Pogner. He may qualify through artistry, since Pogner has promised Eva's hand to "him who will win the crown of the Meistersinger," but this is quite different from having been chosen. Beckmesser is not an established suitor to either the audience or the girl, while Dr. Caius has been officially chosen by Ford; being of a ridiculous deportment and revolting appearance, the Doctor adds nothing but incongruity to the play.

The comedy ends with the marriage of the lovers, which, strange to say, has rarely inspired the finest musical inventions. The great death scene has produced much finer music than the happy ending. Think of Gilda, Violetta, Otello, Tristan, Siegfried, and many more. Stronger still is the combination of love and death. Wagner makes it into a whole philosophy in *Tristan und Isolde*, but it has been a basic motif in many tragic operas, be it in *Ballo in Maschera*, *La Bohème*, or *Wozzeck*.

Much has been made recently of the popularity and revival of the bel canto operas which have lain dormant for the better part of a hundred and fifty years, allegedly for want of singers. I do not believe that lack of singers was the reason. There were plenty of singers to perform the roles in Meyerbeer, which are just as difficult to negotiate as anything written by the earlier Italian bel canto composers. Bel canto was dependent on the availability of castrati. The disappearance of castrati as distinguished singers — or the reluctance to make an able choirboy into a mastersinger by castration — was a progressive development in European civilization. But I don't think that the reasons were humanitarian, since humanitarianism was not conspicuous in Western civilization. I think that with the transition from a small, mostly aristocratic audience to a large, middle-class subscription public and with the establishment of permanent theaters to replace touring troupes, a new focus of interest began to determine style, content, and purpose of opera. The desire was no longer for virtuoso singing by desexed master vocalists, but for an artful expression of the passionate urge between the sexes.

Perhaps it is worthwhile to remind ourselves that with *Idomeneo*, an opera seria with a castrato in one of the leads, Mozart bade farewell to that form and ventured next into the German Singspiel, *Abduction From the Seraglio*. That the libretto did not quite come up to the great fire and passion of Mozart's all-understanding heart is a small calamity. But here we have a forerunner of nineteenth-century operetta, based on the formula of a serious couple, a gay couple, a comedian, a certain amount of trouble between the couples, and an inevitable reconciliation at the finale.

The proliferation of operettas during the nineteenth century, particularly in Vienna and Budapest, undoubtedly deprived opera of many comic works and drove composers to tragic subjects as sophisticated people demanded more than the facile conflicts and easy solutions offered in operetta. Thus tragedy, passion, and death became the landmarks of triumphant operas traveling over the world stages and still in public favor.

It would be worthy of an extensive literary critique and analysis to show how a few operatic archetypes of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century influenced the dramatis personae in later works. I think particularly of three operas which served as models: Mozart's *Figaro* (1786) and *Don Giovanni* (1787), and Beethoven's *Fidelio* (1805). The latter is a unique case among the great repertory pieces. With part of our audiences it is a favorite for its wondrously beautiful score, high standard of morality, and more recently, its political timeliness. Since the end of World War II, revivals of *Fidelio* have been many and frequent. Political prisoners and a tyrannical, corrupt governor naturally recall to mind the Third Reich. If not all the public has taken *Fidelio* to heart as much as its grandeur and emotional sublimity

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warrant, it is again for reasons of a nonoperatic book. The story is indeed a paean to a most devoted wife, but opera lovers are out for less elevating thrills.

In Rocco, the jailer, there was created a prototype who had several variations in later works. The money-minded father of the marriageable girl becomes Daland in *The Flying Dutchman* (1843), Pogner in *Meistersinger* (1868), and Faninal in *Rosenkavalier* (1911). Just as the Byronic hero eventually becomes Rhett Butler, each of these characters gets more strongly and simply drawn with time, and it may well be that the development of a dramatic prototype over several decades reveals the public's increasingly jaded taste, which must be stimulated to laughter or compassion by ever sharper dramatic devices.

Rocco manifests his philosophy about money in an aria telling the young lovers that without money it is difficult to be happy in marriage. (Gustav Mahler felt that this greedy sentiment was below the general high moral tone of *Fidelio* and omitted the "gold" aria altogether.) Daland, the Norwegian sea captain, seeing cases of treasures carried ashore by the crew of the unknown skipper, whom he has just met, is ready on that evidence alone to take him home and introduce him to his daughter. It is quite clear that the stranger's wealth is for Daland a sufficient passport to accept him as his future son-in-law.

In Pogner, cultural snobbery has been added to wealth, and while he wonders in the second act if he hasn't been a bit vain in putting his daughter up as a prize for the best Meistersinger, he is a sympathetic and yet accurate image, not of the medieval, but of the nineteenth-century rich German bourgeois who had to manifest his concern for culture if he desired to be a fully respected member of society. Finally, in Faninal we see the caricature of the moneyed man. A war profiteer, he will marry off his daughter to a man of the wrong age, boorish, unfit for his child, but with a genuine title to bestow. Our Herr von Faninal, willing to pay the debts of the impoverished, squandering, whoring baron, is a true portrait of many twentieth-century fathers who sell their daughters for titles, real or spurious, at great expense to themselves, and remain as oblivious to the human characteristics of the intended as Faninal.

Other characters in *Rosenkavalier* are drawn more radically than their prototypes in Mozart–da Ponte's *Marriage of Figaro*. Octavian derives in a direct line from Cherubino. But whereas Cherubino chases around the estate to steal a quick kiss from a maid or country girl, Octavian spends night after night in bed with an older woman. The Marschallin herself is an extreme Countess Almaviva. Both ladies have been disappointed by negligent husbands; but while the Count comes back to his wife from his flirtations for what we assume will be a spotty but still well-matched conjugal existence, the Marschal was never loved, and we do not expect him back in his wife's arms. It was a marriage ordered by convention, and the girl who came from a convent was abandoned or neglected by her husband very soon. The Marschal spends most of his time hunting big game in the southern provinces of the Austrian empire.

Without detracting from Hofmannsthal's achievement in writing the charming libretto for *Rosenkavalier*, it is clear from these examples that what is hinted at in classic opera is here put very realistically before us; where one's imagination is free to fill in the details of Cherubino's chases and the Countess's dreams and yearnings, little is left to guesswork when one sees Octavian and the Marschallin in bed, and hears the details of her forced marriage, her early biography, and her later life.

This comment does not lessen the literary and theatrical value of the book; it should serve only as a reflection on the culture in our theater, patronized as it is by people who demand more and more explicit acting out of the problems presented by the dramatist.

In Octavian, the Marschallin, and Faninal, the classical prototypes of Cherubino, the Countess, and Rocco are easily recognizable. Ochs, seemingly an original creation, shows how dramatic motifs and situations tend to appear over and over again because their appeal to the public is time-tested.

In the first scene of *Don Giovanni*, Leporello sings his famous aria "Madamina." It is a showpiece during which he exhibits to a startled Elvira, abandoned by the Don, a list of all the girls who over the years have been lovers of his master. It is in modern lingo a "little black book," where conquests are noted. It is gaudy and bawdy, a piece such as only Mozart in music and Shakespeare in words could conceive.

This aria has its counterpart in Act One of *Rosenkavalier;* the Baron regales the Marschallin with his own amorous routines *chez* Lerchenau, tells how he judges the four seasons of the year by their suitability to lovemaking, and gives detailed descriptions of the various types of females whom he finds more or less to his liking. He has an entire rule book of the mechanics of seduction at the tip of his tongue, and delivers it in very spirited, high-speed, six-eight time to the alternately amused and slightly miffed Marschallin.

There is a difference between the two pieces; Leporello's aria is not only one of the highlights in *Don Giovanni*, it has become a showpiece on the recital platform for bassos who normally do not sing Leporello on stage. The role is performed by

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the buffo, while the principal basso cantante is cast as Don Giovanni, yet principal bassos are happy to sing "Madamina" in concert. Most of our famous Dons have sung this great aria; its latter-day successor, the narrative of Ochs, not only never made the recital platform, it is even shortened in most performances of *Rosenkavalier*. The piece, brilliant though it is, presents difficulties of delivery which make it an unlikely candidate for the top ten basso arias.

It seems to me that each composer is inspired by some different variety of the love theme and conflict. Whether constant return to a basic motif is a psychological clue to the composer's own personality, I leave to the amateur analysts to determine. Verdi found his best libretti in novels or dramas where a love affair between the soprano and the tenor conflicts with a third party (the baritone or mezzo). These love affairs, some platonic, some less so, are "challenged" by fathers in *Rigoletto* and *Traviata;* by a betrayed husband in *Ballo in Maschera;* by a rival mezzo in *Aïda;* and in *Don Carlo* by the basso, who happens to be not only the husband of the soprano but also the father of the tenor.

The lower voices usually represent violated social custom. Rigoletto — baritone — knows that the Duke is married and has taken but a very temporary fancy to his daughter; father Germont — baritone — knows that his son's liaison jeopardizes the chances of a proper marriage for his daughter; Renato — a baritone — the betrayed husband in *Ballo in Maschera*, needs no explanation; in *Don Carlo* the betrayed father and husband is the King, who cannot live in his exalted realm with suspected betrayal behind his back; and Amneris — a mezzo — speaks not only as an enraged, jealous woman, she personifies a social order which frowns upon a victorious general who prefers the slave daughter of the vanquished enemy to the royal offspring of his own country.

Just as Verdi showed great preference for the couple that rebels against society and is punished, so did Wagner have a predilection for the hero who violates every ground rule of society, yet in the end is redeemed, mostly by self-sacrificing, loving women. And since Wagner saw himself in most of his hero-figures, it is perfectly conceivable that Verdi, too, portrayed his own life upon the stage. Verdi's young wife died in 1840. In 1847 he met in Paris the singer Giuseppina Strepponi, who lived with him for twelve years before they were married.

In 1852 the father of Verdi's first wife seems to have complained of Miss Strepponi to Verdi. Verdi replied:

> In my house there lives a lady, free, independent, a lover like myself of solitude, possessing a fortune that shelters her from all need. Neither I nor she owes to anyone at all an account of our actions. On the other hand, who knows what relationship exists between us? What affairs? What ties? What claims I have on her and she on me? Who knows whether she is or is not my wife? And if she is, who knows what the reasons are for not making the fact public? Who knows whether that is a good thing or a bad one? And even if it is a bad thing, who has the right to ostracize us? I will say this, however: in my house she is entitled to as much respect as myself — more, even; and no-one is allowed to forget that on any account. And finally, she has every right, both on account of her conduct and her character, to the consideration she never fails to show to others.

The situation must at times have been difficult for such a public figure as Verdi, and may account for the compassionate understanding of irregular relationships which he brought to his operas.

Mozart is more complex. It seems to me that he developed in his four late works (*Seraglio* excepted) the strange and fascinating concept of dividing woman into three different parts. In *Figaro*, Countess, Cherubino, and Susanna; in *Don Giovanni*, Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Zerlina; in *Così*, Fiordiligi, Dorabella, and Despina; and in *Magic Flute*, the Queen, Pamina, and Papagena. In all four works the first-named expresses the more austere woman, the second sings the most passionate music, and the third is the cuddly, kittenish, warm, and primitive girl.

Mozart, the unique dramatic genius who understood every facet of life, knew that it was impossible to create one role representing woman as he saw and dreamt of her. He chose libretti where he found woman divided into her components; this adds to the fascination of casting and singing Mozart roles. Like Shakespeare, Mozart was a performer himself and knew that a company of singers would show up best if all its virtues and talents were exhibited. By writing three good roles, he enabled three gifted women to shine.

Strauss followed Mozart, perhaps consciously, in favoring the female voice. He excelled in writing for sopranos and mezzo-sopranos but, unlike Mozart, was not equally at home with male voices. Three women sing in *Rosenkavalier* — the Marschallin, Octavian, and Sophie; in *Elektra* it is the protagonist, her mother, Klytemnestra, and her sister, Chrysothemis, who carry most of the score; in *Ariadne* the Composer, Ariadne, and Zerbinetta; in *Frau ohne Schatten*, the Empress, the dyer's wife, and the nurse.

This is no coincidence. Composers pick their librettists and then influence them to a degree, because a composer must do so if he is to be inspired by the text delivered to him.

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OPERAS THAT SURVIVE

Selected by Erich Leinsdorf

	Chestnuts	*Vintage Wine*	*Larks' Tongues*
French	Carmen Faust Manon (Massenet)	The Tales of Hoffmann	Pelléas et Mélisande Samson et Dalila Werther
Italian	The Barber of Seville Lucia di Lammermoor Cavalleria Rusticana I Pagliacci	Norma Don Pasquale La Gioconda	La Cenerentola L'Elisir d'Amore Andrea Chénier
Verdi	Rigoletto La Traviata Il Trovatore Aïda	Un Ballo in Maschera La Forza del Destino Don Carlos Otello	Ernani Macbeth Simon Boccanegra Falstaff
Puccini	La Bohème Madame Butterfly Tosca	Manon Lescaut Turandot	La Fanciulla del West Il Tabarro Gianni Schicchi
Slav		Boris Godunov	La Pique Dame Eugene Onegin The Bartered Bride
Mozart	The Marriage of Figaro	Don Giovanni The Magic Flute	Idomeneo The Abduction from the Seraglio Così fan Tutte
German		Fidelio Die Fledermaus	Orfeo (Gluck) Der Freischutz Wozzeck
Wagner	Lohengrin Tannhäuser	The Flying Dutchman Tristan und Isolde Die Meistersinger Die Walküre Götterdämmerung	Das Rheingold Siegfried Parsifal
R. Strauss	Der Rosenkavalier	Salome Elektra	Ariadne

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Where I Stand

by Edward Brooke

As Attorney General of Massachusetts, Mr. Brooke, forty-six, fills the highest elective post held by a Negro in the United States. If he wins the Senate seat being vacated by Leverett Saltonstall, he will be the first Negro senator since Reconstruction days. A Republican who now must declare himself on major national and foreign policy issues, he takes his stand in THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE, *to be published soon by Little, Brown. In this article Mr. Brooke gives his proposals for solving some of the most pressing of America's problems at home.*

If there is a central theme running through America's domestic problems today, it might be described as the startling unevenness in the quality of our national life. I shall not argue whether that quality is outrageously low compared with other Western nations, as our detractors suggest, or supremely high, as many superpatriots insist. The point is simply that many aspects of our national life beg for improvement. Poverty blights the surface of America, in major areas of our material, spiritual, educational, and aesthetic environment. We cannot measure our success as a society by comparing ourselves with poorer nations. The only fair comparison measures our own achievements against our own potentialities and capabilities. And who can claim that we are remotely close to fulfilling our potential for sustained excellence in our daily lives?

By "startling unevenness in the quality of our national life" I mean the very sharp contrasts that exist, often side by side, in the lives of almost all of us. Many of the homes are lavish beyond compare, yet the facilities for public relaxation in our cities can only be called primitive. We have incredible appliances for cleaning our offices, yet inexcusably dirty streets. Private cars are magnificently shaped and equipped, but public transportation systems seem to be operated to test passengers' capacity to endure discomfort. Immense sums are spent to air-condition homes, offices, and public buildings, but insignificant amounts are allocated to eliminate the dangerous pollution in our atmosphere. Stores are stocked with a dazzling assortment of goods and products, but schools are understaffed and underequipped. Comforts of all sorts are enjoyed by the majority of Americans, but despair, anger, crime, as well as physical decay are growing in our spreading slums. Billions of dollars are spent for neon signs advertising every conceivable product, but we "cannot afford" to plant trees and flowers in downtown business sections. The city dweller can purchase almost all of the world's most desirable goods, but he cannot purchase security as he strolls through the park after dark. In short, many Americans are being deprived of beauty, comfort, security, and a sense of well-being because we are failing to solve problems which it is in our power to solve.

Take a ride to the country, and you will see similarly startling contrasts. Enormously expensive and efficient highways are flanked by billboards, junkyards, and other forms of cancerous blight. More and more of the roads leading from our cities are being transformed into breeding grounds for suburban slums. More and more of the country's unparalleled natural beauty is being ravished by thoughtless exploitation. The number of pleasure boats has multiplied astronomically, but clean water in which to enjoy boating, fishing, and bathing is rapidly disappearing. More and more

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people have the means to enjoy more and longer vacations, but unspoiled countrysides and beaches are less and less available to most Americans. We have developed superb ingenuity for solving technological problems and creating technical marvels, yet tolerate vast areas of tawdriness and ugliness which debase our culture. We seem to be giving to ourselves with one hand and taking away with the other. We have not lacked the resources or skill to correct this imbalance. We have lacked the determination and the leadership to do it.

But there is something even more disappointing in American life than the uneven development of our physical resources. Our misuse of human resources is far worse. We are the most productive and prosperous nation on earth, yet we tolerate mass ignorance, poverty, and unemployment among our people. Some forty million of our people have not been able to cash in on the American Dream. In the midst of our plenty and progress, we have despair, disillusionment, and defeatism among people who are shackled by generations of acquired disadvantages. It is in terms of human lives that the contrasts in American life are most startling.

Of the roughly fifty million American families, over a fifth have total family incomes of less than three thousand dollars a year, less than sixty dollars a week. Five and a half million American families — containing over seventeen million people, almost half of them children — survive on incomes of less than two thousand dollars a year, less than forty dollars a week. Of America's "single-person" families, five million — roughly 45 percent — have total incomes of less than fifteen hundred dollars a year, and 30 percent exist on less than one thousand dollars a year, less than twenty dollars a week!

Poverty in America does not mean starvation. It does not mean utter destitution, hunger, or homelessness as it does for hundreds of millions of the poor of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. But it does mean substandard medical care, substandard education, and substandard cultural influences, all of which doom the children of the poor to remain poor unless blessed by extraordinary ability or great good fortune. It means a shorter life plagued by more frequent physical and mental disease; a smaller body and a less developed mind. And it means passing aimless days on street corners and the porches of rural shacks. It means stagnation.

The forty to fifty million Americans who are living in a twentieth-century subculture are the rejects of our otherwise magnificently affluent society, people who never had the skills to "climb aboard," or who were not allowed to climb aboard, while American society raced forward. Or they are people whose skills were rendered obsolete by the advance. All of them find it increasingly difficult to catch up. They are the dishwashers, the harvest workers, the sharecroppers, the odd-jobmen, the coal miners, the elevator operators, the displaced conveyor-line operators, the errand boys, the nonunionized store clerks, the skilled workers displaced by automation — and always, the masses of untrained, unequipped, and incompetent, who lack that minimum of economic value to break into the vibrant world of business and organized labor, and who must exist, hand to mouth, on woefully inadequate wages or one form or another of dole.

A conservative estimate places the number of children condemned to almost certain poverty, and to rear *their* children in even greater relative poverty, at twelve million! Something is drastically wrong when any American child is born with such great odds against living a moderately successful and happy life.

There are exceptions, of course, which are widely publicized for the purpose of suggesting that the slum need not stunt a young person's growth, but on the contrary, should stimulate it. But these exceptions are in fact very rare. When shining examples are cited as proof that the poor can rise from the slums, I remember the reaction of Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York when he was used as such an example. "That is the most God-awful bunk," Senator Wagner replied. "I came through it, yes. That was luck, luck, luck. Think of the others."

Social scientists disagree about the statistics of poverty. Some say there are thirty-five million "poor" Americans; others put the figure at fifty million. Some feel a family income of three thousand dollars a year constitutes poverty; others put that figure at twenty-five hundred dollars. Some place widows whose sole source of support is a monthly Social Security check for sixty-five dollars — roughly, the median Social Security benefit for widows — in the category of the poor; others place them in a different category. Some say America's poor number a fifth of our population; others place the figure at a third.

One can debate the accuracy and interpretation of these figures, and one can argue about the precise point at which a person or a family can be said to be living in poverty. But such arguments are irrelevant. The essential fact is that for a large number of our people, life is a grim, degrading ordeal of bad food, bad health, ignorance, and wretchedness. And this in a nation rich beyond belief!

Until recently, it was assumed that as the productivity and wealth of America increased, poverty would shrink and eventually disappear. But that

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has not happened. The poverty of Americans in the "mainstream" of society *has* disappeared, but the poverty of the outcasts has solidified into semi-permanence. Not only have those outside the mainstream become relatively poorer compared with the rest of the nation; more important, the chances for the poor to enter the mainstream have become fewer. The gap between those who have employable skills or suitable education and those who are unskilled, uneducated, unemployed — and unemployable — grows greater in direct proportion to the economic and cultural development of American society. The barriers that prevent immigration from poor America to rich America are ever more difficult to scale. The poor become poorer in a thousand ways, the most tragic of them in the opportunity, and the ambition, to make it.

This is one of the gravest problems of contemporary America, a problem which, if unsolved, will establish a permanently underprivileged and hostile class of a fourth of all Americans.

POVERTY has been a plague on mankind since the beginning of history. Most of the world's people have been abysmally poor — too poor to secure enough food for themselves and their families. And most of the world's people are still abysmally poor. Why, then, has *American* poverty become a critical political issue?

I think it has become a critical political issue for the reason that always makes issues politically critical: the time for its solution has arrived. The economic means to eliminate poverty are at our disposal. Only an all-out, unqualified, massive attack on the conditions which doom many Americans born in disadvantaged circumstances to live out their lives and rear their children in the same circumstances can promise a lasting solution. I say "massive" despite the notoriety attached to that word when used in connection with government, because the problems *are* massive, and they require massive efforts to solve them. They require a massive investment in human resources to raise the skills of disadvantaged Americans to the level of the majority, just as any backward sector of any economy requires massive investment in mechanical equipment to raise its technology to the level of world standards. The investment that prosperous parents ordinarily make to educate themselves and their children — and which poor families, racially oppressed families, and families living in urban slums simply cannot make — must somehow be compensated for.

But giving aid and comfort without developing skills and talents promises only more of the same. We must concentrate our efforts on the individual needs of individual families living in disadvantaged circumstances. We must, in other words, help disadvantaged Americans help themselves.

To help people help themselves, we must in the first place remove the obstacles in our national life which tend to keep the poor and racially oppressed and slum dwellers where they are. In other words, we must seek out the flaws in the *system* which tend to perpetuate poverty, segregation, and slums. We must tear down the barriers in our social, political, and economic institutions that help keep Americans disadvantaged.

Increasing the minimum wage, for example, would bring some immediate benefits. According to Herman Miller, an expert on poverty statistics in the Bureau of the Census, "about fifty percent of [the poor] are in families headed by a fulltime worker whose wages are simply too low to support a family." But a higher minimum wage is often less important than extending the existing minimum to cover workers unprotected by minimum wage legislation. For example, hospital workers, unskilled restaurant help, and unskilled retail workers who earn fifty dollars or less a week are, if they are raising a family, almost certainly doomed to poverty even if they are working full time. It is a paradox that many of the families who most need the protection of minimum wage laws are excluded from them. Skilled industrial workers and others whose wages are far above the minimum are protected, but many working in jobs paying much less than the minimum are not.

The same applies to unemployment insurance. It is estimated that as many as two out of five workers in the American labor force are not covered by the federal-state unemployment insurance system. It is often argued that unemployment insurance should be increased. Perhaps that is necessary in many states. But far more important is the expansion of the system to include those workers who will most likely suffer chronic or seasonal unemployment — to include those who most need protection, but are now excluded from it.

Recent statistics indicate that a fifth of the total of America's poor are aged. In their case, a simple addition to their income, even a small addition in percentage terms, would go far toward alleviating distress. Relief payments too must be increased where relief is needed. For in most states the level of relief is appallingly low; it is the difference between the applicant's resources (plus the resources of his legally responsible relatives) and a minimum standard set by the state. But these minimum standards are often themselves below the poverty level. (New York's relatively liberal welfare grants, for example, average 25 percent below the estimated poverty level.) They do not allow the families involved to make the investment in education

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and training for themselves and their children necessary to break free from poverty.

The simplest kind of reform in terms of government intervention in the economy would be a revision of tax laws to ease the burden in lower income brackets. Another of the paradoxes in our economic life is that families living below the poverty line pay part — albeit a small part — of their income for taxes even though this expenditure often, in the long run, costs the government more than it takes in. Even the small sum that these families must pay in taxes represents a severe strain on the family's ability to provide itself with the essentials of food, clothing, and medical care. As a result, government, at one level or another, must fill the gap, and often a greater gap than would have existed were the tax payment abated. Not enough milk and meat in the diet means sickness and unemployment; not enough money for shoes means children do not go to school. In the end, the government pays more to correct these defects than it collects in taxes from the people who suffer them. Economically as well as morally, therefore, it makes sense to give more generous tax benefits to poor families and especially to the aged and widows.

A reverse, or negative, income tax ought to be seriously considered as a means of raising income of the disadvantaged to an established minimum level. This idea was once considered revolutionary. But now, based on the fact that the potential exemptions of many poor families exceed their incomes, it appears more and more logical. In other words, the father of a family of six who earns $3000 a year and has exemptions totaling $3600 for that year, thus incurring no tax liability, would receive $600 from the federal government, which is the amount of his total exemptions over and above his total income. The $600 would be paid by a federal appropriation or from "found money" — money collected by the Internal Revenue in interest and penalties for late payment of income taxes. If this sounds like outlandish charity, it ought to be remembered that such a family often costs the local, state, and federal government far more than six hundred dollars in a year in terms of welfare services. Such a direct payment might in fact be simpler, more effective, and more economical. We grant special tax exemptions to many individuals and businesses in special circumstances, such as the depletion allowance given to the petroleum industry as an incentive to find more oil. Why not use our tax laws to combat poverty — as a form of assistance to the oppressed to help themselves.

All of these measures and others to correct institutional flaws in our system can be valuable. But they cannot be valuable without planning, particularly long-range planning. The most successful American businesses use planning together with experimentation of new techniques in a remarkably effective way. The government must learn to imitate business in this respect. Study and planning for the specific needs of specific individuals who are segregated racially, economically, and culturally are not an excuse to avoid action. Study and planning are an absolute prerequisite for any kind of intelligent action.

The Democrats have struck out in every possible direction without the elementary planning which is the required first step for any kind of successful program, governmental or nongovernmental. We are now witnessing under a Democratic Administration a proliferation of agencies and a potpourri of anti-poverty programs which were thrown together slapdash and bear no resemblance to a coordinated, controlled, step-by-step series of actions that would constitute an authentic war on poverty. In fact, present programs, far from being coordinated, appear to be operated in competition with one another, as if the real war were between federal, state, and local agencies instead of against poverty. Each agency — and there are literally dozens of them — seems determined to "grab a piece" of a poor family and hang on to it, struggling to enhance its own power and prestige by proving its approach is best. As with so many programs sponsored by the Democratic Party, the emphasis has been on protecting the institutions and their prerogatives, rather than on the individuals whom the institutions are created to serve.

We have embarked on a war which America cannot afford to lose, yet embarked on it ill prepared, ill equipped, and ill led. The cause is simply too important to allow its implementation to be left in incompetent hands. We need organization, skillful and humane administration, modern accounting techniques, and above all, we need *plans*. We need blueprints drawn by experts, by people appointed on the basis of professional expertise, not political patronage.

The ability to help oneself is dependent primarily upon a variety of sources. But surely the principal source is education. Only education can break the heritage of disadvantage and defeatism now handed down from generation to generation. Only education can equip the underprivileged to make their own way in a free-enterprise system.

We have been clinging to a traditionally designed educational system. As an example, the nine-month school period and the three-month vacation period are a heritage from our agricultural past, which does not characterize our country at the present time. The children who were excused from school in the summer months to work on the

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farm do not work on the farm anymore. And the great majority of them are unable to find jobs.

The educational facilities of the nation are poorest precisely where they should be best. Two out of three of America's unemployed workers lack a high school education. In Harlem, 80 percent of sixth-grade students are below sixth-grade norms; almost all high school students in Harlem are below standard norms — eleven out of twenty are unable to graduate. It has been estimated that 50 percent to 75 percent of slum children are failing to get a minimal high school education in our public school system. In Cook County, Illinois, 85 percent of those receiving welfare aid did not graduate from high school, and the national figure may be as high as 90 percent. In terms of preparing disadvantaged children to make use of American opportunity, our educational resources are sadly underdeveloped.

Nothing can reverse this trend except a vast educational program that will give the disadvantaged a fighting chance to catch up. Since their domestic environment is inferior to that of "normal" Americans, their schools must be made not equal, but *better*, than the average schools. Since they are discouraged from competing for the Good Life almost from the moment of birth, they must be encouraged by educators to work not as hard, but *harder*. Since they have been subjected to poorer cultural influences throughout their childhood, they must be given exposure to cultural influences which are not equal, but *richer*.

Only by investing more in education in the next few generations can we avoid spending far more for doles in perpetuity. Massive improvement in our educational system will be the cheapest approach in the long run, and we cannot expect private funds and foundations to do the job alone.

Measured in terms of the needs, President Johnson's poverty program is pitifully inadequate and misdirected. At best, it is a rearguard action in a losing cause. To make ours a winning cause, the people trapped in slums must be provided with grammar and high school education, vocational education, and adult education far beyond anything yet proposed by either political party.

In addition, a national educational training corps staffed by thousands of professional teachers — paid substantial premiums to work in slum areas, just as soldiers are paid premiums for combat duty — must be established with the specific goal of eliminating the educational gap. Such a corps could serve during a period of transition while we rethink and retool our total approach to education. In short, we must declare war on educational deficiency, and we must wage it with the same energy, efficiency, and willingness to spend money with which the cold war is waged. No single campaign or series of campaigns will be satisfactory. We must commit ourselves to a protracted war in which victory will mean the growth and development of young people, with roughly the same talents, qualifications, and ambitions, regardless of where they happen to live or the color of their skin. Nothing less than this promises success. Obviously, investment and dedication are required on a scale never before approached in American public education.

No offensive against poverty, racial oppression, slums, and the myriad of other problems can succeed without increasing expenditures. But let me make one thing absolutely clear. We are not going to lose money or weaken America's economic system by helping in the solution of these problems. No group will suffer — not the middle class, nor the upper class, nor the working class. On the contrary, the chronically poor will get richer, but so will everyone else. Every American will benefit economically as well as morally.

An all-out effort to help the disadvantaged to join the mainstream of American life would be one of the wisest and most profitable investments in our national history. An investment to bring these people into the mainstream — as buyers and suppliers of every kind of goods and services — will pay enormous rewards. It will add at least thirty billion dollars each year to the gross national product — and more, as the skills, and with these the buying power, of the now disadvantaged increase. And this, of course, speaks only of the financial rewards. The real return must be measured in terms of human lives.

The money for the federal programs would come from increased spending by the federal government. Increased spending increases the gross national product. Increased national income would come from increased productivity. Tax revenues out of the increased national income would pay for the debt. This would mean an increase in taxes but more of an increase in income. The debt would be an internal debt which the people owed to each other. The people pay the taxes, but they also receive the interest on the debt.

This is not a simple or painless way to finance our proposed programs. I believe there are no simple or painless ways. It will require a large expenditure of government funds; it will mean new efforts in the public sector of our economy. I think there is no other way to reach our goals.

Consider the alternatives. Unless substantial gains — or at least realistic hope for substantial gains — are achieved soon, America will continue to be plagued by demonstrations, bitterness, violence, or the fear of them. We will continue to spend huge monthly sums for welfare payments,

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relief payments, and other measures which, by nature, solve nothing but can supply merely a minimum of temporary and expensive relief. Are we willing to keep sending our children to schools whose standards are lowered by children reared in material and cultural poverty, or to keep paying large tuition fees at private schools to escape that necessity? Are we willing to keep enduring the disastrous side effects of poverty and discrimination — crime, illegitimacy, and wasted human and economic potential — in our cities? (No one has calculated the total costs of these side effects in dollars, but surely it is many times greater annually than the total cost for a massive ten-year program of re-education. It costs the taxpayers of New York, for example, $7000 to rear a single child on relief to the age of seventeen.)

Are we willing to keep paying for the poor and the racially disadvantaged in a hundred ways, to keep living side by side with ugliness, ignorance, cynicism, and resentment? These things will not disappear by themselves; on the contrary, left alone, or treated haphazardly as they have been treated, they can only intensify. We will have to pay more and more relief for unwed mothers living in the slums; we will have to pay greater and greater sums to battle, less and less effectively, urban crime. We are deeply disturbed by these aspects of American life, but we cannot wish them away. Our national life will continue to be disturbed until we commit ourselves to eliminating them in the only realistic way possible, by eliminating the conditions that cause them.

The Republican Party has traditionally felt that the principal function of government is helping people to help themselves. Now it has the opportunity to discharge that function on a scale unprecedented in American history. We have traditionally believed in investing funds wisely rather than spending profusely for projects which offer no promise of return. Now we have an opportunity for investment in the future of the country which not only will give a dollar's value for a dollar spent but also will produce enormous profits. We have traditionally argued that the Democrats have temporized and faltered, rushing from one expedient welfare measure to the next because they do not fully understand the nature of America's problems. Now the opportunity is ours to demonstrate an understanding of the real issues confronting the nation and to offer lasting solutions rather than everlasting subsidies.

We have traditionally believed that individual initiative made America great, and that governmental programs which sabotage initiative are in the long run self-perpetuating or self-defeating. We have recognized that America has thrived on differences and that the American melting pot was never intended to produce a bland gruel-like American who thinks like his neighbor, looks like his neighbor, and talks and acts like his neighbor; that it was never intended to blur the complexity, the diversity, or the wonder of difference among Americans. And we have led the fight against the repression of individuality. Now we have an opportunity to protect individualism by encouraging individual effort on the part of tens of millions of Americans.

The Democrats are known as great theorizers and great idealists, but they seldom follow through in any measure relative to their basic idealism. Already the present Democratic Administration has begun to hedge on its concept of the Great Society. President Johnson has encountered considerable difficulty in finding competent, hard-nosed managers for his programs. No matter what the Administration's speeches and press releases say, the President has already begun to retreat from his commitments to domestic solutions, giving as the reason the growing burden of Vietnam. The reason is understandable, and I don't think that anyone who believes in our commitment in Vietnam is going to object to the President's cutting back on his Great Society to honor that commitment. But President Johnson should have recognized that as the Vietnam war began to escalate, his Great Society would never be able to get under way with any real effect so long as he was determined to employ the vast amount of resources which he has allocated to Vietnam. The assumption from all of this is that the Johnson Administration has played politics as usual, promising everything to everybody and forgetting the hard realities which face the nation.

I fully realize that in the area of foreign affairs any Administration, Republican or Democratic, will constantly have to alter certain domestic expenditures for international commitments. But what the nation needs in this crucial moment in our history is administrative strength and business tenacity which, though pursuing an intelligent foreign policy, will keep a constant vigil on domestic policies and expenditures and as a result see vital domestic programs to fruition.

A Republican Party which will not forget reality and which will draw upon its hard business training and administrative follow-through is best equipped to solve our complex national problems. It is time for the Republican Party to act. For these are times when cursing the darkness has become unacceptable to the vast majority of American people. The vast majority is waiting for us to strike the match.

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Fourth of July in Maine

(*For Harriet Winslow*)

BY ROBERT LOWELL

Another summer! Our Independence
Day Parade, all innocence
of children's costumes, helps resist
the communist and socialist.
Five nations: Dutch, French, Englishmen,
Indians, and we, who held Castine,
rise from their graves in combat gear —
world-losers elsewhere, conquerors here!

Civil Rights clergy face again
the scions of the good old strain,
the poor who always must remain
poor and Republicans in Maine,
upholders of the American Dream,
who will not sink and cannot swim —
O Emersonian self-reliance,
O lethargy of Russian peasants!

High noon. Each child has won his blue,
red, yellow ribbon, and our statue,
a dandyish Union Soldier, sees
his fields reclaimed by views and spruce —
he seems a convert to old age,
small, callous, elbowed off the stage,
while the canned martial music fades
from scene and green — no more parades!

Blue twinges of mortality
remind us the theocracy
drove in its stakes here to command
the infinite, and gave this land
a ministry that would have made
short work of Christ, the Son of God,
and then exchanged His crucifix,
hardly our sign, for politics.

This white Colonial frame house,
willed downward, Dear, from you to us,
still matters, the Americas'
best artifact produced en masse.
The founders' faith was in decay,
and yet their building seems to say:
"O every time I take a breath,
My God you are the air I breathe."

New England, everywhere I look,
old letters crumble from the Book,
China trade rubble, one more line
unraveling from the dark design
spun by God and Cotton Mather —
our *bel età dell' oro*, another
bright thing thinner than a cobweb,
caught in Calvinism's ebb.

Dear Cousin, life is much the same,
though only fossils know your name
here since you left this solitude,
gone, as the Christians say, for good.
Your house, still outwardly in form
lasts, though no emissary come
to watch the garden running down,
or photograph the propped-up barn.

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If memory is genius, you
had Homer's, enough gossip to
repeople Trollope's Barchester,
nurse, negro, diplomat, down-easter,
cousins kept up with, nipped, corrected,
kindly, majorfully directed,
though family furniture, decor,
and rooms redone meant almost more.

How often when the telephone
brought you to us from Washington,
we had to look around the room
to find the objects you would name —
lying there, ten years paralyzed,
half blind, no voice unrecognized,
not trusting in the afterlife,
teasing us for a carving knife.

O high New England summer, warm
and fortified against the storm
by nightly nips you once adored,
though never going overboard,
Harriet, when you used to play
your chosen Nadia Boulanger
Monteverdi, Purcell, and Bach's
precursors on the *Magnavox*.

Blue-ribboned, blue-jeaned, named for you,
our daughter cartwheels on the blue —
may your proportion strengthen her
to live through the millennial year
Two Thousand, and like you possess
friends, independence, and a house,
herself God's plenty, mistress of
your tireless sedentary love.

Her two angora guinea pigs
are nibbling seed, the news, and twigs —
untroubled, petrified, atremble,
a mother and her daughter, humble,
giving, idle and sensitive.
Few animals will let them live.
Only a vegetarian God
could look on them and call them good.

Man's poorest cousins, harmonies
of lust and appetite and ease,
little pacific things, who graze
the grass about their box, they praise
whatever stupor gave them breath
to multiply before their death —
Evolution's snails, by birth,
outrunning man who runs the earth.

And now the frosted summer night-dew
brightens, the north wind rushes through
your ailing cedars, finds the gaps;
thumbtacks rattle from the white maps,
food's lost sight of, dinner waits,
in the cold oven, icy plates —
repeating and repeating, one
Joan Baez on the gramophone.

And here in your converted barn,
we burn our hands a moment, borne
by energies that never tire
of piling fuel on the fire;
monologue that will not hear,
logic turning its deaf ear,
wild spirits and old sores in league
with inexhaustible fatigue.

Far off that time of gentleness,
when man, still licensed to increase,
unfallen and unmated, heard
only the uncreated Word —
when God the Logos still had wit
to hide his bloody hands, and sit
in silence, while His peace was sung.
Then the universe was young.

We watch the logs fall. Fire once gone,
we're done for: we escape the sun,
rising and setting, a red coal,
until it cinders like the soul.
Great ash and sun of freedom, give
us this day the warmth to live,
and face the household fire. We turn
our backs, and feel the whiskey burn.

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Africa's Answer to Schweitzer

by CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN *Though he was a man of legendary virtues, did Albert Schweitzer really understand the Africans among whom he lived for much of his life? Not sufficiently, says the distinguished diplomat and writer Conor Cruise O'Brien, and many in Europe and America share the late doctor's narrow and incurious opinions about Africans. This essay grows out of Mr. O'Brien's experience as a major UN political adviser during the Congo explosion and his three years as vice-chancellor of the University of Ghana. He is now Regents Professor and Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities at New York University.*

At the close of his long and remarkable life, Albert Schweitzer was widely mourned and honored, especially in the United States and in Western Europe. For millions of white people he had become a symbolic figure, the archetype of the good man, his peaceful and devoted life standing in sharp contrast to the epoch of violence and terror which opened in Europe in the year following his departure for Africa. More than that; I believe he had become something of a symbol of atonement. In the symbolic life of Albert Schweitzer, we whites administered to ourselves our own absolution for our African sins.

It is true that toward the end a few clouds had darkened this picture a little. Albert Schweitzer's reputation had never stood quite as high in the medical world, or indeed in the missionary world, as it did among laymen. It came to be known that the views of Schweitzer, to the effect that simple people needed a simple hospital, had become a barrier to medical progress. But the fact that Schweitzer, in advanced old age, was not progressive either in policy or practice did not seem either strange or particularly discreditable. The ramshackle little hospital at Lambaréné, in an Africa which now had some excellent and well-equipped modern hospitals, added a touch of pathos to his last years but could not diminish the credit due to his pioneering work and sacrifice. And though the word paternalist came to be heard in relation to Schweitzer even in the West, I doubt whether the word was actually considered to be any kind of charge outside certain restricted liberal and left-wing circles. In general, what we may call the Schweitzer legend remained in being.

When I speak of the Schweitzer legend, I do *not* mean to stigmatize as fable the view that Schweitzer was a man of exceptional virtue — in every sense of that word — a man who had an exacting faith, and acted on it, a man who made great sacrifices in order to go out and help the most helpless people he could find. That much I believe to be not legend but truth. It is also true, I believe, that Schweitzer held, and never significantly modified, the narrow and above all incurious opinions about Africans which were prevalent in the Europe of his day — and are indeed still widely held both in Eastern and Western Europe, as well as in America, although the character of their formulation has changed and diverged. Under these opinions the African is a naked being in more than a physical sense; he is a being without history, without traditions other than bestial superstitions, without any art or music of importance, without skill or energy,

Photograph "Dance Headdress" by Eliot Elisofon.

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and with only dubious capacity for acquiring any of these things. Such, generally, were Schweitzer's opinions, if we may judge by both his statements and his silences.

Those who uncritically admired Albert Schweitzer largely shared these opinions and approved this attitude. The sanctification and perpetuation of this set of habits around the name and fame of a good, old-fashioned, prejudiced man is what I mean by the Schweitzer legend. In Europe and America, this legend has not met significant challenge. Africa, however, is another matter.

AFRICAN reservations about Schweitzer are not based solely on exception taken to a broadly paternalist attitude, or on statistical computations of the balance of good and evil in the colonial heritage, or even on the implicit racism which Africans have discerned in his writings, though that is not without importance. The immediate and specific reason for Schweitzer's unpopularity among most Africans who have heard of him, with the exception no doubt of his patients at Lambaréné, is the political stand he took, after the end of the Second World War, when African demands for independence became insistent. At this time Albert Schweitzer put the weight of his great authority and reputation as a lifelong friend of Africa against any early granting of independence. Inevitably, African nationalists came to regard him as an enemy; nor has this view been modified by the lapse of time.

It is curious that the very essay of Schweitzer's, "Our Task in Colonial Africa," which was most objectionable from an African nationalist point of view at the time contains insights into certain realities which many strong African nationalists are today actually concerned to emphasize. Schweitzer wrote, about ten years before the first African colony emerged to independence:

> Colonies can become independent only in the sense of remaining nominally free political creations that belong to the former motherland as members of her empire. This means a more or less far-reaching limitation of their freedom, a limitation in which they voluntarily acquiesce. . . . The problems of this limited freedom may be concealed in formulas but they may not be done away with. They will give rise to continual conflicts. . . . A freedom that can only be a limited freedom creates a false situation whose consequences no one can foresee.

African nationalists would reject this formulation as it stands, but they increasingly recognize the phenomenon which Schweitzer predicted: the phenomenon of neocolonialism. No region in tropical Africa has better exemplified the fulfillment of Schweitzer's prophecies than the region he knew best: Gabon. Gabon became independent in 1960. Its first President, Léon M'ba, immediately gave proof of that voluntary acquiescence in the limitation of freedom of which Schweitzer spoke. "Without very substantial external aid," said M'ba, "we cannot ensure our defense, the stability of our currency, the development of our country and the improvement of our standard of living. These are considerations that must guide us in our common attitude. . . of loyalty vis à vis the Community, France and General de Gaulle."

It was clear from this that Gabon was indeed what Schweitzer said it would be: a nominally free political creation belonging to the former motherland as a member of her empire. This was achieved mutually by the voluntary acquiescence of men like M'ba. Then the conflicts, which Schweitzer had also predicted, began. The natives, as he had pointed out, found it hard to understand why complete freedom could not be given them. A popular uprising broke out. M'ba was deposed; the epoch of voluntary acquiescence was over. Then the French Army intervened and restored M'ba. The limitations of freedom were fixed; they did not in this case depend on voluntary acquiescence.

On an enormously greater scale, with greater complexities and on the heights of tragedy, the Belgian Congo went through an essentially similar experience. There, however, it began with a failure on the part of Patrice Lumumba to yield the voluntary acquiescence expected of him — this, after many vicissitudes, led to the installment in his place of the acquiescent Moise Tshombe, and to the acceptance by the Republic of the Congo, in relation to Belgium and Western interests, of essentially the same limitations of freedom which most of the rest of French-speaking Africa had had to accept in relation to France.

As a result of more flexible and farsighted policies pursued by Britain, and of more mature African leadership, the newly independent countries of English-speaking Africa have not been made to undergo political subordination. But their leaders are aware, and some of their followers even more acutely aware, that economic independence has so far eluded their grasp, and they become more conscious of the long-term political implications of this. Thus African nationalists, who formerly had stressed the readiness of their countries for freedom, now tend to stress the partly illusory nature of the political freedom which they have in fact obtained.

On the other hand, those who, with Schweitzer, had stressed in the days before independence that political freedom in Africa could be only nominal, not real, now profess not to understand the meaning of the word neocolonialism in any part of Africa and affect to believe that those statesmen like M'ba and Tshombe and President Tsiranana of the

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Malagasy Republic speak the free and unimpeded voices of their countries.

All of tropical Africa remains in economic dependence on Western Europe and the United States; most, though not all, of tropical Africa remains under some degree of political tutelage, ranging from preponderant influence of outside powers and interests to full and effective political control by these interests. And to the south of this "neo-colonial" zone stretches the "palaeocolonial" territory of southern Africa, the Portuguese territory of Angola, the territory of Mozambique, settler-ruled Southern Rhodesia, and the ultimate bastion of ruthless and open racism in the Republic of South Africa.

In the earlier heady days of African independence, when Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's "wind of change" had not lost its freshness, African nationalists seem to have thought that the independence of tropical Africa would speedily and almost automatically bring about the deliverance of the Africans under white rule in southern Africa also. What has happened, however, is that instead of tropical Africa spreading its power and influence south, southern Africa has spread its influence north. Moise Tshombe, a friend of the rulers of South Africa since his Katanga days, has been installed as prime minister of the largest and richest country in tropical Africa; South African mercenaries have crushed, for a time at least, the sporadic Congolese rebellions against what he represents. And the independent African states, because of their economic and military weakness and because of their divisions, have been unable to do anything effective in reply to this challenge.

To transform this false situation of limited freedom — to use Schweitzer's terms — two possible solutions are being urged. One is the solution of "African unity now," the constitution by the independent African countries of a continental African government. This is publicly and strongly urged, most prominently by President Nkrumah of Ghana. The second solution, which, for obvious reasons, is less openly referred to, is that genuinely revolutionary mass movements of workers and peasants will sweep aside the present bourgeois nationalist governments and that revolutionary forces on a scale comparable with those of the Far East will be unleashed.

How realistic is either expectation?

President Nkrumah of Ghana is a shrewd tactician, and it may be granted that his slogan of "unity now" serves for the moment a much needed purpose of raising the morale of African nationalists in various parts of the continent. The ideal is a noble one, and has the power of capturing young imaginations. Ghana's own borders, so frequently sealed, are a reminder of the distance between hope and reality. The divergencies between the real concerns and aspirations of not merely individual countries but whole regions of the continent remain profound.

I heard a gifted and enthusiastic young Sudanese lecture a Ghanaian audience on "African Unity and Arab Nationalism." His theme turned out to be mainly Israel, with reflections on how non-Arab African states had betrayed the cause of African unity by failing to give support to the Arabs against Israel. His Ghanaian audience heard him politely. At the end, being chairman, I called for questions. The first question put to the speaker was: "Mr. Salah, when we have African unity, won't you have to stop being an Arab?" After hearing this and other similar questions and the speaker's impassioned replies, I left the meeting with the feeling that African unity was not around the corner.

As for mass revolution, I remember a conversation with the Chinese ambassador in Accra, a scholarly diplomat. We had been talking about the Congo, and I had said something about my depression at the recent turn of events in that country — it was just after the installation of Tshombe and his mercenaries in Léopoldville. The ambassador smiled a very Chinese smile and said: "There is no reason for discouragement — think of all this as part of one process of political education — theirs, Doctor O'Brien, and yours." It was clear from his conversation that he saw developments in Africa eventually taking the same course as in Asia and that he believed that the installation of an obvious foreign puppet, under the protection of foreign mercenaries, was favorable to this process and therefore to be welcomed at the present stage — just as the Japanese puppet government in Manchuria had played its part in the process leading to the creation of Communist China.

It must be said that this concept is both intellectually and otherwise more formidable than the concept that a genuine African Union government, with real powers, is likely to be established by the present African governments, some of which have hardly any independent power themselves. It is certainly true that the Western powers have comported themselves in the Congo in the manner best calculated to convince the Congolese of the desirability of Communism. That said, the Congo is not the Yangtze, nor do the history, economy, and social, cultural, and linguistic composition of Africa at all closely resemble those of China. The Chinese, like all the other protagonists in what is now a multilateral cold war, seem to see Africa through an intellectual grid established by the pattern of their own experience, hopes, and fears. But Africans

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have their own patterns and are not likely to fit entirely into any of these grids.

Nor can they keep entirely out of them: the cold war is, and is likely long to remain, one of the greatest forces fashioning African destinies. It is true that no one admits to waging cold war in Africa. Arnold Rivkin in *Africa and the West* has told us, for example, that the United States "sought persistently to keep the cold war out of the Congo." For the other side, Jack Woddis in *Africa: The Way Ahead* says that "closer relations between Africa and the socialist states, far from bringing the cold war into Africa, would serve notice on the cold war mongers to keep out and leave Africa in peace." These official pictures are strikingly similar: for each side "the cold war" is a term descriptive of the other fellow's activities; "keeping the cold war out" means keeping the other fellow out, or pushing him out, as in the Congo; "peace" means the attainment of one's own predominant influence in an African country or in Africa generally.

The cold war, though few speak well of it, has brought benefits as well as damage to Africa. For its sake most of the metropolitan powers speeded up colonial development plans and programs for self-government; for its sake too East and West have competed in offers of economic and technical aid. Without the cold war it is not likely that the economic development of either Ghana or Nigeria would have been as rapid as it has been.

The cold war is not a uniform phenomenon: that which brought benefits to Ghana and Nigeria brought only ruin to the Congo. There are cold-war variants which are as near to "peaceful co-existence" as our imperfect world is likely to yield for some time to come; there are other variants in which combinations of Machiavellianism, greed, overconfidence, and panic produce disaster and the risk of war. In situations of the latter type, Chinese faith in the impending triumph of Communism throughout the world has played a part — a part, however, of which the importance in Africa has certainly been exaggerated. A larger part has been played by the crusading or galloping form of anti-Communism which is likely to grip certain politicians and diplomatic representatives and which is so easily exploited by international financial interests in places like the Congo.

Those of us who do not believe in the impending collapse either of capitalism in the United States or of Communism in the Soviet Union and China are obliged to attach most of our hopes for the future to a reciprocal decline in the crusading spirit and to a spread of that salutary stodginess which has marked Russian foreign policy in recent years. Such a decline, implying a diplomatic sophistication of the cold war rather than its unlikely cessation, would give Africa a breathing space.

If the day comes, as I believe it may, when the news of a "right-wing" coup in Fada N'Gurma or the capture of Nyunzu by the Kitawala no longer engenders either panic or undue elation in either camp, then the time will also be ripe for a more radical reconsideration of policies and attitudes involving the discarding of the element common to the thinking of Schweitzer and Woddis: the assumption that *we*, as heirs to history — however we interpret it — know better than the unhistorical inhabitants of Africa how *their* future history should and will run. We have already set our ideas loose on the continent; what Africa needs from us now is not so much our further exhortations as better prices for cocoa, coffee, rubber, and mineral exports, and technical aid which is both more abundant and less dubious in its nature and intent. The cold war, in its less dramatic and more benign forms, could favor this development.

Ghana derives real benefits from the teachers of the American Peace Corps as well as from the Russian medical mission. The most interesting and encouraging feature about both these groups is that their members give the impression of having come to Africa not merely to teach but also to learn. Increasingly, too, the universities of Africa have become places for the diffusion of European knowledge, which was their original function, and also for learning about Africa.

The independence of the African states, precarious though it is in most cases, has also yielded fruit. The outsiders who now come to Africa have to adapt themselves, by learning, to a world which has not indeed been totally transformed from the old days but which has been very significantly changed. As for Africans themselves, they are learning rapidly not only about outsiders but about one another by the experience of independence, and learning even more from its disappointments than from its fulfillments. That is the great, though not quite the expected, justification of rapid decolonization and the real refutation of Schweitzer's warnings, forceful though they were, against early independence. Those who sought first the political kingdom, as Kwame Nkrumah advised, now know much more about what has been found and who found it and what else is to be sought.

Nor is there now any reason to believe that Africans must learn more slowly than others; on the contrary, the indications are that they are learning *faster* in politics and in other fields because they know they must. We are often reminded in the press that the future of Africa depends on the maturity of African leadership. It also depends on the degree of maturity shown by non-African leaders. This implies a willingness to learn, a sense of specific African realities — as distinct from alien preconceptions — and a respect for African opinion.

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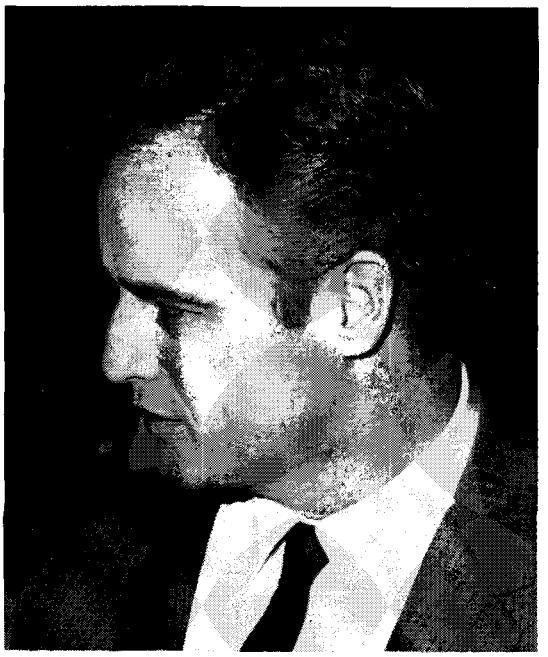

MARLON BRANDO

An American Hero

by PAULINE KAEL

American movies have never been worse, says Pauline Kael, author and film critic, in this brisk essay on forces that move some of the best screen stars to self-parody and turn critics into headhunters.

THE history of the motion-picture industry might be summed up as the development from the serials with the blade in the sawmill moving closer and closer to the heroine's neck, to modern movies with the laser beam zeroing in on James Bond's crotch. At this level, the history of movies is a triumph of technology. I'm not putting down this kind of movie: I don't know anybody who doesn't enjoy it more or less at some time or other. But I wouldn't be much interested if that were the only kind of movie, any more than I'd be interested if all movies were like *Last Year at Marienbad* or *The Red Desert* or *Juliet of the Spirits*. What of the other kinds?

While American enthusiasm for movies has never been so high, and even while teachers prepare to recognize film-making as an art, American movies have never been worse. In other parts of the world there has been a new golden age: great talents have fought their way through in Japan, India, Sweden, Italy, France; even in England there has been something that passes for a renaissance. But not here: American enthusiasm is fed largely by foreign films, memories, and innocence. The tragic or, depending on your point of view, pitiful history of American movies in the last fifteen years may be suggested by a look at the career of Marlon Brando.

It used to be said that great clowns, like Chaplin, always wanted to play Hamlet, but what happens in this country is that our Hamlets, like John Barrymore, turn into buffoons, shamelessly, pathetically mocking their public reputations. Bette Davis has made herself lovable by turning herself into a caricature of a harpy — just what, in one of her last good roles, as Margo Channing in *All About Eve*, she feared she was becoming. The women who were the biggest stars of the forties are either retired, semi-retired, or, like Davis, Crawford, and DeHavilland, have become the mad queens of Grand Guignol in the sixties, grotesques and comics, sometimes inadvertently.

Marlon Brando's career indicates the new speed of these processes. Brando, our most powerful young screen actor, the only one who suggested tragic force, the major protagonist of contemporary American themes in the fifties, is already a self-parodying comedian.

I mean by protagonist the hero who really strikes a nerve — not a Cary Grant who delights with his finesse, nor mushy heart-warmers like Gary Cooper and James Stewart with their blubbering sincerity (sometimes it seemed that the taller the man, the smaller he pretended to be; that was his notion of being "ordinary" and "universal" and "real"), but men whose intensity on the screen stirs an intense reaction in the audience. Not Gregory Peck

Photograph of Marlon Brando, courtesy of Wide World Photos.

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or Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor with their conventional routine heroics, but James Cagney or Edward G. Robinson in the gangster films, John Garfield in the Depression movies, Kirk Douglas as a post-war heel. These men are not necessarily better actors, but through the accidents of casting and circumstances or because of what they themselves embodied or projected, they *meant* something important to us. A brilliant actor like Jason Robards, Jr., may never become a protagonist of this kind unless he gets a role in which he embodies something new and relevant to the audience.

PROTAGONISTS are always loners, almost by definition. The big one to survive the war was the Bogart figure — the man with a code (moral, aesthetic, chivalrous) in a corrupt society. He had, so to speak, inside knowledge of the nature of the enemy. He was a sophisticated, urban version of the Westerner who, classically, knew both sides of the law and was tough enough to go his own way and yet, romantically, still do right.

Brando represented a reaction against the post-war mania for security. As a protagonist, the Brando of the early fifties had no code, only his instincts. He was a development from the gangster leader and the outlaw. He was antisocial because he knew society was crap; he was a hero to youth because he was strong enough not to take the crap. (In England it was thought that *The Wild One* would incite adolescents to violence.)

There was a sense of excitement, of danger in his presence, but perhaps his special appeal was in a kind of simple conceit, the conceit of tough kids. There was humor in it — swagger and arrogance that were vain and childish, and somehow seemed very American. He was explosively dangerous without being "serious" in the sense of having ideas. There was no theory, no cant in his leadership. He didn't care about social position or a job or respectability, and because he didn't care he was a big man; for what is less attractive, what makes a man smaller, than his worrying about his status? Brando represented a contemporary version of the free American.

Because he had no code, except an aesthetic one —a commitment to a *style* of life — he was easily betrayed by those he trusted. There he was, the new primitive, a Byronic Dead-End Kid, with his quality of vulnerability. His acting was so physical — so exploratory, tentative, wary — that we could sense with him, feel him pull back at the slightest hint of rebuff. We in the audience felt protective: we knew how lonely he must be in his assertiveness. Who even in hell wants to be an outsider? And he was no intellectual who could rationalize it, learn somehow to accept it, to live with it. He could only feel it, act it out, be "The Wild One" — and God knows how many kids felt, "That's the story of my life."

Brando played variations on rebel themes: from the lowbrow, disturbingly inarticulate brute, Stanley Kowalski, with his suggestions of violence waiting behind the slurred speech, the sullen face, to his Orpheus standing before the judge in the opening scene of *The Fugitive Kind*, unearthly, mythic, the rebel as artist, showing classic possibilities he was never to realize (or has not yet realized).

He was our angry young man — the delinquent, the tough, the rebel — who stood at the center of our common experience. When, as Terry Malloy in *On the Waterfront*, he said to his brother, "Oh Charlie, oh Charlie . . . you don't understand. I could have had class. I could have been a contender. I could have been somebody, instead of a bum — which is what I am," he spoke for all our failed hopes. It was the great American lament, of Broadway, of Hollywood, as well as of the docks.

I am describing the Brando who became a star, not the man necessarily, but the boy-man he projected, and also the publicity and the come-on. The publicity had a built-in ambivalence. Though the fan magazines might describe him alluringly as dreamy, moody, thin-skinned, easily hurt, gentle, intense, unpredictable, hating discipline, a defender of the underdog, other journalists and influential columnists were not so sympathetic toward what this suggested.

It is one of the uglier traditions of movie business that frequently when a star gets big enough to want big money and artistic selection or control of his productions, the studios launch large-scale campaigns designed to cut him down to an easier-to-deal-with size or to supplant him with younger, cheaper talent. Thus, early in movie history the great Lillian Gish was derided as unpopular in the buildup of the young Garbo (by the *same* studio), and in newspapers all over the country, Marilyn Monroe, just a few weeks before her death, was discovered to have no box-office draw. The gossip columnists serve as the shock troops with all those little items about how so-and-so is getting a big head, how he isn't taking the advice of the studio executives who know best, and so forth.

In the case of Brando, the most powerful ladies were especially virulent because they were obviously part of what he was rebelling against; in flouting their importance, he might undermine their position with other new stars who might try to get by without kowtowing to the blackmailing old vultures waiting to pounce in the name of God, Motherhood, and Americanism. What was unusual in Brando's case was the others who joined in the attack.

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In 1957, Truman Capote, having spent an evening with Brando and then a year writing up that evening (omitting his own side of the conversation and interjecting interpretations), published "The Duke in His Own Domain" in the *New Yorker*. The unwary Brando was made to look public ass number one. And yet the odd thing about this interview was that Capote, in his supersophistication, kept using the most commonplace, middlebrow evidence and arguments against him — for example, that Brando in his egotism was not impressed by Joshua Logan as a movie director. (The matter for astonishment was that Capote *was* — or was willing to use anything to make his literary exercise more effective.) Despite Capote's style and venomous skill, it is he in this interview, not Brando, who equates money and success with real importance and accomplishment. His arrows fit snugly into the holes they have made only if you accept the usual middlebrow standards of marksmanship.

It was now open season on Brando: Hollis Alpert lumbered onto the pages of *Cosmopolitan* to attack him for not returning to the stage to become a great actor — as if the theater were the citadel of art. *What* theater? Was Brando really wrong in feeling that movies are more relevant to our lives than that dead theater which so many journalists seem to regard as the custodian of integrity and creativity? David Susskind was shocked that a mere actor like Brando should seek to make money, might even dare to consider his own judgment and management preferable to that of millionaire producers. Dwight Macdonald chided Brando for not being content to be a craftsman: "Mr. Brando has always aspired to something Deeper and More Significant, he has always fancied himself as like an intellectual" — surely a crime he shares with Mr. Macdonald.

If he had not been so presumptuous as to try to think for himself in Hollywood and if he hadn't had a sense of *irony*, he could have pretended — and convinced a lot of people — that he was still a contender. But what crown could he aspire to? Should he be a "king" like Gable, going from one meaningless picture to another, performing the rituals of manly toughness, embracing the studio stable, to be revered, finally, because he was the company actor who never gave anybody any trouble? Columnists don't attack that kind of king on his papier-mâché throne; critics don't prod him to return to the stage; the public doesn't turn against him.

Almost without exception, American actors who don't accept trashy assignments make nothing, not even superior trash. Brando accepts the trash, but unlike the monochromatic, "always dependable" Gable, he has too much energy or inventiveness or contempt just to go through the motions. And when he appears on the screen, there is a special quality of recognition in the audience: we know he's too big for the role.

Perhaps, as some in picture business say, Brando "screws up" his pictures by rewriting the scripts; certainly he hasn't been very astute in the directors and writers he has worked with. What he needed was not more docility, but more strength, the confidence to work with young talent, to try difficult roles. But he's no longer a contender, no longer a protagonist who challenges anything serious. Brando has become a comic.

The change was overwhelmingly apparent in the 1963 *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which, rather surprisingly, began with a miniature class conflict between Brando, as the aristocratic Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard, as the lowborn Captain Bligh, who cannot endure Christian's contempt for him. Brando played the fop with such relish that audiences shared in the joke; it was like a Dead-End Kid playing Congreve. The inarticulate grunting Method actor is showing off, and it's a classic and favorite American joke: the worm turns, Destry gets his guns, American honor is redeemed. He can talk as fancy as any of them, even fancier. (In the action sequences he's uninteresting, not handsome or athletic enough to be a stock romantic adventure hero. He seems more eccentric than heroic, with his bizarre stance, his head held up pugnaciously, his face unlined in a peculiar bloated, waxen way. He's like a short, flabby tenor wandering around the stage and not singing: you wonder what he's doing there.)

In *The Ugly American* (1963) once again he is very funny as he sets the character — a pipe-smoking businessman-ambassador who parries a Senate subcommittee with high-toned clipped speech and epigrammatic sophistication. When he plays an articulate role, it is already rather a stunt, and in this one he is talking about personal dignity and standards of proper behavior. His restraint becomes a source of amusement because he is the chief exponent of the uncouth, the *charged*. Even his bull neck, so out of character, adds to the joke. His comedy is volatile. It has the unpredictable element that has always been part of his excitement: at any moment we may be surprised, amazed. When he submerges himself in the role, the movie dies on the screen.

Brando is never so American as when his English or foreign accent is thickest. It's a joke like a child's impersonation of a foreigner, overplaying the difference, and he offers us complicity in his accomplishments at pretending to be gentlemen or foreigners. What is funny about these roles is that

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they seem foreign to the Brando the audience feels it knows. When he does rough, coarse American serviceman comedy, as in *Bedtime Story*, he is horribly nothing (except for one farcical sequence when he impersonates a mad Hapsburg). Worse than nothing, because when his vulnerability is gone, his animal grace goes too, and he is left without even the routine handsomeness of his inferiors.

He had already implicated us in his amusement at his roles earlier in his career, in 1954 with his Napoleon in *Désirée*, in 1957 with his hilarious Southern gentleman-officer in *Sayonara*, but these could still be thought of as commercial interludes, the bad luck of the draw. Now he doesn't draw anything else. Is it just bad luck, or is it that he and so many of our greatest talents must play out their "creative" lives with a stacked deck?

It is easy these days to "explain" the absence of roles worth playing by referring to the inroads of television and the end of the studio system. Of course, there's some truth in all this. But Brando's career illustrates something much more basic: the destruction of meaning in movies; and this is not a new phenomenon, nor is it specially linked to television or other new factors. The organic truth of American movie history is that the new theme or the new star that gives vitality to the medium is widely imitated and quickly exhausted before the theme or talent can develop. The industry makes tricks out of what was once done for love.

What's left of the rebel incarnate is what we see of Brando in the 1965 *Morituri*: his principal charm is his apparent delight in his own cleverness. Like many another great actor who has become fortune's fool, he plays the great ham. He seems as pleased with the lines as if he'd just thought them up. He gives the best ones a carefully timed double take so that we, too, can savor his cleverness and the delight of his German accent. And what else is there to do with the role? If his presence did not give it the extra dimension of comedy, it would be merely commonplace.

In *Morituri* all we need is one look at the cynical aesthete Brando in his escapist paradise, telling us that he's "out of it," that war never solves anything, and we know that he's going to become the greatest warrior of them all. It can be argued that this hurdle of apathy or principle or convictions to be overcome gives a character conflict and makes his ultimate action more significant. Theoretically, this would seem to explain the plot mechanism, but as it works, no matter how absurd the terms in which the initial idealism or cynicism or social rejection is presented (as in such classic movie examples of character reformation as *Casablanca*, *To Have and Have Not*, *Stalag 17*), it is the final, socially acceptable "good" behavior which seems fantasy, fairy tale, unbelievable melodrama — in brief, fake. And the initial attitudes to be overcome often seem to have a lot of strength; indeed, they are likely to be what drew us to the character in the first place, what made him pass for a protagonist.

In *Morituri*, as in movies in general, there is rarely a *difference* shown, except to bring it back to the "norm." The high-minded, like the Quakers in *High Noon* or *Friendly Persuasion*, are there only to violate their convictions. They must be brought down low to common impulses, just as the low cynical materialists must be raised high to what are supposed to be our shared ideals. This democratic leveling of movies is like a massive tranquilizer. The more irregular the hero, the more offbeat, the more necessary it is for him to turn square in the finale.

Brando's *career* is a larger demonstration of the same principle at work in mass culture; but instead of becoming normal, he (like Norman Mailer) became an eccentric, which in this country means a clown, possibly the only way left to preserve some kind of difference.

When you're larger than life you can't just be brought down to normalcy. It's easier to get acceptance by caricaturing your previous attitudes and aspirations, by doing what the hostile audience already has been doing to you. Why should Bette Davis let impersonators on television make a fool of her when she can do it herself and reap the rewards of renewed audience acceptance?

Perhaps Brando has been driven to this self-parody so soon because of his imaginative strength and because of that magnetism that makes him so compelling an expression of American conflicts. His greatness is in a range that is too disturbing to be encompassed by regular movies. As with Bette Davis, as with John Barrymore, even when he mocks himself, the self he mocks is more prodigious than anybody else around. It's as if the hidden reserves of power have been turned to irony. Earlier, when his roles were absurd, there was a dash of irony; now it's taken over: the nonconformist with no roles to play plays *with* his roles. Brando is still the most exciting American actor on the screen. The roles may not be classic, but the actor's dilemma is.

Emerson outlined the American artist's way of life a century ago — "Thou must pass for a fool for a long season." We used to think that the season meant only youth, before the artist could prove his talent, make his place, achieve something. Now it is clear that for screen artists, and perhaps not only for screen artists, youth is, relatively speaking, the short season; the long one is the degradation *after* success.

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The Small College

Another View

by Howard Lowry

They can experiment freely, get out of ruts more quickly, provide teachers who teach. These and many more are the attributes of the small liberal arts colleges as defined in this persuasive case for the small college by Howard Lowry, who has been president of Ohio's College of Wooster for twenty-two years.

Colleges have always had their detractors. Ninety years ago, only ten years after my own alma mater was founded, President Gilman, in his inaugural address at Johns Hopkins, roundly dismissed the four-year liberal arts college. It has been buried many times since and by many famous men. But it has steadily refused to die, even at distinguished hands.

The small colleges, one hopes, have learned something under this constant threat of extinction, something besides a stubborn turn for longevity. They should have, for as it was said long ago, when a man is about to be hanged, it concentrates the mind immensely. From their critics the colleges can learn what to renounce, recover, mend, or reaffirm.

They can learn a great deal from thinking on what President Allen Wallis of the University of Rochester says about them in the *Atlantic Monthly* of last November. He does not expect them to disappear, and he praises the contribution they have made over the past century. He merely denies them any future of real quality. As the century advances, he believes, students seeking a first-rate education will turn, not to them, but to colleges that are integral parts of a university. This will come about because brighter and more serious students, better prepared in improved high schools, will already have had what the colleges have commonly offered in their first two years. They will demand work in at least one subject approaching the graduate level. The faculty that can cope with them must be a faculty of graduate caliber, a faculty the small colleges will not have. These colleges will thus be lacking both the best students and the best teachers.

All this must be scanned. The small colleges have never been preoccupied with the highly gifted alone. In very homely fashion they have been willing to wait for the steady pluggers and late bloomers whom they do not brag about till after these people have become some of their most respected alumni and the best citizens of their community. Even so, they want their fair share of the gifted and the well prepared.

And, perversely enough, they see the same signs of the times that President Wallis sees, but they read them in a different way. Familiar with the squeeze put on them by the improved high schools, the two-year junior colleges, and the down-reaching arm of the graduate schools, they see not just a threat before them but also an opportunity. Their own true function now becomes more possible and more important.

For most of the colleges have always wanted to do a better job in the four years allowed them.

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They have long desired students who were better prepared. They have wanted freedom from remedial chores, from doing over what should have been done in school. They have hoped for a greater breadth and depth and the chance to offer the exciting challenges of a truly liberal education. The better prepared students now coming to them are exactly what they have been waiting for.

The new condition at last gives the quest for liberal education room enough and time. The four years can be richer and more significant. Our best students, even those in a hurry to get on with a career, have always bewailed the lack of time to think about and savor what they were learning — the time to evaluate, compare, express, and enjoy the falling together of the pieces in liberal studies that foster what someone has happily called the "connecting imagination."

And if there is still some time left over in the four-year undergraduate span, the new explosion of knowledge can fill that very handily. It will also create a deeper need for the kind of minds liberal study should furnish. The student of the humanities and the social sciences will feel a new demand to know more of the natural world in the exciting time when research is on the move and when — so one is told— 90 percent of all the scientists that ever lived are still living. And the scientist will perforce remember, if he checks the human data, that probably 90 percent of all the great artists, composers, philosophers, moralists, and men of letters are now dead, and that a considerable art is involved in bringing them to real life again, the recovery of our humane past being the demanding enterprise it is. The four years of college can more and more become substantial and worthwhile. For the liberal study that is their true stock in trade is no perfunctory appetizer to be got over as fast as possible before the graduate or professional school. They can in themselves be a rich and memorable feast.

One can hope to heaven that all the bright and gifted do not miss this full measure of liberal education, and that they know a lot else before they settle down exclusively with what they will know best. More than ever they need the liberal studies that, as Professor Whitney Oates of Princeton suggests, are "designed to develop in an individual the capacity to survive change," at a time when colleges are trying to prepare students for careers ten years away that do not now exist.

We believe that even some of the gifted will still prefer to attend small colleges and will be willing to forgo the obvious advantages of the university — the larger libraries, the larger laboratories, the often rewarding pell-mell and multifaceted culture of the crowded campus, the great scholars that for the most part they will see only on a highly limited schedule. They will do this because of their not unsupported hunch that a good small college dedicated to giving a liberal education can probably give one, largely because it can concentrate its whole attention on doing so. This is its specialty and its only business. The whole life of the community bears upon this task.

The gifted will find there full reign to their talents in an encouraging and personal framework of expectation. The small colleges have long had or are developing challenging programs of honors work, independent study, interdisciplinary experiments, and other means of allowing students to go at their true pace. These programs are not, as one fears President Wallis assumes, an evolution toward the graduate pattern. They can, to be sure, make later graduate study much easier because of the methods and habits they teach. But the important point about them is that this deeper penetration in a major field or in related disciplines takes place within a matrix of liberal studies. They thus furnish a pattern of what a man's life should be till the day he dies — a career in depth within the informing pattern of other interests and pursuits. The small college, by its very structure, has a knack for holding this pattern together.

But who will be the teachers? This is the crucial point President Wallis and others would press. And the answer is, many of the first-rate teacher-scholars who do it now and more who will come. Those who think otherwise simply fail to reckon the attraction that teaching and life in a smaller community have for some of our ablest men and women, who regard teaching as their first and *sine qua non* task. They do not hold association with and instruction of students as simply the interruption of their own research or their consulting with industry and government. Teacher-scholars now in university posts are asking some of us to consider them for the next opening we have. Some of them say they are simply tired of "bigness." Some of them believe in church-related colleges and wish to be identified with them. On this score, the critics of colleges should never underestimate the holding power church colleges have. Excellent teachers, excellent because they are also scholars, turn down repeated offers from the universities because they themselves are dedicated to the religious dimension in education that is honored where they already are.

The colleges, of course, owe such teachers the finest program of research and sabbatical leaves. Our own college has had for twenty years perhaps the most liberal arrangements in the country. It allows any professor wishing to engage in research and writing, upon proper application, to have a

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year's leave of absence at full salary every fifth year. It also offers the regular sabbatical. Such a program permits teachers who prefer the small college, away from the great libraries and research centers, to do so without sacrificing their professional life or the opportunity for growth in their own field of learning. It supplies the renewal they need.

President John Millett of the Ohio Board of Regents, who has had experience with all forms of higher learning, knows as well as anyone else that no single kind of institution has a monopoly on good teaching. He has seen many examples of it in the university. Even so, he says, "If we can restate the goals of general education for the last third of the twentieth century, I feel confident that it is the separate liberal arts college which, above all other agencies of higher education, will become the means to the desired end. For it is the separate liberal arts college which remains alone dedicated to the mission of teaching."

The small colleges have other assets. They can experiment freely, partly because they can admit mistakes and get out of their ruts more quickly and cheaply than larger institutions can. They can resist provincialism by strong programs of visiting lecturers and scholars, by a more than merely adequate bookstore, and by the full use of mechanical aids for libraries and certain forms of instruction. They too can send students abroad. They can enjoy cooperative relationships with other colleges in groups such as the Associated Colleges of the Midwest and the Great Lakes Colleges Association, which enable institutions to do together much they would find it hard to do separately, such as establishing centers overseas and adequate programs of non-Western studies. They can even make the most of some of their old-fashioned practices — if they have retained them — such as chapel and convocations, which bring the whole community together and which, when taken seriously and given care, are as fine instruments for integration as are likely to be devised.

The small liberal arts colleges are much aware of their temptations. Such friends as Earl McGrath and Paul Woodring have warned them that their future lies in doing a few things well rather than many things badly. They must resist pressures toward vocationalism, which is not their role. Departments must be persuaded to offer the best contribution they can give to the liberal education of nonmajors, by first making a critical effort most departments have never made. And the colleges must resist the attempts made to turn them into mere coaching schools for a given graduate department at the expense of liberal education. The best graduate deans are realizing and saying that the greatest gift a college can send the graduate school is a liberally educated person.

The small college has a superb asset, one that is subtle and not easily measured or explained. It answers to one of the deepest human needs, the need for belonging. And the only way to do justice to the sense of community a college can confer is to make an almost preposterous claim for it — namely, that this is something no larger institution, however excellent and richly blessed, can confer in the same measure.

Contrary to some opinion, the small colleges do not merely offer a crutch to the weak or make life deceptively amiable. They are or should be a friendly community, of course, in which both leadership and cooperation can readily be learned. But this very community also exposes its members to one another, and few students can take refuge in anonymity. Faces have names. Weaknesses can be known and corrected, abilities recognized and fostered. A student is made to see the shining margin of possibility. And this is sometimes a great strain — on everybody.

The college asks more of a man than his mind. It proposes to engage his whole being. It directs him to what he can love and honor and serve. It asks him to find himself as a meaningful individual in a meaningful relationship with others. And all this is more than some men want. Colleges that are any good can repel as well as attract, and many will wish no part of this kind of belonging. But some good and gifted men do want it. And those who have come to want it and have known it will remember it all their lives. They will know its power and effect. Colleges, wonderful to say, can even be loved, as Daniel Webster found out long ago.

Because they address themselves to something deep in the constitution of human nature, the small liberal arts colleges will survive and continue to speak to the dynamic spirit of man. Their graduates, in community, have learned something that will give George Orwell's dehumanized and computer-ridden world of 1984 a bad time. We dare to believe that Rochester and some of the other fine graduate schools will be glad to have some of them around.

For President Wallis' comments in reply to Dr. Lowry, please see Atlantic Repartee, page 50.

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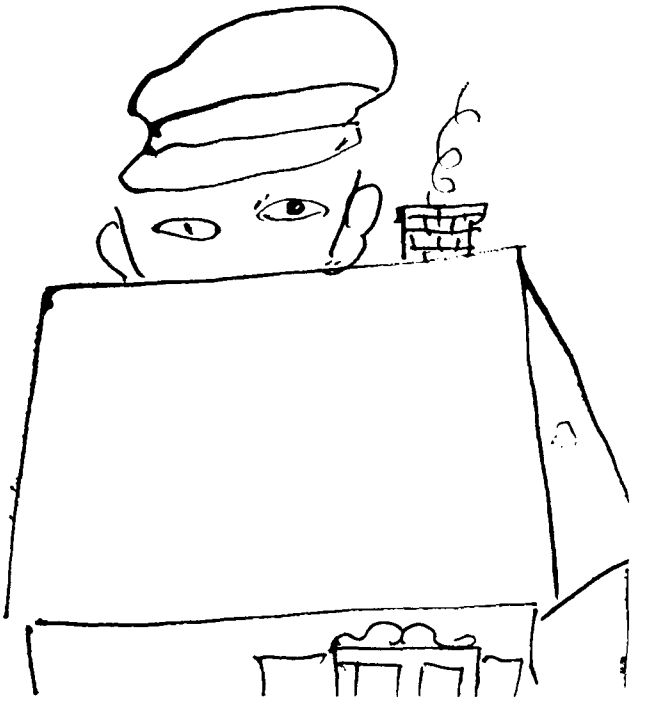
SHABOS NAHAMU

A Story by ISAAC BABEL



Isaac Babel, who died in a Soviet concentration camp in 1940, was perhaps the greatest Russian short-story writer since Chekhov. The following tale, here translated by Max Hayward, first appeared in a Moscow daily in 1918 and was republished in ZNAMYA *in 1964. "Shabos nahamu" is the Hebrew "Sabbath of Comfort," on which, after a period of lamentation for the Destruction of the Temple, the rabbi consoles the synagogue congregation by reading more cheerful passages from the Prophets.*

THE morning goes by, the evening comes — and it's the fifth day of the week. Another morning goes by, the evening comes — and it's the sixth day. On the sixth day, on Friday, you have to pray. When you've prayed, you take a stroll through the *shtetl* in your best hat and then come back home for supper. When he gets home, a good Jew has a glass of vodka — neither God nor the Talmud says he can't have two — and eats his gefilte fish and his *kugel* with currants. After supper he feels good. He tells stories to his wife; then he goes to sleep with one eye closed and his mouth open. He sleeps, but his wife in the kitchen hears music, as though the blind fiddler had come from the *shtetl* and was standing under the window playing.

That's how it is with every Jew. But Hershele was different from other Jews. No wonder he was famous in all of Ostropole, in all of Berdichev, and in all of Vilyuisk. Hershele celebrated only one Friday in six. On the others he sat with his family in the darkness and cold. His children cried, and his wife gave him hell. Each reproach was as heavy as a cobblestone. Hershele used to answer back in verse.

Once, so the story goes, Hershele thought he would look ahead a little. He went off to the fair on Wednesday to earn some money for Friday. Where there's a fair you'll find a *pan*, and where there's a *pan* you'll find ten Jews. But you'd be lucky to earn three pennies from ten Jews. They all listened to Hershele's funny stories, but when it was time to pay, they weren't around anymore. Hershele went back home with a belly as empty as a wind instrument.

"What did you earn?" his wife asked.

"I earned life everlasting," he said. "Both the rich and the poor promised it to me."

Hershele's wife had only ten fingers. She bent them back one by one. Her voice was like thunder in the mountains. "Every other wife has a husband like everybody else's. But I have a husband who feeds his wife on funny stories. May God take away the use of his tongue, and his hands, and his feet in the New Year."

"Amen," Hershele said.

"In everybody else's windows the candles burn like they'd set fire to oak trees in the house, but I have candles as thin as matches, and there's so

Pen drawing by Marc Chagall. From MARC CHAGALL *by Franz Meyer, Harry N. Abrams, Inc. Courtesy Association pour la Diffusion des Arts Graphiques et Plastiques, Paris.*

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much smoke from them it shoots up to heaven. Everybody else has white bread, but all my husband brings me is firewood as wet as newly washed hair —"

Hershele said not a single word in reply. Why add fuel to the flames when they're burning so brightly as it is? That's point number one. And then, point number two, what can you say to a cantankerous wife when she's right? When she got tired of shouting, Hershele went and lay down on his bed and thought, "Maybe I should go and see Rabbi Boruhl?" (Everybody knew that Rabbi Boruhl suffered from black melancholia and that only Hershele with his talk could make him feel better.) "Maybe I should go to Rabbi Boruhl? It's true the *tsadik's* servants give me only bones and keep the meat for themselves. Meat is better than bones, but bones are better than air. I'll go to Rabbi Boruhl."

Hershele got up and went out to harness his mare. She gave him a stern and sad look.

"It's all very well, Hershele," her eyes said, "you didn't give me any oats yesterday, you didn't give me any oats the day before yesterday, and I didn't get anything today either. If you don't give me any oats tomorrow, I'll have to start thinking about whether I'm going to live."

Hershele flinched before her searching look, lowered his eyes, and stroked her soft lips. Then he sighed so loud that the mare understood everything, and he said: "I'll go to Rabbi Boruhl on foot."

When Hershele set off, the sun was high in the sky. The sweltering road ran on ahead. Carts drawn by white oxen and piled with sweet-smelling hay lumbered slowly along. Peasants sat on these high carts, dangling their legs and swishing their long whips. The sky was dark blue, and the whips were black. When he'd gone about five miles, Hershele reached a forest. The sun was already leaving its place in the sky, which was ablaze with gentle fires. Barefoot girls were bringing the cows in from the fields. The cows' pink udders, heavy with milk, swayed to and fro.

The forest met Hershele with cool shade and soft twilight. Green leaves bent over and stroked each other with their flat hands, whispered together faintly up there in the treetops, and then fell back, rustling and quivering, into their places. Hershele did not hear their whispering. The orchestra playing in his belly was as big as anything hired by Count Potocki for a gala evening. He still had a long way to go. Dusk was hurrying in from the edges of the earth, closing in over Hershele's head, and spreading out across the world. Unblinking lamps lit in the sky, and the earth fell silent.

It was night when Hershele arrived at an inn. A light was burning in a small window. Zelda, the landlady, was sitting in her warm room by this window, sewing baby clothes. Her belly was so big it looked as if she were going to have triplets. Hershele looked at her small red face with its light-blue eyes and wished her good evening. "Can I stop here and rest for a while, ma'am?"

"Sure you can."

Hershele sat down. His nostrils heaved like a pair of blacksmith's bellows. There was a red-hot fire blazing in the stove. Water was boiling in a large caldron and frothing over snow-white dumplings. A fat chicken was bobbing up and down in a golden broth. There was a smell of *kugel* from the oven. Hershele sat on a bench writhing like a woman in labor. More plans were hatching in his head at that moment than King Solomon ever had wives. It was quiet in the room, the water was boiling, and the chicken tossed and pitched on its golden waves.

"Where is your husband, ma'am?" Hershele asked.

"My husband has gone to the *pan* to pay his rent," she said, and paused. Her childlike eyes grew round and large. Suddenly she went on: "And I am sitting here at the window thinking. I would like to ask you a question. I suppose you travel up and down the world, and you've been to the *Heder*, and you know about our Jewish ways. But nobody ever taught me anything. Tell me: will *shabos nahamu* be coming soon?"

"Oho," thought Hershele, "a very good question indeed. All kinds of potatoes grow in God's garden."

"I'm asking because my husband promised me that when *shabos nahamu* comes, we'll go and visit my mother. And I'll buy you a dress, he says, and a new wig, and we'll go to Rabbi Motalemi to ask him for a son to be born to us instead of a daughter. But that will only be when *shabos nahamu* comes. I suppose he's a man from the other world, this *shabos nahamu?*"

"You are quite right, ma'am," Hershele replied. "God himself put those words into your mouth. You will have both a son and a daughter. I am *shabos nahamu*, ma'am."

The baby clothes slipped from Zelda's knees. She got up and bumped her head on a rafter, because she was tall, Zelda was, and plump and red and young. Her high breasts looked like two bags tightly packed with grain. Her light-blue eyes opened wide like a child's.

"I am *shabos nahamu*," Hershele repeated. "For two months now I've been doing my rounds, helping people. It's a long journey from heaven down to earth. My shoes are all worn out. I bring you greetings from all your people up there."

"From Aunt Pesya?" Zelda shouted, "and from Father, and from Aunt Golda? You know them?"

"Who doesn't know them?" Hershele said. "I

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often talk with them just like I'm talking with you now."

"How are they getting on up there?" Zelda asked, clasping her trembling hands on her belly.

"Not too well," Hershele replied sadly. "What sort of life do you think it is for a dead person? There isn't much fun up there."

Zelda's eyes filled with tears.

"They're cold," Hershele went on, "and hungry. They eat the same as angels, you see. They're not supposed to eat more than the angels. And how much do angels eat? They're quite happy with a drink of water. You wouldn't get a glass of vodka up there once in a hundred years."

"Poor Father," Zelda whispered, quite shaken.

"At Passover you get a *latke*, and one blintze has to last you twenty-four hours."

"Poor Aunt Pesya," Zelda shuddered.

"I have to go hungry myself," Hershele continued, and turned his face away as a tear rolled down his nose and fell into his beard. "There's nothing I can do about it, you see: up there I'm treated like everybody else — "

Hershele didn't manage to get any further. With a patter of her large feet she bore down on him with plates, bowls, glasses, and bottles. When Hershele began to eat, she saw that he really was a man from the other world.

To start off with, Hershele had chicken liver garnished with fat and chopped onion. He drank it down with a glass of high-class vodka flavored with orange peel. Then he had fish, mashing soft boiled potatoes into the savory sauce that went with it and putting half a jarful of red horseradish on the side of his plate, a horseradish at the mere sight of which five *pans* in all their finery would have wept tears of envy.

After the fish Hershele did his duty by the chicken and the broth with blobs of fat swimming in it. The dumplings, bathed in molten butter, jumped into Hershele's mouth like hares fleeing from a hunter. We don't have to say anything about what happened to the *kugel*. What do you think happened to it, if you consider that Hershele sometimes never saw a *kugel* from one end of the year to the other?

When he had finished, Zelda got together all the things that she had decided to ask Hershele to take to the other world for Father, Aunt Pesya, and Aunt Golda. For her father she put out a new *talas*, a bottle of cherry brandy, a jar of raspberry jam, and a pouch full of tobacco. For Aunt Pesya she got out some warm gray socks, and for Aunt Golda an old wig, a large comb, and a prayer book. Lastly, she gave Hershele a pair of boots, some *grebenes*, and a silver coin.

"Give them our regards, Mister Shabos Nahamu, give them all our kind regards" were her parting words to Hershele as he set off with the heavy bundle. "Or would you like to wait a little until my husband comes back?"

"No," said Hershele. "I must be on my way. You don't think you're the only one I have to look after, do you?"

When he had gone about a mile, Hershele stopped to draw breath, threw the bundle down, sat on it, and took stock of the situation. "As you well know, Hershele," he said to himself, "the world is full of fools. The landlady in that inn was a fool. But perhaps her husband is not a fool, perhaps he has large fists, fat cheeks, and a long whip. If he comes home and chases after you in the forest, what then?"

Hershele wasted no time seeking an answer to this question. He immediately buried the bundle in the ground and marked the spot so that he would be able to find it again.

Then he ran back the way he had come, stripped naked, put his arms around a tree, and began to wait. He did not have to wait long. At dawn Hershele heard the crack of a whip, the smacking lips, and the thud of a horse's hooves. This was the innkeeper in hot pursuit of Mister Shabos Nahamu.

When he reached the naked Hershele with his arms around a tree, the innkeeper stopped his horse and looked as silly as a monk on meeting the devil.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I am a man from the other world," Hershele replied gloomily. "I have been robbed of important papers which I was taking to Rabbi Boruhl."

"I know who robbed you," shouted the innkeeper. "I have a bone to pick with him too. Which way did he go?"

"I cannot tell you which way he went," Hershele whispered bitterly. "If you will lend me your horse I will soon catch up with him, while you wait for me here. Undress and stand by this tree. Hold it up and do not leave it until I return. It is a holy tree, and many things in our world depend on it."

Hershele only had to take one look at a man to see what he was made of. He had seen right away that the innkeeper was not much brighter than his wife. And sure enough, the innkeeper got undressed and stood by the tree. Hershele climbed onto the cart and drove back to where he had left the bundle. He dug it up and went on to the edge of the forest.

Here Hershele put the bundle back on his shoulder, left the horse, and took the road which led to the house of the holy Rabbi Boruhl. It was morning already. The roosters were crowing with their eyes shut. The innkeeper's horse wearily plodded back with the empty cart to the place where she had left her master.

He was waiting for her, huddled against the tree, naked under the rays of the rising sun. He was cold, and he kept shifting from foot to foot.

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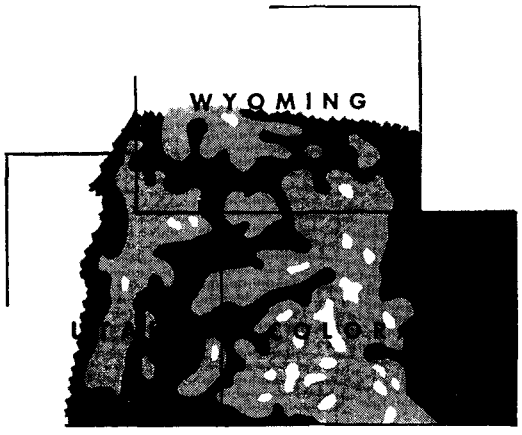

BONANZA IN COLORADO
Who Gets It?

by Julius Duscha

An oil reserve worth as much as $300 billion lies under the earth in the West, and the fight for it is well under way in Washington between the oil companies and representatives of the public at large. A veteran member of the national news staff of the Washington POST *and author of books about the government,* TAXPAYERS' HAYRIDE *and* ARMS, MONEY AND POLITICS, *Julius Duscha here tells how the struggle is going.*

EVERY fall thousands of deer come down from the mountains of western Colorado to spend the winter foraging on some of the most valuable land in the world. Beneath the land is the largest oil reserve known to man, enough to meet America's needs for hundreds of years. The oil is worth at least $300 billion, and it is all on public land. But if American oil companies have their way, they will get most of the benefits from this resource.

Major oil companies are putting heavy pressure on both Congress and Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall to grant leases giving them control over the land and the exploitation of its oil. So far Udall has successfully resisted these pressures, but efforts will be made in Congress this year to force Udall to lease the land to the oil companies.

Big Oil wants action now before the cost of getting the oil out of the ground is known and before the precise value of the oil can be determined. And Big Oil has powerful friends in the Senate and the House who usually get the industry what it wants in Washington.

Supporting Udall's go-slow position are conservationists and such economists as J. K. Galbraith of Harvard, who vigorously argued for continued public ownership and control of the land as a member of an Interior Department advisory board on the oil problem. Seeking immediate leasing of the land to oil companies are such powerful members of Congress as Representative Wayne N. Aspinall of Colorado, who is chairman of the House Interior Committee and whose congressional district includes the oil lands in western Colorado. A hearing on the leasing problem has already been held in the Senate, and House hearings are planned for this year.

At issue is not only control of the 300-billion-dollar oil reserve centered in western Colorado and extending into southern Wyoming and eastern Utah but also the future of the extensive federal benefits now granted the oil industry. These include the legislation that saves the industry a billion dollars a year in income taxes and the federal restrictions that keep cheap foreign oil out of the United States at a cost of $2 billion a year to consumers.

The huge profits of the oil industry have been built over the years on a favorable federal tax structure, on federal controls over the importing of oil, and on state regulations carefully restricting the production of oil each month. The industry's argument for these benefits is that domestic oil

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producers must be given all possible encouragement to develop new reserves because oil is a scarce and irreplaceable resource essential to the nation's security.

The truth of the matter is that the United States and the rest of the non-Communist world already have so much oil that no one knows what to do with it. Texas, where almost half of America's developed oil reserves are located, restricts production to little more than a quarter of the state's capacity. Many other oil states enforce the same kind of restrictions on production, while Venezuela and the Middle East stand ready to flood the United States with cheap, and good, oil.

Every move in the oil game affects all of the players. Thus the reserves in Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah threaten to undermine the foundation for the governmental benefits enjoyed by the industry not only because there is so much oil beneath the land in question but also because it is a different kind of oil.

The oil is locked in shale, a rock formed from silt deposited by glaciers fifty million to seventy-five million years ago. Geologists confirmed the location and the extent of the shale oil deposits in the 1920s, so there is no need to compensate oil companies for exploration costs. But the deposits have taken on their great value only recently because scientists are on the threshold of the development of efficient methods for taking the oil out of the rock. In experimental plants in Colorado, oil has been removed from the rock through a still expensive mining and heating process. The cost of this process is expected to be reduced sharply as further experiments are conducted by industry and federal and state governments.

But the most spectacular and most promising breakthroughs in the shale oil fields probably will result from atomic energy. The Interior Department in cooperation with the Atomic Energy Commission is planning to conduct experiments to use controlled nuclear explosions to ignite underground fires hot enough to separate the oil from the rock without disturbing the landscape.

Once shale oil is commercially competitive with oil found in its liquid state, all of the political benefits affecting the oil industry should be re-examined. With almost limitless oil resources easily available beneath the rocky terrain of Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, the 27.5 percent depletion allowance and the other tax favors granted the oil industry would be difficult to justify. There no longer would be any need to stimulate still more production by continuing to give these tax concessions to the oil industry.

In the industry's view, the best way to prevent what could be a shattering reappraisal of its tax and other governmental benefits would be to tie up the shale lands with leases as quickly as possible. Then the oil companies could bring the shale fields into production in a way that would cause little disturbance to the existing price and tax structures of the industry. But if Secretary Udall and the conservationists win this struggle and are able to prevent the leasing of the shale lands until their value is known, it should be possible to re-examine the governmental benefits to the entire oil industry once the shale resources become competitive.

Like all the other major political and economic disputes that depend on decisions in Washington, the controversy over the shale oil lands involves a cast of strong characters in positions of power and influence. As in the case of so many other Washington controversies, the outcome of the shale oil dispute may depend more on power politics than on the public interest.

The most influential proponent of immediate leasing of the shale lands is Congressman Aspinall. As the representative of the congressional district containing the richest of the shale deposits, Aspinall has an obvious interest in a development plan that would bring more people and more money to the shale area, which is sparsely populated. And as chairman of the House Interior Committee, the stubborn, plain-talking Aspinall has always put the development of resources ahead of conservation measures.

"Natural resources were placed here to be used," Aspinall maintains, "not to be cooped up for future generations, and anyone who says otherwise is giving you a bunch of buncombe. The oil isn't worth a hoot to anybody as long as it is in the ground."

Aspinall is a realistic politician who knows how to wait out an adversary. The congressman was one of the implacable opponents of the original wilderness preservation bills. He was against them because so many wilderness areas contain valuable minerals, trees, and grass sought by mining, lumbering, and grazing interests. Patiently and purposefully, Aspinall outwaited the conservationists, fleeing to Colorado one year to avoid calling a meeting of his committee to consider the wilderness bill. Finally, the conservationists gave Aspinall practically all of the concessions he sought in the wilderness bill to protect Western commercial interests. Then the legislation easily went through his Interior Committee and the House.

In dealing with the shale oil issue Aspinall again appears to be playing a waiting game. After a government advisory board issued a deeply divided report on shale oil last year, Aspinall indicated that he would quickly convene hearings on the report,

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but then postponed the hearings because he did not want to endure the acid tongue of economist Galbraith, one of the members of the advisory board who opposed the immediate leasing of the shale lands as advocated by Aspinall. The congressman contented himself with ominous mutterings about "the personal ideology" of some members of the advisory board. But no one in Washington who is familiar with Aspinall and his usually successful legislative tactics believes that the last word has been heard from him. And Aspinall's last word is usually the one that counts in resource issues like shale oil.

The Senate Interior Committee did hold a shale oil hearing last year (at a time when Galbraith happened to be lecturing in Australia). Colorado's two Republican senators, Gordon Allott and Peter H. Dominick, used the hearing to press for an early decision by Secretary Udall to allow the leasing of the shale oil lands. Allott and Dominick attacked Galbraith as a man with a "long history of anti-private enterprise."

The Senate hearing showed once again how the members of the Western-dominated Interior Committee stick together. Only one member of the seventeen-man committee represents a state east of the Mississippi, and he is Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, who also happened to be the only member of the committee to question the wisdom of immediate leasing of the shale lands. The other members of the committee took the traditional Western stance for quick and easy commercial access to resources on the public lands.

Not a single representative of an oil company appeared at the Senate hearing, even though major companies are actively seeking shale oil leases. No one who is familiar with the way Washington lobbyists work was surprised, however, at the failure of oil company representatives to come forward. Big Oil learned long ago that it can best press its arguments for tax benefits and other governmental favors by helping to elect sympathetic senators and representatives and then letting them present the industry's case. The late Speaker Sam Rayburn, for example, never allowed a man to get on the House Ways and Means Committee unless he supported the 27.5 percent oil depletion allowance. President Johnson when he was the Democratic leader of the Senate helped to see to it that senators who would be friendly to the oil interests deep in the heart of Texas were appointed to the Senate Finance Committee.

The oil companies have pushed their case for leasing of the shale lands with discreet visits to senators and representatives as well as to Secretary Udall. Udall, who uses as a paperweight a chunk of the dark, oil-bearing rock given to him by a government geologist, became aware of the shale controversy soon after taking office as Secretary of the Interior five years ago. It was not, however, until 1963 that he felt the problem demanded some action on his part. Across his desk one day came a request from the Shell Oil Company to lease 50,000 acres of the richest shale land. When Udall asked Interior Department officials to evaluate this request, he was astonished to learn that the shale acreage sought by Shell contained enough oil to meet the company's requirements for 660 years.

Shell was not the only company seeking leases on the shale lands. Sinclair had asked for leases that would meet its oil requirements for the next 226 years. A somewhat modest request came from Humble, which sought only enough land to fulfill its oil requirements for 54 years. Continental asked for what amounted to a twenty-seven-year supply of oil. Other companies seeking leases included Union, Richfield, Standard of California, and Standard of Ohio.

Despite lobbying by the oil companies at the Interior Department and in Capitol Hill offices, Udall has resisted a precipitous decision. He may have remembered a story often told on Capitol Hill about his predecessor, Fred A. Seaton. When Seaton became Secretary of the Interior during the Eisenhower Administration, he suggested to members of his staff that they say no to all proposals from the oil industry. Seaton noted at a staff conference that oil had so often caused scandal to the department that the best way to avoid it in the future might be to take a wholly negative attitude toward proposals from the oil industry.

Only a few months after he took office as Secretary of the Interior, Udall himself had been acutely embarrassed by an incident involving an oil lobbyist then working for Shell. The lobbyist, a dapper well-known Washington figure named Jack Evans, wrote to his colleagues in the oil industry to tell them that Udall had asked him to enlist their support in purchasing tickets to a one-hundred-dollar-a-plate Democratic dinner. When the letter fell into the hands of columnist Peter Edson, who published it, Udall protested that there had been a misunderstanding between him and the lobbyist, who happened to be a personal friend of his.

Udall was not about to be burned again by an oil matter, and he discovered that there were excellent precedents for caution in dealing with the shale oil question. The shale lands were withdrawn from leasing by the late Herbert Hoover when he was President in 1930, and not a single lease has been issued since then.

"Whether the 1930 order was in furtherance of a far-seeing conservation policy, or a retreat from a

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vexing administrative problem is open to some question," Undersecretary of the Interior John A. Carver, Jr., has noted in a polite reference to the aftermath of the Teapot Dome oil scandals which plagued Republican Administrations during the 1920s.

By early 1964, with pressures from oil lobbyists and Western senators and representatives increasing, Udall decided to follow a familiar Washington route out of a dilemma. He announced that he would appoint an advisory board to study the question of developing a shale oil industry and to appraise the problems involved in the leasing of the shale lands.

For a government oil committee the Oil Shale Advisory Board was unusual. The Interior Department generally seeks advice on oil matters only from industry sources. The department's ninety-man National Petroleum Council, for instance, is made up entirely of executives from the oil industry, but four of the seven members of Udall's shale board had no connection with the industry.

The four nonindustry members were economist Galbraith; Benjamin V. Cohen, an old New Dealer still practicing law in Washington; retired General James M. Gavin, a former Army Chief of Staff who is now chairman of the board of Arthur D. Little, Inc., the research and development company; and Joseph L. Fisher, president of the foundation-financed research organization called Resources for the Future, whom Udall named as chairman of the advisory board.

The other three members of the board turned out to be supporters of the oil industry's proleasing point of view. They were Milo Perkins, another old New Dealer, who is now a business consultant in Tucson, Arizona; Orlo B. Childs, president of the Colorado School of Mines; and H. Byron Mock, a Salt Lake City attorney who has represented companies seeking leases on the shale lands.

But the oil industry's failure to place a majority of its friends on the advisory board did not stop industry supporters within the Interior Department from seeking to influence the board's deliberations. At their first meeting the members of the advisory board were provided with thick folders containing background information on the shale problem prepared for them by Interior Department employees working under the direction of John M. Kelly, who was then Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Mineral Resources.

A politically oriented oilman who returned last summer to his home state of New Mexico, Kelly got his Interior Department job in 1961 because he had the powerful support of Senator Clinton P. Anderson, then chairman of the Senate Interior Committee and now head of the Senate Space Committee. The fifty-one-year-old Kelly is a dark-haired, bushy-browed, genial Irish geologist. Born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, he moved after college to New Mexico, where he prospered in the oil industry. Always considered a spokesman for the oil industry's interests while he was in the Interior Department, Kelly was allowed by an understanding Senate Interior Committee to keep title to some of his oil properties after his confirmation by the Senate as an Assistant Secretary.

Another Interior Department official with a direct interest in government policies toward the leasing of the shale lands was Charles H. Stoddard, the director of the Bureau of Land Management. Although his bureau is responsible for overseeing grazing and other leasing operations on the government-owned shale lands, Stoddard was not even consulted during the early days of the advisory board's work. Kelly, who was organizing the Interior Department's oil shale staff work, knew that Stoddard was opposed to the immediate leasing of the lands being sought by the large oil companies.

When the time came for the Oil Shale Advisory Board to begin work on its report, the members asked the Interior Department to furnish a draft to serve as a basis for the board's recommendations. The draft was prepared by Kelly and his aides, again without consulting Stoddard and the BLM.

The draft report, which was and still is labeled confidential, called for the removal of "obstacles to the commercial development of oil shale" and recommended that at an early date the Interior Department "announce its willingness to receive requests and proposals for production leases and that it explore with applicants their interest, capability and needs for land for commercial development."

DESPITE all the prodding from Kelly, however, only three members of the advisory board — Perkins, Childs, and Mock — advocated in its final report the immediate leasing of shale lands to oil companies. Three other members — Fisher, Cohen, and Galbraith — said that the government should proceed cautiously before leasing any of the land. The seventh member of the board, General Gavin, had resigned early in its deliberations because of the press of other business.

> This report [Galbraith wrote] is right in stressing that the oil shale deposits, underlying some 5,118,000 acres in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, are a publicly owned resource of great magnitude. Several hundred years' supply of petroleum at present consumption rates exist in these beds on lands owned by the people of the United States. Foresighted efforts in the past have kept these lands from those who, under the sanc-

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> tion of private enterprise, view public property only as an opportunity for personal profit. Having withstood thoughtfully designed raids in the past, it is important that the government show equal wisdom and restraint in the present on behalf of our resources for the future. . . .
>
> There is no showing of urgent economic or strategic need for oil from the shale in the present or near future. The domestic petroleum industry is operating under severe government restrictions. Imports are subject to quota. These sources are almost certainly cheaper than oil from shale by prospective processes. Hence there is no pressing peacetime need for oil from shale. Given the most rapid development, the share of oil from shale in total production will be negligible for many years. Hence it will not, in the foreseeable future, be an important wartime resource replacing any important present source of petroleum. We cite this because strategic arguments are regularly advanced for oil shale development. They appear to reflect only the common effort to find a national security justification for action that individuals or groups would find in their economic interest. . . .
>
> The major oil companies are naturally concerned with protecting their position in the event of the development of an oil shale industry by buying or controlling oil shale acreage. However, with one or two exceptions they seemed not now inclined to incur substantial development costs to produce shale oil. Certainly for companies with alternative sources of petroleum the economic attraction of oil shale is not high. The incentive to control oil-bearing acreage is thus, for the time being, much greater than the incentive to produce from it. This incentive, however, is very strong and strongly indicated by present efforts to obtain acreage in the area.

While members of Congress from the Western states and lobbyists for the major oil companies continue to press for the leasing of the shale lands as if they were just another public resource to be controlled for private gain, Secretary Udall and a few other officials in Washington have recognized the unique position in which the government finds itself. Seldom in the history of the United States has the government had the opportunity to guide the development of a natural resource in the way it can direct the growth of a shale oil industry. The closest parallel is probably with the early days of atomic energy.

It seems plain now that if the public interest is to be served, Udall — and President Johnson — must first make certain that no legislation is pushed through Congress forcing the government to lease its shale lands before their true value is known and before the cost of taking the oil out of the rock is determined. But Udall and Johnson also must convince Congress that shale oil offers a special opportunity to develop an extremely valuable resource in the best interests of the people to whom it belongs.

The government does not, however, necessarily have to develop the shale lands itself. What is necessary is that the government protect the public interest in this great resource, once private development of these federal resources is permitted. A quasi-public corporation similar to COMSAT, which is operating the nation's commercial communications satellites, a Tennessee Valley Authority, or an agency modeled on the Atomic Energy Commission could be used to develop the shale fields. Studies should be undertaken to determine what kind of development corporation and plan could best serve the nation after it becomes clear that shale oil is needed to augment or replace liquid petroleum reserves.

In the meantime, the government should help to support research of the kind that is now being conducted by the Oil Shale Corporation in western Colorado and by a group of eight oil companies at the recently reactivated shale oil experimental plant at Rifle, Colorado. Fifteen percent of the shale land is not owned by the federal government and is available to oil companies that want to carry on research. Large tracts of land are not needed for experimental work, and if it is necessary, the government can lease small sections of its shale lands to facilitate research.

But, above all, a Great Society must encompass bold planning for the development of natural resources as well as human resources.

DUSK IN WINTER

BY W. S. MERWIN

The sun sets in the cold without friends
Without reproaches after all it has done for us
It goes down believing in nothing
When it has gone I hear a stream running after it
It has brought its flute it is a long way

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Writers on the Campus

by Donald Hall

Each year writers are finding refuge on university campuses in ever increasing numbers. What the writers, and the universities, get out of these encounters is described by Donald Hall, a poet, critic, and editor who now teaches English at the University of Michigan.

For a century or two, poets made their living as vicars or citizens of Grub Street. In England at the moment many poets work for advertising agencies — the newest Grub Street — which display volumes of staff-written verse in their foyers for prestige. But in America, writers inhabit the vicarages of university English departments.

Despite the examples of Longfellow and Robert Frost, universities did not generally accord writers respectability until after World War II. (Pioneers in the thirties, like Yvor Winters and Allen Tate, ran into resistance from old-line professors of English.) Now fashion has changed; any serious writer — serious does not mean good but trying-to-be-good — who publishes regularly can make his living from colleges or universities. Departments of English have come to expect a writer on the staff just as they expect Blue Cross and cocktail parties. Recently, the poet-teachers at two middle-sized Eastern universities died at about the same time. The Poet was dead; long live the Poet. Both universities competed for the services of a young poet who had just won a prize for his first book.

Writer-teachers generally teach an ordinary academic schedule. I get irritated when people introduce me as the poet in residence of the University of Michigan. I'm not. A poet in residence doesn't teach any courses. He is a poet who is in residence on campus, and if he is generous, he talks to undergraduates from time to time. But *who* is he? I don't know of any permanent poet in residence at the present time. Some colleges call their English department poet by this phrase, perhaps to avoid the embarrassment of giving an academic title to someone without a Ph.D., but they work him as a professor. One man I know was granted the rank equivalent to associate professor but the title of associate in poetry. Other writers do have Ph.D.'s, and some have even become chairmen of their departments: William Stafford at Lewis and Clark and J. V. Cunningham at Brandeis.

A good many producing writers, on the other hand, are granted some relief from extra chores, and special scheduling of their classes, in order to give them more time to write. Though they are not merely "in residence," they are more fortunate than other teachers. Like experimental physicists and rare scholars, they are allowed privileges denied the less productive.

Of course the vogue for writer-teachers leads to silliness. I spoke earlier of serious writers, and said that I did not necessarily mean good ones. Most English professors, like most publishers and book reviewers, can't tell a good new writer from a bad new writer at a distance of five years. Recently, a really bad poet — I'm not being catty about a rival; I mean someone truly incompetent, like a center fielder who hits .124 in class D baseball (but an artist can never be *sure*, and can always find someone like his mother to praise him and something like the New York *Times* editorial page that will publish him) — decided to look for a teaching job. He mimeographed a list of the newspapers in which he had published and of the titles of the books he had printed for himself, and sent it to all the colleges in the almanac. He is now an associate

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professor of English at a bad college in New England, where his ability goes unquestioned as his poems go unread.

I have been talking about the writer as a fixed part of the university, the writer with a regular job; I will refer to him as the Fixed Writer, with only the slightest suggestion that he may be fixed like a dog or a cat. There is also the Rotating Writer, who visits a variety of campuses for varying lengths of time. (Many Fixed Writers rotate on their days off, and resemble their colleagues in chemistry and business administration who supplement their salaries with consultation fees from industry.) The most common phenomenon is the poetry reading, where the Rotating Poet spends approximately a day on campus, doing a reading and often taking a class or two, as well as having lunch with the English department and tea with the English club. Many of these readings are instigated when a department member who is enthusiastic about the work of a poet writes him a letter. Others are organized into the Poetry Circuits, set up by Elizabeth Kray of the Academy of American Poets. Here, anywhere from eight to twenty colleges in a given area form a potential sequence for a poet, who takes a small fee for each appearance ($100) but makes up for it by volume. The colleges share his expenses and get a poet for the cut-rate price of about $120. There are circuits in North Carolina, Michigan, Ohio, two in New York State, a large one in the central Midwest, one in New England, and others in the process of being born. Professional lecture agencies handle other poets: English ones like Cecil Day-Lewis, expensive ones like W. H. Auden, and some who are not so expensive; you can buy a genuine poet for $500. Many colleges small and large have convocations and arts festivals and all manner of occasions for Rotating Writers. Opportunities to rotate are growing, and so are lecture fees. Some universities like to have a writer come to stay for a week or two, reading and talking and being available to students, and pay him accordingly. Writers who perform well on the platform are beginning to discover that they can make as much in six weeks on the road as they can in nine months of teaching.

WHAT THE UNIVERSITY GETS

When a university hires a Fixed Writer, one of its motives is visibility. Visibility is an academic euphemism for publicity. Competition for grants, for faculty, for graduate students, and even for the best undergraduate students requires that the university appear in the public eye. Budgets of state legislatures provide an obvious annual crisis, but private institutions are just as much concerned: alumni are interested in visibility, too. After a basketball player on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* or a physicist who becomes a Nobel Laureate, a National Book Award novelist comes a decent third. (Academic attention paid to prizes, most of which are rubber medals, is extraordinary; a good poet I know, who was seldom asked to do readings, read at fifty-five universities the year after he won the Pulitzer.) But even when a writer is not a prizewinner, by definition he *publishes*. Some good and dedicated teachers have to struggle, against their inclinations, to publish in order not to perish academically; the writer as long as he remains a writer is building his bibliography simply by being what he is. The biographical note at the back of the magazine states that Mr. X is a professor at Y University, and the dean of the college smiles. It is possible that the professional writer may benefit his unproductive colleagues by accumulating bibliography in the dean's office, the way Nuns of Perpetual Adoration store up prayers for souls in purgatory.

But the university writer is a teacher too, and as a teacher the university may hopefully look for a number of special things from him. In most departments, the writer-teacher has classes in literature as well as in writing. When he teaches literature, the intelligent writer looks upon it with a more technical eye, as a shape constructed by a series of possible choices, than does the professor of Victorian literature who finds "Dover Beach" (1) a monolith and (2) a document of intellectual history. (I speak of this poem because I have always wanted to revise it.) His approach is more critical and formal, less biographical and historical. Not to argue the value of these biases, let me assert that the university finds it valuable to represent them all. The writer lends humanity to the study of literature, first by his dynamic attitude toward the art as a piece of making, and second, by his mere presence as a man engaged in the struggle to make art. He helps the undergraduate to think of Shakespeare not as a monument, but as a man who sat with a piece of paper and solved problems.

Then there is creative writing (a hideous phrase). I am still astonished at the people who, having discovered that one teaches such a course, smirk and ask, "But can you *really* teach people to be poets?" The answer is "*Of course not*, you bloody fool!" But you can teach a great deal else in a course in which students try to make poems and stories. Mere literary talent is common; what is rare is endurance, the continuing desire to work hard at writing. What is rarest is originality or achievement. Perhaps I have taught two hundred would-be writers at Michigan. I think as many as eighty had talent. At least twenty have printed in *Poetry*, *The Nation*, *The Hudson Review*, *New Statesman*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, the *New Yorker*. There

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are three who I think will be real writers for the rest of their lives. And of them I would be rash to predict anything further.

But I feel no frustration, because I have taught most of these students more, I suspect, than I have taught a random two hundred of my literature students. I have taught them something about understanding literature that they would not have learned otherwise. The practice of writing, provided that you have a minimal ability to put one word after another, is an immeasurable help toward the intimate reading of literature. By accomplishing even wooden versification, one learns to scan; by confronting one's own metaphorical mishmash, one learns to distinguish the metaphorical genius of a master. So the university hires in a writer-teacher a special exponent of the teaching of literature.

But the convention of the writer-teacher is not always so happy for the university as I make it sound. The reason some well-known writers keep moving from place to place is not so much being restless as being arrested. But more commonly, the writer is an egotist who has a loyalty to himself which transcends his loyalty to his students. He will hold back from his students in order to preserve strength for his own endeavors. He will not sacrifice his art for his teaching, and since teaching involves self-sacrifice, he will be incomplete as a teacher. He will also withhold himself from his colleagues, and refuse to serve (or serve lazily) on a committee to which he could otherwise contribute.

Of course there are writers who are conscientious teachers. Theodore Roethke was one who seemed to give himself totally to a class and totally to a poem. But many writers cannot split themselves: either they hold back or they find that their own problems and ambitions disappear beneath the problems and ambitions of their students. They cease being writers and become teachers only, which is not why the university hired them. One well-known novelist, author of three novels, the last of them twelve years old, told me that when he was writing he would wake up in the middle of the night thinking about a piece of his novel; when he was teaching he would wake up in the middle of the night solving a student's problem.

But I have been talking only about the Fixed Writer. The Rotating Writer also fulfills a number of functions for the university. The Arts Festival, fatuous with panels during which writers are expected to toss dirty words at each other, is sometimes an attempt at visibility. But usually the encounter is single and intramural, a university Cultural Event like a traveling soprano.

When the lecturer or campus visitor is well chosen, there can be a real meeting, which can be intense and valuable though brief. Whether the occasion is an enforced convocation or a small gathering of the literary club, the Rotating Writer if he is clever can encounter the young student directly and present his own poems and ideas about poetry and literature. He can stimulate both students and faculty. In some colleges one gets asked what's happened since Vachel Lindsay; the visiting writer brings news, and to the naïve student he brings evidence that poems are written on purpose. A typical question after a reading: "You mean you *mean* those hidden meanings?" If the campus is larger and more sophisticated — if, for instance, there is already a writer on the staff — — the visiting writer often brings controversy and the excitement of alternatives to the local orthodoxy. The ideal university is rich enough to have staff writer-teachers, visitors who come for a week or two and others who fly in for a fast day of talk and fly away again.

WHAT THE WRITER GETS

As the university wants visibility and a presence, the writer wants solvency and time. The economics of poetry is a common scandal. Novelists, until they write *Herzog* or *Ship of Fools*, are in nearly the same position. Unless writers choose bohemianism or poverty — which are real alternatives but involve the sacrifice of desires (family, house, food and drink, books) that are real and strong for many writers — they must make their living in some way other than by writing what they like. They can try writing what they *don't* like — a difficult task to accomplish well — or they can take some sort of regular job.

Teaching has become the regular job usually chosen (once the universities found it useful or prestigious to hire writers), for good reasons. Most writers find manual labor onerous, business compromising, advertising dishonest, and publishing a frustrating combination of business and art. There is satisfaction in teaching, and there are also positive practical advantages to the writer in the nature of the job. The hours of work are relatively adaptable, since so much of it — preparing classes, grading themes — is done on your own schedule. The amount of work is often adjustable, too: one novelist I know teaches just two courses, at two-thirds pay, and finds that the arrangement leaves him precisely the right amount of time. Others are able to teach full-time one term a year and have eight months each year for uninterrupted writing. But most important, teaching is the one profession from which it is possible to take frequent leave and to return without penalty.

But there are disadvantages to teaching. At first you learn by overhearing yourself be brilliant; later, there is the badness of hearing your voice be brilliant the same way the fifteenth time. Of

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course, this problem is endemic to teaching and not peculiar to writer-teachers, but I think that it is particularly dangerous to them. When conviction is forced, the voice turns false, and his honest voice is a writer's stock-in-trade. And it is not only the repetitions which hurt the voice; deference hurts it, deference from students and even from colleagues. Undergraduates of moderate intelligence are likely to consider you Shakespeare and Tolstoy; you do not necessarily believe them, but you cannot help smiling as you deny the allegation. In general, even intelligent students look upon you as an authority. For that matter, you are, which is why you were hired in the first place, but authority implies definitive statements from platforms. Poetry comes from meditation, from conversation, even from arguments with friends; it does not come from lectures or from consultations.

There is also the problem of getting on with your colleagues. Deference to the face is often a symptom of sneers behind the back. Though English departments must have their poet, they don't have to like him too. The writer finds considerable hostility, though most of it resides just below the surface of politeness. Some of the trouble is mere jealousy. The writer publishes without struggle and gets paid for it. The writer more often spends a Guggenheim year in Europe. The writer saves up his lecture fees in order to take a term off to write. So a colleague gets drunk at a party and tells the writer's wife, "*Gee*, Fred is a *swell guy*, but why does he *sell out?*" A friend of mine who teaches at a large university in the West made his academic name by writing four critical books. Just recently he brought out a collection of poems he had quietly accumulated over the years. It was well reviewed, and suddenly he was a poet rather than a scholar. I met him, and he smiled happily: "They've stopped talking to me in the corridors!"

For these reasons and others, many writers are looking for a way out of teaching, and some of them find it in rotating — making a living on the road. For years popular critics have complained that modern poets lacked an audience. The Rotating Poet *sees* an audience, hears them laugh and clap, or rustle and cough when they are bored. Reading a new poem to an audience is a form of publication; by the very enunciating of it, the poet may see flaws in it. The vogue of poetry readings — given a boost by Dylan Thomas after the war, but surely reaching back in the American consciousness to Emerson and his colleagues who left the pulpit for the road — grants the poet a memorable audience of true faces, maybe five thousand faces a year. It is still the university which supports him, but the Rotating Writer avoids some of the drawbacks of regular teaching. He is also likely, being a writer, to enjoy performing. He is also likely to make the same money as a Fixed Writer in less time and free himself for more writing.

While the most prominent Fixed Writers leave their jobs in order to rotate, the absolute number of openings for Fixed Writers increases with the growth of universities. There are at least two results. Young writers are hired with magazine publication as a credential in lieu of a Ph.D. who would once have needed either the Ph.D. or a book of poems. Many of them are thus able to avoid the graduate school years which tortured a generation of American writers. But also, the demand for writers exceeds the supply of real ones; increasingly the fourth-rate writer, who probably cannot teach either, is hired on the basis of wretched, minimal publication. These products of creative-writing classes, come back to teach creative writing, may eventually disgrace the whole convention of the writer-teacher and force the writer to look elsewhere than the university for patronage. But that won't happen for some time.

COMMITTEE BY DAVID RAY

Men have through all ages sat in councils
And sometimes around tables, Homeric
Men. But mostly standing. And Indians.
We are in a circle too, and talking.
But we choose backache.
We choose the green blackboard.
We choose the pipe to be chewed,
The cough drop, the bitter lemon;
We choose the coil of red cellophane
Around the finger. We choose Paper
Topics or the Regional Report.
We choose the sinus carrying Nile
Sludge in the foreground against
Courtyard brick. We choose backache
And all the windows closed.
We choose a report from the other
Committee. We choose all afternoon
At the helm where there is no wheel
For the pilot, where no one is scrambling
For the creation of a wheel,
Where the table is not a ship.
We choose silence, hearing the talkers
Talk, hearing the garrulous swallow
Up and flood those who do not talk.
Sometimes we get up as if we'd decided
Where to send our frogmen or how to scale
The wall. Sometimes we get up as if
We'd got something done. A hair
Or two dropped on a backwoods frog pond.

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John Singer Sargent in His Studio

BY WILLIAM JAMES, JR. *The famous philosopher William James enjoyed painting in his spare time, and two of his sons, William, Jr., and Alexander, achieved more than local celebrity as portraitists.*

So you want to be a portrait painter. Bad business. Better not. I know nothing of the schools in Paris. So long ago. Tonks is a good teacher of drawing at the Slade."

Such were Sargent's welcoming words when I was sent to him by my Uncle Henry for advice about art schools. Sargent was tall, broad, and heavy, with eyes fairly starting from his head, as was but natural in such practiced organs of vision. After desultory conversation with this inarticulate youth, he was driven to remark:

"I would advise you not to admire too much the work of any contemporary painter."

"Contemporary painter?"

"Well — such, we'll say, as Whistler!"

I then departed without confessing that my danger lay not in admiration of Whistler, but of J. S. S. himself.

In 1901 a proposal was afoot at Harvard to have President Eliot's portrait painted by Sargent. The canvas was to be a companion to the superb one he had already painted of Henry Lee Higginson. They were both to hang in the Harvard Union, Higginson's gift to the college. Faculty and student subscription was to pay for the portrait, and I collected money in Matthews Hall, where I then lived.

Some years later, again in Sargent's studio in London, I asked to see the Eliot portrait.

"Oh, terrible, terrible! He arrived without his gown, with only ten days for sittings. I put him in an Oxford gown and painted his head and hands. We cabled for the Harvard gown, but when it arrived, it turned out to be a skimpy little thing which involved changes. *And*, the photographs of the stage in Sanders Theater. Impossible! Impossible!" Eliot's great moment was held to be when he conferred honorary degrees in Sanders Theater. The background of the Sanders stage was large yellow oak brackets supporting a gallery. This bit of Van Brunt architecture was too much for Sargent, and he avoided it by painting stone steps, a balustrade, and trees from an Italian painting he had made.

When the canvas arrived in Cambridge it was bitterly criticized by William Roscoe Thayer, George Herbert Palmer, and others. There were no Italian backgrounds in or near Cambridge; Eliot never wore patent leather shoes. Palmer started a faculty petition to have the portrait destroyed. It was dropped after reaching my father, who refused to sign. Wilton Lockwood, the painter, commented, "If they don't destroy that picture the time will come when it will be the greatest known monument to Eliot." For years it was kept in the shade, whence it emerged to Archibald Coolidge's office in Widener when Sargent's sister, Miss Emily, expressed a desire to see it. It is still difficult to find.

Sargent in Paris at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two was the most promising pupil of Carolus Duran. For a number of successive years the can-

Painting of John Singer Sargent in his studio by Sargent.

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vases he sent to the Salon were recognized as *the* paintings of the year. He then invited the reigning beauty of Paris to pose for him, Madame X (Madame Gautereau). French critics had had too much of the young American, and when Madame X came along, French nationalism revolted. They tore the painting apart, calling it clay-colored, indecent, and abominable. The mother of the famous beauty was in tears and begged Sargent to remove the picture from the Salon. He refused on the ground that that was something that was never done. I believe the trouble over Madame X was one of Sargent's reasons for moving to London, although he once remarked, "I really am a Frenchman." Later, when Robinson of the Metropolitan asked him for a canvas, he replied, "I have only one 'thing,' the portrait of a certain Madame X — perhaps the best I ever painted, which you may have for $15,000."

Years later Sargent came to Boston to install his murals for the public library and to work on decorations for the Museum of Fine Arts. He remarked at the time, "I am not so much interested any more in painting anything just the way it looks. I would now rather paint something in the nature of a Wedgwood plaque." His panel now at the Widener Library of a cowled figure of Death clasping a dying soldier who holds aloft a female Victory is of this nature. His interest in portraiture and "just the way it looks" had been eroded by the compromises involved in pleasing clients. In spite of this, he was prevailed upon to paint the portrait of A. Lawrence Lowell, then president of Harvard. Since my studio at 132 The Riverway was more favorable for this work than was his at Columbus Avenue, he borrowed it for the work on Lowell and asked me to be present at the sittings, partly, I think, to save him from having to talk while working, and partly that I might learn as an observer.

At the first sitting he placed Lowell, in charcoal, on the white canvas. Later Sargent came alone and spent a morning filling the grain of the canvas with burnt sienna and ultramarine. He was using an inch-wide scrubbing brush and a medium which contained, I believe, some element of varnish or stand oil. While at work on this slow and careful process, in which no white paint was involved, he said over his shoulder, "You are troubled by false accents. Thayer was troubled with them, too." I said, "I know. I know. Terrible. But what do you do to get rid of them?" The answer involved a succinct definition of his own craft procedure.

"First you classify the values. Then you work from the middle tone up toward the lights and down toward the darks. Carolus Duran taught that. He couldn't do it himself, but he could teach it. It is hard, but it was the procedure of Frans Hals and Velasquez, and it is the best method if you wish to carry anything *far* in oil paint. It is hard to find anyone who knew more about oil paint than Frans Hals. In a sketch, false accents may sit about, but in anything to be carried *far* they make trouble."

Here was Sargent's technique, the technique which for him was the "road in" and which made him a master craftsman at twenty-five. His words are simple enough, yet they shroud mysteries. Why, if Carolus could teach it, was he unable to do it himself? And why, if Carolus could teach it, was Sargent alone among his pupils to learn it? And why, when Sargent was painting Lowell, did he turn to me and say, "I am not following my own precepts." He was placing a high light too soon. After his years of experience, the method was still "hard" for him.

The key to the mystery lies in his phrase "First you classify the values." This means that before beginning to paint, you pass an abstract judgment on the "values" — the tones of light and dark in your subject. These are the darkest darks, these the lesser darks. These the lights. These the high lights. And there will be intermediates. Nor do you start with extremes of tone. You work from the middle tone, up and down, that you may be carrying your drawing correctly. If this procedure is successfully carried out, every tone will be in an observed relation to every other, and your painting will bear the same relation to the subject "out there" that a piece of transposed music bears to the piece in the original key. Transposition is required because the gamut of light and dark in oil paint is smaller than the corresponding gamut in nature. The surprise is that this approach is more true to nature than when the tones are "copied" piecemeal. The result is truth of relation.

The master who instinctively understood this principle was Piero della Francesca. I am not saying that he was greater than Michelangelo or Raphael, but I do hold that his insight into tone relations in his frescoes of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba achieves a drama of tonal contrast unknown to his two great successors. Raphael should have been ashamed to paint over Piero's work.

I have been referring, of course, to what is called "representational" or "tonal" painting. Why should some of us value it so highly? Not only because much of the greatest work for centuries has been executed in that mode, but because it permits representation of the subject in three dimensions plus the very color and mystery of the atmosphere in which it floats. Modernists, who scorn it, say, "*It* has been done — time for something different." "It" doesn't exist because the work of every master is as individual as his handwriting or the color of his eyes. If "it" has been done, it is surely a relief not to have to bother with anything so complex and difficult.

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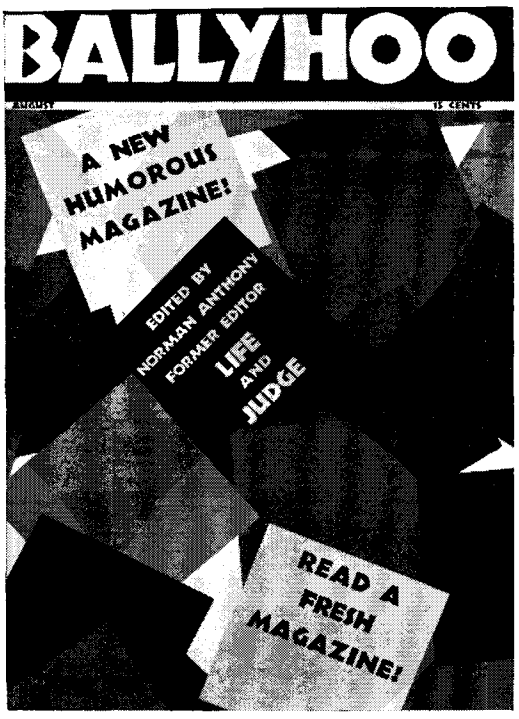
THE RISE AND FALL OF ELMER ZILCH



BY NORMAN ANTHONY *Few American magazines have matched the rocketlike course of* BALLYHOO, *which in 1931 went from its beginning to a circulation of 2,000,000 and then vanished without trace from the American scene. Norman Anthony, its editor and creator, now lives in Garrison, New York, where he does free-lance writing, editorial consultation, and television work.*

THE occasional gyrations of the stock market bring back the nightmarish memory of 1929, and a freakish financial paradox that occurred during its aftermath. At that time I was editor of *Life*, a highly successful humorous weekly, owned and published by Charles Dana Gibson, but with very little humor in it, despite my efforts to inject some fun in the family. The reason for this was that a big percentage of the magazine's contents consisted of what is known in the trade as "class" advertising, so the wit had to be as genteel and straitlaced as the pompadoured beauties Gibson drew; the Madison Avenue boys were the real editors, not me, and they demanded that their precious ads be surrounded by, or adjacent to, pure type in order to give them a proper setting.

It was a very unfunny situation, but I was loath to give up a princely income, so I had acquired the "When in Rome" attitude, with a Brooks Brothers toga that bent at the knees; and when the clouds began to gather I was confident that Charles Dana and his vested interests would weather the storm. However, when the Big Crash came, advertising revenues dropped faster than the plummeting stocks. and I was out of a job. I wrote to all the editorial sources I knew, seeking any kind of work. The only reply I got was from a publisher of pulp magazines, asking me to drop in and see him, and when I did he wanted to know how I'd like to bring out a new humor monthly. I, in turn, suggested he ought to see a good psychiatrist, but when he offered me the munificent salary of seventy-five dollars a week, and assured me I could get out any kind of magazine I liked, the temptation, to say nothing of my pressing need of money, was too much, and I took the job. I still don't know whether he was nuts or shrewd. All I know is that today he is head of one of the biggest publishing empires in the country.

Anyway, I was assigned to an office not much larger than a phone booth, and my new employer informed me I could spend $500 for extra material (my weekly budget at *Life* had been $5000). It was the tag end of a sweltering hot summer, the only relief a cold shower bath in the stock room, which I used two or three times a day, wondering what kind of humorous monthly I might get out and why in hell I was doing it. There was one consoling thought, though; I wouldn't have to worry about the advertisers, as the pulps produced

Cover of BALLYHOO *reproduced from the collection at the Library of Congress.*

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in this Turkish bath relied entirely on newsstand sales for profit. It was then that an idea — or rather, two ideas — trickled off my fevered brow. Why not turn out a really funny magazine for a change, and it would give me a chance to revenge myself on the Madison Avenue gang.

I became a one-man editorial staff, including an art department (I had been an alleged humorous artist prior to my editorships), and with the aforesaid nemesis in mind I decided to call my brainchild *Ballyhoo*. I spent the $500 for twenty-five of the funniest cartoons I could find, and following the opinion-making trend, I featured an imposing-looking editorial page headlined "Whither are We Drifting?" with nothing on it but the words *blah, blah, blah*. I also had an imposing masthead proclaiming Elmer Zilch as editor in chief, and a dozen other ass. editors were listed as Charles Dana Zilch, Franklin D. Zilch, and so forth. Running through the thirty-two rotogravure pages was a repetition of the hoary "Who was that lady I seen you with" joke in several different languages. Outside of three or four vicious satires (one was a *Bitten, Button, Beaten & Osborn* board meeting; the other, *Vanity Fair's* "We Nominate for the Hall of Fame" — I nominated Polly Adler), that's all the type matter there was.

At that time (B.C. — Before Cancer) the cigarette manufacturers were claiming everything but eternal youth for their different brands; the slogan of Old Gold was "Keep Kissable," and Lucky Strikes were "Kind to Your Throat," so I had a field day burlesquing their ads. The Old Gold one depicted a Big Business Executive baring his posterior for his employees, and Lucky Strikes were "Kind to Your Kneecap."

The toilet paper advertisers were even then trying to stick their foot in the parlor door, and, digging through the archives of old-time photographs, I found a picture of a group of nice Nellies seated around a tea table which I printed with the caption "The Talk Changed from Issues to Tissues." To my delight, I also found a daguerreotype of a very pompous-looking gent with a flourishing black mustache and pince-nez, and the moment I saw it I knew it was Elmer Zilch in person; ironically, he bore a startling resemblance to my Good Samaritan publisher.

Only once did I run into trouble with those old-time photos, and that was when I ran a picture of a trio of gay young blades in a Central Park rowboat for a "Join the Navy and See the World" poster. To my horror, after it was published, I received a letter from a law firm informing me that the boatman in the center was Alfred Emanuel Smith, for whom I had eagerly voted when he ran for President. Practically in tears, I phoned his office in the Empire State Building, and to my surprise he answered the phone. When I tried to explain how sorry I was, he laughed heartily and in that gravel voice of his said, "Forget it, son."

The great sales gimmick in 1931 was cellophane, so I sold the DuPont Company on the idea of giving me enough of the stuff to wrap the first edition of *Ballyhoo* in, with the slogan "Read a FRESH Magazine!" Heretofore the covers of humorous periodicals — *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life* — had been color drawings, usually very bad puns; but the reproductions cost too much, so *Ballyhoo's* cover was simply a crazy quilt of colored squares for eye-catching purposes.

When the first edition of 100,000 was put on the stands, my boss said we would have to wait until we saw how it sold before starting a second issue, so I retired to my one-room, one-wife, and two-dog apartment overlooking a hospital, feeling somewhat like an outpatient and convinced that my brainchild had been born to blush unseen. A week later the boss phoned me with the astonishing news that the entire edition had sold out, that I should hurry down and start working on the next one. I couldn't believe it, nor could I have believed that within six months *Ballyhoo* would skyrocket to a 2,000,000 circulation — this during the worst period of the Depression. Even in good times humor magazines had never sold more than 100,000, and often fell far below that. It was a publishing freak, and the only explanation I could think of was that people were so low in spirits that they were hungry for a laugh and fed up to the teeth by the current fraudulent advertising. The gaily colored cover, wrapped in cellophane, might have had something to do with it; people noticed other people laughing at it, and their curiosity was aroused.

Once again I was in the money, and had a drawing account ten times that of my original salary, plus a percentage of the profits. Every few months my Good Samaritan publisher would hand me some treasury certificates and suggest that I put the money in an annuity, but instead I put it in circulation. When *Ballyhoo* finally died of anemia I was right back where I had started, but I'd had a lot more fun than the speculators who lost their shirts in the stock market.

Ballyhoo was such a sensational success that despite our scurrilous attacks on Madison Avenue, the ad boys wanted to get in on the act; one agency actually paid us to burlesque its radio account, so we obliged with a picture of their infernal machine and the slogan "All the Crap in the World at Your Fingertips." Hysteria repeats itself; television advertising is in the same state today as magazine advertising was thirty years ago. There's more

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fiction in the commercials than in the TV plays, and the worst part of it is that they keep repeating the fiction over and over again, with the same naïve idea their predecessors had — that if you say a thing often enough, people will begin to believe the fiction; in other words, they still think they're talking to a twelve-year-old audience.

The success of *Ballyhoo* of course brought out a flood of imitators, and in their endeavor to attract attention they resorted to plain smut, and we were tarred with the same stick. *Ballyhoo's* humor was satirical rather than smutty; one cartoon, for example, showed the rear view of a lady, with an enormous posterior, bending over a telephone table and saying, "Go on, dearie, I'm all ears!" Another cartoon, which created a minor sensation, pictured a naked lady sitting in a bathtub along with a trio of gentlemen, and she is talking indignantly into the phone. The caption: "Desk clerk, did I or did I not order a room with a private bath!" It was so popular that in the next issue the bathtub was longer and contained more gentlemen, with the same caption. In the following number the bathtub covered a double-page spread and a well-known caricaturist had such notables as Roosevelt, Churchill, and Mahatma Gandhi joining the lone lady.

We even kidded our "naughty reputation" in one issue by having a double front cover, the one underneath titled *The Ladies' Home Companion*, with a *Whistler's Mother* type of painting. This was for people who didn't want to be seen reading such a disreputable sheet; all they had to do was tear off the top cover. Another cover had a hole the shape of a keyhole cut in it, and through the opening could be seen a naked pair of female legs up to the Plimsoll line, but when the cover was turned back the picture turned out to be a dummy in a department store window; the caption: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

Nevertheless, the postal authorities brought suit against us; the case was tried in Washington; and when the prosecuting attorney attempted to prove *Ballyhoo* was an obscene magazine, the affair turned into a riot. I was nervous at the trial because on the last page of the issue he used as a horrible example, there was a burlesque "Lady Pipperal" ad which I had run in a moment of weakness. It pictured a bum on a park bench covered with a bed sheet; the slogan: "The World's Biggest Sheet House." The jury was the average run-of-the-mill panel; each juror was furnished with a copy of the magazine, and with its gaily colored front and back covers, they looked like a church choir gone crazy. The prosecutor then proceeded with deadly earnestness, going through the number page by page and explaining why certain jokes and sketches were highly objectionable. By the time he had gotten halfway through there were suppressed titters from the jury and the crowded courtroom, and when he went into a scathing analysis of a full-page cartoon, they were laughing openly.

This was a picture of the boardroom of the National Bolt & Nut Company; at the head of the conference table stood a dignified, frock-coated president holding up in his hand a small glass case containing an ordinary hexagonal nut. The caption was, "Gentlemen, prepare for a laugh; this is one of our competitor's nuts." The attorney's heroic efforts to explain the obscenity was the hilarious high spot of the trial, especially his solemn dissertation on the similarity of the genital organs and Anglo-Saxon slang. I was the only sober person in the room and kept thinking, "Oh, boy, wait until he gets to that sheet ad." To my relieved surprise he ignored it completely, and I realized afterward that visually the ad looked perfectly innocent. It was scatological only when read aloud.

We were acquitted, but, curiously, the stigma remained. A few months later, when I dropped in at Harry's American Bar in Paris, the owner escorted me to the men's room and proudly showed me the walls, completely covered with pages from *Ballyhoo*. Another time, when I was laid up with the flu and called in a neighborhood doctor, he sat on the edge of my bed leering at me and telling me dirty stories until I kicked him out.

Humor is a curious and delicate medium; the closer it is to tragedy, the funnier it is, like the show-off leaping high in the air off a springboard and at the peak of a beautiful swan dive discovering there's no water in the pool. Also, the closer humor is to vulgarity, the funnier it is — the *double entendre*, for example — but it has to be handled cleverly or it becomes plain dirty, as it did with my Philistine physician. Close-to-the-border humor requires a sophisticated but unleering approach, the way it is handled today by the new crop of comedians; it's mischievous rather than vulgar. In addition, some people seem to have the knack of making off-color stories unobjectionable, while others produce just an embarrassed silence.

THE success of *Ballyhoo* brought out many by-products — a *Ballyhoo* tie, a lipstick, even a bra — but the most unfortunate by-product was the *Ballyhoo Revue of '32*, of which I was author, co-producer, and eventually the chief angel. It was considered a natural, an intimate satirical revue like the magazine, and my dream of being a big producer was realized when the theatrical section of the New York *Times* printed a caricature of me lolling in the third row of the empty theater, watching a rehearsal. I think I hold the record for high prices for theater tickets; that seat cost me $100,000.

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On the road tryout our intimate little revue was augmented by the Broadway professionals, who decided the show needed "glorifying," which meant a longer chorus line, an Albertina Rasch ballet, and professional gagmen to supply additional skits. One of them, for example, had Willie Howard, the star, carrying a new toilet bowl into a crowded subway car. The bowl was wrapped in brown paper, but it was obvious from the shape what it was, and the so-called humor rose from a lady sitting on it and her conversation about the suburbs with a woman friend. I had pleaded to kill the sketch but was outvoted, and I knew the only chance of saving it from sheer vulgarity was to have it played by a high-class comedienne like Helen Broderick, who had done a similar sketch in a Music Box Revue. I had my way, but unfortunately she became ill before the New York opening — purposely, I suspect — and her part was taken by a low vaudeville actress. The way she gushed, "Oh, I just love Flushing!", was enough to make the blood run cold.

There was also a nudist-camp sketch in which the players stood modestly behind a waist-high hedge, but the suggestive, leering glances of the actors made my blood run even colder. "If you run those two sketches," Heywood Broun warned me, "the newspaper critics will blame the magazine." He was so right; the newspapers had no love for *Ballyhoo*, because the skyrocketing sales had hurt their sales. The old stigma had again raised its ugly head. Come to think of it, I should have seen the handwriting on the wall the two weeks we played in Atlantic City prior to the New York opening. The entire company was quartered at the Claridge Hotel; in addition, there were scenery officials, costumers, several other angels, and their girlfriends (from our chorus), with gay parties lasting all night, and all of this was charged to the production. The morning after the Saturday night closing, it was discovered there wasn't enough money to pay the bill, which included $750 for "damage to room furnishings." The management withheld all our baggage, and we were stranded, but I was in so deep by this time and so imbued with "the show must go on" spirit that I gave the hotel a personal check.

In spite of the unanimous panning by the critics, the *Ballyhoo Revue* ran for nearly five months, and I must admit that the two off-color sketches got the biggest laughs; as did the "Quartette from Lucia" routine that Willie Howard had been doing for years, in which, during the singing, he kept ogling the low-cut bosom of the diva beside him. The main trouble with the show was that the capacity take of the Forty-fourth Street Theatre was $32,000 a week; our overhead was $35,000. The only happy recollection of that unmusical experience was my discovering a young comedian named Bob Hope in a vaudeville act in a Brooklyn movie house and hiring him for the revue. On the road, my coproducers thought he stunk and almost fired him, but he stayed on, and I hear he has done pretty well since then.

The magazine, luckily, had a longer run — nine years, to be exact — but during that first year relations between my Good Samaritan publisher and myself became a bit strained, as he had agreed verbally to give me 25 percent of the net profits but had changed his mind and the percentage to 10 percent. I told my troubles to a brother editor and speakeasy companion, Ray Long of the *Cosmopolitan*, who advised that the thing to do was to impress my boss enough to shame him into giving me my just deserts. Accordingly, Ray invited us to lunch, called for us in his chauffeured Rolls-Royce, and we broke bread in the Oak Room at the Plaza. It was indeed impressive, but it didn't impress my boss one damn bit. When we returned to the office and I again brought up the subject of our agreement, he very carefully explained how, by juggling the expenses of his other magazines, I would eventually get only what he wanted me to have. He was so disarmingly honest about it that I gave up the ghost of my 25 percent and was even thankful I was getting any largess at all.

Like all fads, *Ballyhoo* started to fade, and I tried to resuscitate it by resorting to the ideas I'd used on the old *Judge*, such as bringing out special issues — a burlesque advertising number (the forerunner of *Ballyhoo*), a Christmas number in July, a *Ladies' Home Journal* number. My first-aid treatment had been so successful with *Judge* that it had gotten me the editorship of *Life*. *Ballyhoo*, too, went in for special issues, even a *Reader's Digest* burlesque, printed in their small size, and they helped lift our sagging circulation, but only temporarily. Also, during that period another publisher brought out a magazine that was even more daring with its risqué cartoons and added enough sophisticated literary features (and size) to give it a semblance of class. It was called *Esquire*.

The month our circulation dipped below 100,000 my boss called me into his office, sadly informed me there was no more profit in the magazine, and added that *Ballyhoo* was hurting his other periodicals!

With an "It's been nice knowing you" expression on his face, he assured me I'd have no trouble getting another big job, and he seemed so confident I almost believed him. However, there were no offers; I was just an unemployed nonconformist, and about as popular with big business as an Internal Revenue agent.

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BOOKS and MEN *Louis Kronenberger,* ATLANTIC *critic and essayist, here examines an art that is frequently pronounced dead, yet somehow manages to stay alive and to take on added fascination in the age of the telephone, the tape recorder, and the communications satellite.*

I am, yours &c.

The Art of Writing Letters

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

LETTER-WRITING is commonly bemoaned as a lost art, for which explanations abound. Where people once wrote letters, they now make long-distance calls. Press, radio, and television now broadcast news that letters once did much to supply. And most people, if they do write letters, dash them off or dictate them; seldom take the time, or have the time, to be interesting in what they say or engaging in how they say it.

But, though the fashion of writing letters may have ceased, surely the fascination in reading them continues. It is easy to see why: whatever their century, they can bring us very close to things; can trade in lively chitchat and anecdote, go in for confidences, tell more about the writer than they meant to tell, and, if they reach us from far-off times or places, convey the picturesque and parenthetical details that are elsewhere so hard to come by. Such varieties of subject matter, which are the brawn and marrow of most good letters, often constitute one of the lighter forms of literature at its best. Less frequent, but alone able to be great, are the letters — moving, enveloping, enlarging — dictated by deep purpose or emotion, inspired by crisis, ignited by events. But these are almost always single great letters; they do not predominate with even the greatest letter writers.

Today's pressures, its headlong speed and hurry, argue letter-writing to be an expiring art. Yet I doubt that it is. It *has*, certainly, become a neglected "accomplishment"; people no longer cultivate it as a social grace or consent to it as a personal duty. But there is no need to think it a lost art. For, though we perhaps cannot speak with authority about letter-writing today, certainly yesterday and the day before it was brilliantly alive. From Henry Adams and William James to Chekhov and Van Gogh and John Jay Chapman, and from them to Rilke and D. H. Lawrence and T. E. Lawrence, there was magnificent letter-writing, and of many kinds. And all these years and earlier — in fact, since just about the advent of the postage stamp — letter-writing has been glibly mourned as done for.

As for mourning the "neglected accomplishment," there is perhaps small need. What such letter-writing often produced was a too genteel sprightliness, a too provincial cleverness, a water-color prose. The Victorian ladies whose treasured letters were passed from hand to hand were often a politer version of the Lyndonian women who today lead discussions at the Clef and Crayon Club. Still, women do tend to be better at letter-writing than men; more graceful and conversational, more sinuous at gossip. But with this, as with other minor arts — gardening, décor, cookery — though women

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in general are better, men on the whole are best.

Moreover, a number of such men, of the very best letter writers, quite demolish the chief explanations for letter-writing's decline. No one led a more intense or active life than Byron or Dickens; yet, with no help from phones, typewriters, or probably even fountain pens, they produced a staggering amount of literary work and wrote a staggering number of letters. Clearly the whole thing has to do, not with the time at one's disposal, but with temperament and with talent.

To define that talent in terms of a distinguished letter writer is difficult, since we must first, I think, define what makes a *genuine* one as against one whose letters, despite their salutations and signatures, are really not letters at all. A gift for words, even for wit, is not quite the test; and certainly solid content is not. Despite notable exceptions, the true letter writer, I would think, sounds a human note, achieves an easy tone, creates a personal (even tête-à-tête) relationship. The eighteenth-century masters of the form felt a highbred obligation to please, even to act as a sort of epistolary host or absentee gay dinner partner. If this defines just one good kind of letter writer, it equally disbars a bad kind: people who, whatever their gifts, hold forth, pontificate, grind an ax, preach a sermon, or already envisage their letters in book form.

In the end, the good letters that bespeak care, thought, social effort may be no more successful than the good relaxed and even slapdash ones. For these can be sheer talk (with no fear of interruption), sheer opinion (with no fear of contradiction), sheer impromptu (with no fear about form or syntax). In them we hear an actual voice, now raised, now lowered, now laughing; the whole thing completely unstudied. The whole thing, as a result, manages to be literature by virtue of not being.

LETTERS go on and on being published, republished, definitively published, though not necessarily as high points in letter-writing. Thus Ford Madox Ford's recently published *Letters*, edited by Richard M. Ludwig, have decided interest for what they tell of the man and his career, decided value for what they tell of literary life from the 1890s to the 1930s; but they never transcend their subject matter. On the other hand, a new one-volume edition of not so much the letters as excerpts and snippets from the letters of that Jacobean man-about-town, man-about-court, man-about-country-houses, John Chamberlain, is agog with once big news, once ripe rumor, historical anecdote, and period bric-a-brac. It abounds in tidbits like this about Pocahontas, after she became the rage in England and just before her death there:

> With her tricking up and high style and titles, you might think her and her worshipful husband to be somebody, if you do not know that the poor company of Virginia, out of their poverty, are fain to allow her four pound a week for her maintenance.

Three definitive editions of letters particularly claim attention, one of them far along in its vast career, two others just getting under way. In the great Yale edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence, Volumes XXXII–XXXIV, extending from 1761 to 1797, contain his letters to the Countess of Upper Ossory. These chronicle, with the courtliness, acidity, and verve of a greater man-about-town, -court, and -country-houses than John Chamberlain, the patrician doings and misdoings of their day; and no letters of Walpole's offer better proof that his gossipiness is the capstone of his greatness. His forte at letter-writing does not quite jibe, however, with the format of his letters. The three volumes are magnificent in their detailed scholarship, and munificent in their sharing it with others. But even for cultivated readers, the lively text is so riddled with footnotes as for research to upstage reading, and genealogy to lord it over the text. Wilmarth S. Lewis, the editor and great Walpole expert, may be right in feeling that such myriad footnotes don't constitute "breaking a butterfly on a wheel"; less certain is that fourteen footnote numerals in nine lines of text don't resemble a lot of small dead insects on a page. Yet one would more happily acclaim this edition on its own terms were readers better served on theirs; were there, or were there to be, a well-chosen, judiciously edited, not too costly Walpole in four to six neat volumes. But there isn't, and a delightful letter writer remains ill favored in the realm of Literature, which Walpole himself would have been the first to set above scholarship.

Just off the press is Volume I of the *Letters* of Walpole's older, almost as notable, but not so well known contemporary Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689–1762). Robert Halsband, who wrote the standard life of Lady Mary, has edited the letters with great authority and scholarship and has scrupulously kept the footnotes below the Plimsoll line. My one small reader's complaint is that by following Lady Mary's original, often all too original, spelling, he gives something of an *andante* pace to a text in itself *allegro vivace*.

The daughter of a duke, Lady Mary became the wife of a Whig ambassador to Constantinople. While there, she penetrated the harem; from there, she contrived the letters that were first to bring her fame; and from being there, she introduced into England the Turkish custom of inoculation against smallpox. A gorgeously quarrelsome woman, she found letter-writing the best preservative of her friendships and a splendid outlet for her talents. In

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middle life she and her husband separated, to meet no more, but to correspond with pleasure for twenty years. Moving, a kind of gypsy *grande dame*, restlessly and observantly about the Continent, Lady Mary became, as time passed, both scandal and legend, and at length an illustrious freak and slattern. Told at the opera that her hands were dirty, she answered: "You should see my feet."

This first volume of her letters carries Lady Mary through her Turkish years, chronicling her beleaguered, often spitfire courtship, her elopement and first years of marriage in England, and her early European travels. Here she is writing to Lady Rich about life in Vienna:

> That perplexing word reputation has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London, and getting a lover is so far from losing, that 'tis properly getting, reputation — ladies being much more respected in regard to the rank of their lovers than that of their husbands. But what you'll think very odd, the two sects that divide our whole nation of petticoats are utterly unknown. Here are neither coquettes nor prudes. No woman dare appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time, and I have not seen any such prudes as to pretend fidelity to their husbands. . . . In one word, 'tis the established custom for every lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties; and these engagements are so well known that it would be a downright affront and publicly resented if you invited a woman of quality to dinner without at the same time inviting her two attendants of lover and husband, between whom she always sits in state with great gravity.

Finally, there is recently published the first volume in an immense edition of Shaw's letters. Here is a writer and letter writer every bit as prolific and lively as Byron or Dickens, and needing annotation as much as Walpole or Lady Mary. Shaw's very able editor, Dan H. Laurence, has found a method that serves specialist and general reader equally well — namely, introductory material throughout, conveying, at times in narrative form, all varieties of information. This first of four volumes, which runs to 877 large pages, takes us from 1874 to 1897, or to a Shaw just past forty. It concerns a number of his romantic attachments (he was a virgin until twenty-nine); his career as art, music, literary, and drama critic; his personal and platform career as a Socialist; his novelist years, and far more abundantly, his early playwriting ones; and much writing to Ellen Terry and to Charlotte Payne-Townshend, his future wife. Already Socialism's most unflagging businessman (a volume of letters could emerge from his publishers' files alone), here as elsewhere he is generally ebullient, stimulating, exasperating. Almost everything being quotable, but very little outstandingly so, I have ended by opening the book at random:

> I have lost my father and my sister, with whom I was on excellent terms; and I assure you their deaths disturbed me less than a misprint in an article. If my mother dies before me, I am quite sure that I shall not be moved by it as much as I was moved by your poem on the death of your mother. The inevitable does not touch me; it is the non-avoidance of the evitable, the neglect of the possible, the falling short of attainable efficiency, clearness, accruacy, and beauty, that set me raging.

Shaw is not among the best or truest letter writers, his letters being too often Epistles to the Thespians, or the Fabians, or the Philistines. This book is a feast, but at one of Literature's more public and voice-carrying tables. Shaw in his letters is unmistakably himself, only there is no really private self. Too often the touch is a trifle metallic, didactic, forensic; the face too prominently, or too protectively, bearded. The letters constantly offer witty advice, but still advice; deliberate performing, but still performing; good-humored bullying, yet bullying for all that. But this vast unwearied outpouring will prove on many grounds indispensable.

How letter writers should be classified and ranked means far less than how diversified and rewarding, in subject matter, tone, and appeal, are good letters themselves. Thus there are the letters that may be said to *lack* subject matter — by no means the least talented. We find Walpole, Gray, Lamb, Edward Fitzgerald often making an art of necessity, of bricks without straw, of lives without incident. Lamb will start a letter:

> I have been to a funeral where I madea Pun, to the sternation of the rest of the mourners.

Or he will end one:

> Your sister Hannah spoke 34750 words in twenty or twenty-and-one minutes last Saturday. There was a man with me who took them down.

At the farthest remove from this are those letters — in Keats, Flaubert, Henry Adams, Rilke at their best — that have resonance, penetration, distinction, and which no excerpting can do justice to. Even so, much emerges from the end of a long letter of Rilke's on Cézanne:

> 9 October 1907
> Suddenly, this old man [is] deep in his work, painting nudes entirely from old drawings he did forty years ago in Paris, knowing that no model would be permitted him in Aix. . . . So he paints from his old drawings, and lays his apples on counterpanes . . . and places his wine bottles in between. And (like Van Gogh) makes his "saints" out of such things; forces them,

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> *forces* them to be beautiful. . . . And sits like an old dog in the garden — the dog of a vocation that summons him again, and beats him, and lets him go hungry. And he clings, with all his strength, to this unfathomable master, who only for a while on Sunday lets him turn back to God, as to his previous master. — And outside the people say "Cézanne" and gentlemen in Paris write his name with a flourish, proud of being in the know.

Here is Henry Adams on "the least imaginative people I ever met," the Samoans:

> They are pure Greek fauns. . . . As LaFarge says, they have no thoughts. They are not in the least voluptuous . . . they live a matter-of-fact existence that would scare a New England spinster. Even their dances — proper or improper — always represent facts. . . . Old Samasoni, the American pilot here . . . tells us that the worst dance he ever saw here was a literal reproduction of the marriage ceremony, and that the man went through the entire form, which is long and highly peculiar, and ended with the consummation — openly before the whole village, delighted with the fun — but that neither actors nor spectators showed a sign of emotion or passion, but went through it as though it had been a cricket match.

The epistle royal perhaps deserves a word. A great *bad* letter writer who, read in bulk, is quite wonderful (for she keeps growing on you) is Queen Victoria. In her letters, all the words that should be omitted are underlined instead; the least pointed of styles produces the most exclamation-pointed; and there are constant shuttlings and shifts from a Hausfrau, to a Queen, to a Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*. No one, conversely, could be more grandly curt than Good Queen Bess to the Bishop of Ely:

> Proud Prelate: You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you, by God.

This brings up epistolary mayhem in general: it is probably the most surefire category to quote from, malice, defiance, and anger being as immediately pungent as garlic. Here Dr. Johnson's letters to Chesterfield and Macpherson are too famous; Swinburne's to Emerson is too shrill; Stevenson's to Dr. Hyde is not really a letter; Franklin's to Strahan only counts for the wag of its tail:

> You are now my enemy, and I am Yours,
>
> B. Franklin.

Let me offer a modern poisoned dart (which, so to speak, boomeranged) from the odious Edmund Gosse to the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes:*

> June 7, 1924
>
> I should very much regret your paying Mr. Joyce the compliment of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. You could only express the worthlessness and impudence of his writing, and surely it would be a mistake to give him this prominence. I have difficulty in describing to you, in *writing*, the character of Mr. Joyce's morality . . . he is a literary charlatan of the extremest order. His principal book, *Ulysses* . . . is an anarchical production, infamous in taste, in style, in everything. . . . He is a sort of M. de Sade, but does not write so well. . . . There are no English critics of weight or judgment who consider Mr. Joyce an author of importance.

But let us conclude on a different note, with one of the most moving of farewells, and in its own way one of the truest and tenderest of love letters. Here is William James, writing from Europe to his dying father, whom he — rightly — feared he would not see again:

> We have been so long accustomed to the hypothesis of your being taken away from us, especially during the past ten months, that the thought that this may be your last illness conveys no very sudden shock. You are old enough, you've given your message to the world in many ways and will not be forgotten. . . . I should like to see you once again before we part . . . just to tell you how full of the tenderest memories and feelings about you my heart has for the last few days been filled. In that mysterious gulf of the past into which the present soon will fall and go back and back, yours is still for me the central figure. All my intellectual life I derive from you; and though we have often seemed at odds in the expression thereof, I'm sure there's a harmony somewhere, and that our strivings will combine. What my debt to you is goes beyond all power of estimating — so early, so penetrating and so constant has been the influence. . . . As for us, we shall live on each in his way — feeling somewhat unprotected, old as we are, for the absence of the parental bosoms as a refuge, but holding fast together in that common sacred memory. We will stand by each other and by Alice, try to transmit the torch in our offspring as you did in us, and when the time comes for being gathered in, I pray we may, if not all, some at least, be as ripe as you. As for myself, I know what trouble I've given you at various times through my peculiarities; and as my own boys grow up, I shall learn more and more of the kind of trial you had to overcome in superintending the development of a creature different from yourself, for whom you felt responsible. . . . It comes strangely over me in bidding you good-bye how a life is but a day and expresses mainly but a single note. It is so much like the act of bidding an ordinary goodnight. Goodnight, my sacred old Father! If I don't see you again — Farewell. Your
>
> William.

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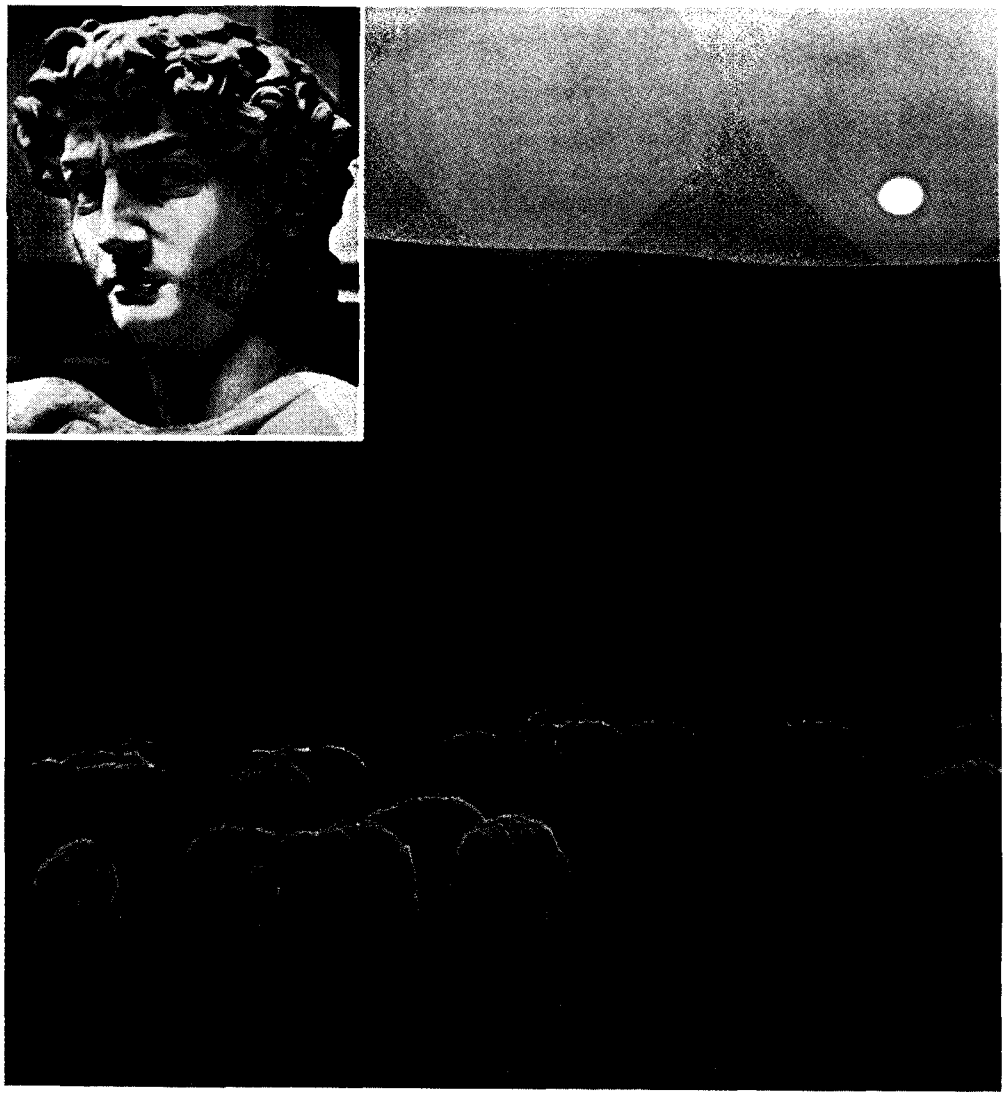
You've seen the statue of David; now see where he walked.



You can walk through the streets and alleyways of Jerusalem and out into the Judean Hills, and you will find yourself gazing at a completely bizarre landscape, yet one that is strangely familiar to you.

And this is the remarkable thing about seeing Israel. You know with certainty that David, the shepherd who became king, and Solomon, and all the prophets walked the same paths, gazed at the same landscape, drew inspiration from the same stony hills, the same sky so blue, that it seems almost unreal.

The supreme paradox: the unreality that leads to reality. You know the feeling within you is real because you experience it so fully. And all experience in Israel leads to one thing — a sense of holiness which hovers over the land.

Take Mount Zion, for instance, where every path, every tree, every ruined wall shares some portion of biblical legend.

There Isaiah had prophesied, Stephen had been stoned, Peter had hidden in a cavern, Bathsheba had bathed in full sight of David. And there the Last Supper had taken place.

From Mount Zion you can retrace the steps of Canaanites and Assyrians, Romans, Crusaders, and Moslems, and enter the Valley of the Cross where, above a Byzantine-Crusader monastery, you will find the Israel Museum and the Shrine of the Book which houses the precious Dead Sea Scrolls.

Everywhere, the land speaks of the Bible: from the Galilee to Eilat, from Mt. Carmel to Nazareth.

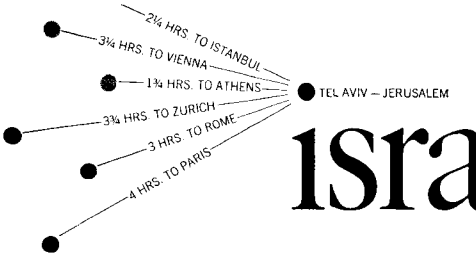
And everywhere you'll see the marvelous efforts of modern Israel to restore the Promised Land to the original lushness depicted in the Bible.

But the landscape is as spectacular as it is rich in biblical lore.

In fact, if you could forget the biblical associations for a moment, if you could forget, too, the miracle of modern Israel, you could appreciate Israel simply because it is so beautiful.

One thing is certain: your trip to the Promised Land will be the most memorable you'll ever take in your life.

And that's a promise.



israel

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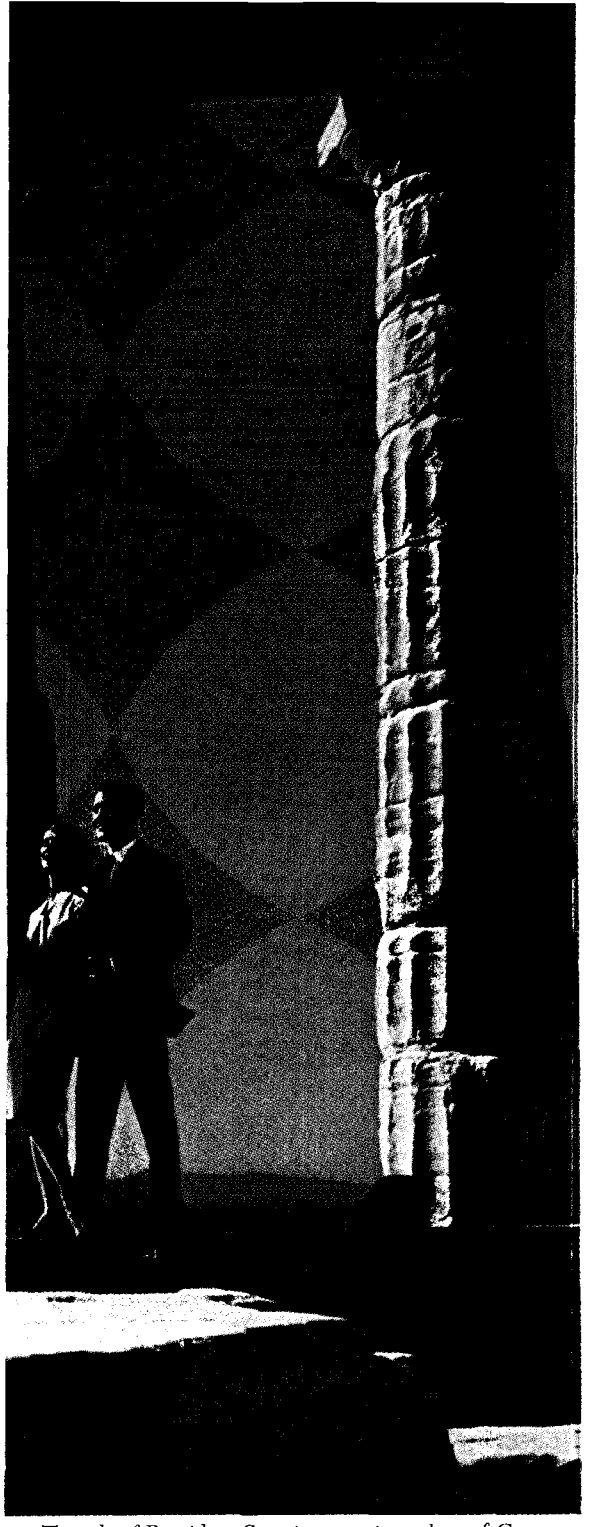
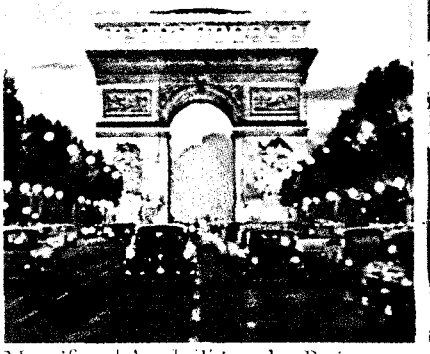
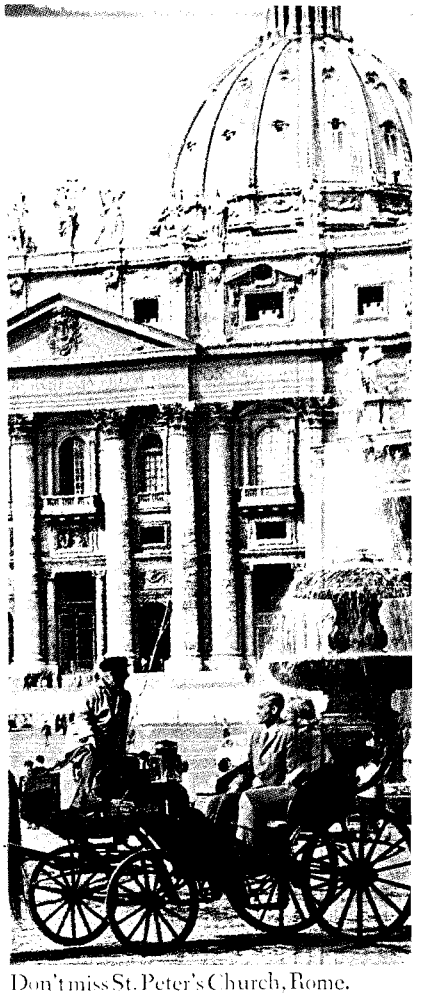


Temple of Poseidon, Sounion—ancient glory of Greece.

London welcome: Big Ben and bobbies.



Magnifique! Arc de Triomphe, Paris.



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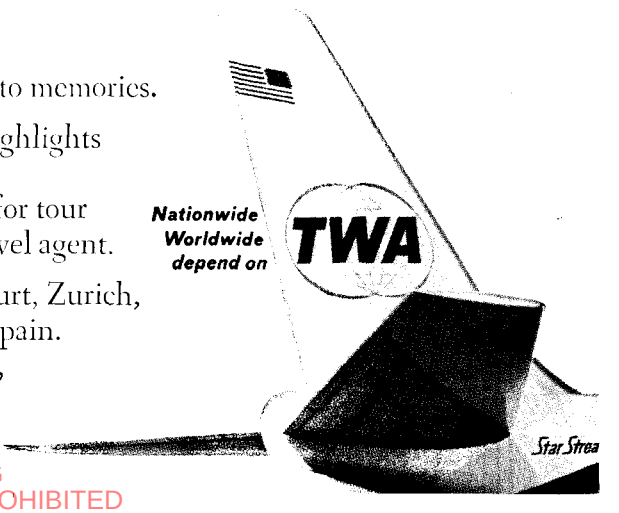

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"Oh Dad, poor Dad, Mamma's hung you in the closet and I'm feelin' so sad"*
starring
Rosalind Russell and Robert Morse

Oh Roz, poor Roz, you hung around Jamaica for eight weeks and never had time to relax and enjoy Tia Maria. SO SAD.

Photographed at Round Hill Hotel, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

(But you still can enjoy *Tia Maria* It's sold everywhere)
JAMAICA'S LEGENDARY LIQUEUR

63 PROOF
W. A. TAYLOR & CO
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

*A Ray Stark-Richard Quine Production for Paramount-Seven Arts.

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The Boiler Room

A STORY BY RUDOLPH WURLITZER

A desolate army base in upstate New York is the setting for this extraordinary story of a troubled young soldier who presides, helplessly, over his own disintegration. The author, who makes his fiction debut with this Atlantic "First," is Rudolph Wurlitzer, a twenty-nine-year-old New Yorker, veteran, and one-time student at Columbia University. A free-lance writer for films and television, Wurlitzer is at work on a novel.

I'M LOCKED up in the Castle. The Castle is the army stockade on Governors Island. The Staten Island ferry passes by Governors Island, and you can see the Castle and the golf course and the red brick buildings. It looks like a country club. I suppose the Castle is the oldest building on the island. There's a plaque on the wall, but I make a point not to look at it. Outside, the Castle might look like a Civil War fort, but inside it's just another jail. They say that when Rocky Graziano was locked up here he tried to swim to Brooklyn, and there are stories of other guys trying to make it. But I won't try. I've declared bankruptcy. I never think about wanting anything. I do what they tell me, and I keep my mouth shut so they don't give me too much harassment. I pull details during the day: cleaning latrines, mowing the lawn, clipping the hedges, KP in the officer and NCO clubs. The days go by. I'm not sure what month it is. Until my trial comes up I won't connect with anything too strongly. Any way they go I'm going to lose. If they decide I'm just another nut, I'll probably believe them. And if they say I'm just another criminal, I'll probably accept that too. The only time for me to look at anything straight is when it doesn't matter. And so on Sunday afternoons, when nothing matters at all, I use my footlocker for a desk and put it all down on paper.

I made it through basic all right. I was in good shape because I had just come from a summer of minor league baseball. When they learned I was a ballplayer they made me a squad leader. Jocks, policemen, longshoremen — they have it made in basic. I don't look like a leader or, at first, even much of a ballplayer because I'm short and wear glasses. But all anyone has to do is see me in action to know what I can do. I'm fast — I'm known as "Roadrunner" Schuller — and I hustle. I can't hit too good, but I get on base. And I can catch anything.

But lying on my bunk after chow or sometimes late at night when I couldn't sleep, I would get very low. More than half the men my age don't get called up. Most of my friends beat it when they pretended they were queer or they took coffee beans or some kind of dope before they went up for their physical. I come from that kind of a neighborhood. I not only was slow enough to get caught, but I didn't even sneak in on the six months deal. For a ballplayer, two years in the army just about finishes you. The front office forgets your name. If you miss a season, they don't know you, unless, of course, you're a bonus baby or a star. Every spring they have to see your sweaty and eager face or you don't exist. My only hope was to play ball for an army team, stay in shape, play winter

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ball in Latin America when I got out, and report to spring training for one last shot.

But I goofed. One week before the end of basic, I came back after an overnight pass, and passed out on my bunk, a flask half-full of Old Crow on my stomach. The first sergeant picked that night to come into the barracks. He saw the flask, I called him some kind of a name, and the next morning I was standing tall before Captain Gonzales, the company commander. Captain Gonzales asked me if I was some kind of a playboy. I said yes, I thought I was a playboy, definitely, and then something slipped further inside me, and I started lying all over the place.

I heard myself asking if it was in my rights to make a phone call. I said I wanted to ask for advice from someone who knew the score. Captain Gonzales asked me very politely just who I was going to call. I said I thought I would call Washington. I've never been to Washington except on my high school senior class trip, and I don't even know the Secretary of State's name. (I had it in my mind that I was going to ring up the Secretary of State.) There was this silence, and then Captain Gonzales — he was only half believing me — said I could go ahead and use the phone if I called collect but that I shouldn't take this thing too seriously, as all I would get would be, at the maximum, a summary court-martial.

I picked up the phone. I sort of stroked the phone, and for a few seconds I really believed that I knew the Secretary of State and that I was going to bang a few heads around the company. But then I put the phone back and just stood tall. Captain Gonzales didn't waste any time giving me a summary court, confining me to the company area, and docking me two thirds of my next month's pay. He promised to ship me off the entire post. And he lived up to his word. After basic I was shipped to Camp Drum.

In the winter, Camp Drum might just as well be in Iceland as in New York State. It's near the St. Lawrence River about thirty miles from Canada and ten miles from Watertown. As you get farther north, the train gets slower and colder. I changed trains at Syracuse at 3 A.M., and from then on I saw only one other passenger, and he was asleep with a newspaper over his head. I sang songs to myself and drank almost a pint of bourbon. I was feeling plenty sorry for myself. When I got to Watertown I sat in the station for five hours. I just sat there and stared at my duffel bag and waited until I sobered up. Finally I called the post, and they sent a jeep for me.

When I reported to the orderly room the first sergeant said to sit down until he thought of something. Then he went on reading a paperbacked book. I must have sat there for half an hour before he looked up from his book. There was something weird about the way he looked at me. He didn't quite focus. It was like he had forgotten that he was a sergeant. Later on I got used to that look because everyone at Camp Drum had it.

"There's no need for anyone to sweat anything around here," he said. "In the summer the National Guard and the ready reserve use the camp for two-week training periods, and then we work our tails off, but in the winter there's only a skeleton crew to guard the place and do paper work for the summer. It's a boneyard. I suppose we could put you on permanent KP or use you to shovel snow. I don't know, son. We already got too many personnel; about seventy-five enlisted men and ten officers. What did you do in civilian life?"

"I was a ballplayer."

He went on to tell me about his career, from American Legion to semipro ball to when he played for the Sixth Army team in the South Pacific. He couldn't stop talking baseball. He was a good-field-no-hit second baseman who had never banged more than a double in his entire life. Finally he said that seeing as how I was a ballplayer, he could find work for me in the message center.

The detachment — it wasn't even a company — was grouped together right at the edge of the post. In back of us there stretched one hundred and eight thousand acres of flat fields, empty barracks, and various training areas. The trees were bent from the north wind. That wind would scream around the barracks, picking up snow and whipping it at us like frozen hairs as we stood in morning formation or waited in the chow line. You became used to living with two colors: brown and white. The barracks and other buildings were brown and your clothes were brown and even the food looked brown. Everything else was white, and around the company area the snow didn't stay white very long until it turned brown. The barracks were old and creaky. We didn't have a dayroom or a place to write letters or play pool or ping-pong. There was no beer hall, and the PX was a little shelf of toilet articles that they opened up twice a week in the administration building. The only place to go was the NCO club, which was open to everyone. The NCO club had red and green lights over the entrance, a jukebox, and a white zinc-covered bar.

Every three weeks the NCO club was shipped a pornographic movie from the air force base fifty miles away. The movies were traded among the four or five military camps around northern New York State. I only took in one show because it would get a little too weird sitting there in the dark and listening to the groans and whistles and

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strange shifting movements. It made things worse. You could never make it with a girl in Watertown unless you were willing to put in a lot of time. You also had to be lucky and something of a con man. They had all been warned about soldiers and weren't about to get knocked up by some PFC out for a good time. It was a lot easier not to tease myself. I was hung up enough as it was. Watertown was a nice enough town — I don't mean to put it down — but I never spent too much time there. Once in a while on a weekend I would hitchhike in for a movie or to shoot a little pool, but that was about it.

As soon as I was assigned my bunk and had put up my calendar, I started checking off the days. I had six hundred and fifty-five days to go. At Camp Drum everyone was hung up about time. For two weeks I didn't say anything to anybody. I didn't know the name of the guy in the next bunk. I just sat around and thought about how it would be when I got out. I kept seeing myself working as a clerk in my brother's toy store. My hands started to shake, and I had trouble putting the mail in the right slots. I couldn't concentrate on the sports page. I even threw up in the mornings when I got out of bed.

Then I goofed again. I almost killed a guy. There was this fat cook, Geruzzi, who must have weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds, easy. He was everybody's buddy. He was like a guy who will talk big in practice and say all the words and make all the tricky moves, but when it comes to game time he'll freeze. (Maybe that's why he got to me so much. I was frozen solid myself.) Geruzzi had black curly hair that ran wild all over his head and tiny eyes that never stopped moving around. He was scared of everyone. There was this one thing he would do that did me in. Every morning when the lights went on he would be the first one up. His bunk was at the far end of the barracks, away from mine. He would stand there for a moment, patting his belly, which hung out over his underpants. Then he would give an insane yell, stick his finger into his belly button like he was gripping a bowling ball, and start running down the hall. At the end of the hall he would release this imaginary bowling ball like he was trying to roll a strike toward the orderly room. I had the cot at the end of the hall, near the door, and Geruzzi would come to a halt six inches away from my face, his belly shaking like a mound of jello. Then he would step outside, in the cold, and yell in a high squeaky voice: "I want to thank you world! Hey, baby! Hello Camp Drum! Hello First Sergeant!" Then he would slam the door and salute and march into the latrine. It cracked everybody up.

I didn't say anything, but it kept building up inside me. I tried to shut him out. I kept my head under the covers until he finished his act. But the more I tried to shut him out the more I thought about him. One morning I leaped out of bed and pushed him up against the wall. I said that if he ever waved his belly in my face again I would punch him. And then I couldn't control myself and I belted him one anyway. He sat down on my bunk and looked at the floor, saying over and over again that I had broken his nose. I started throwing everything I could lay my hands on at him: boots, pillows, helmets, duffel bags. A part of me kept hoping that someone would stop me, but everyone just stood around laughing. Finally I was tackled and sat upon while someone went for the first sergeant.

They confined me to company quarters for a month and put me on two hours extra duty shoveling snow every evening. It didn't matter. I had nowhere to go and nothing to do. I was even glad to move around. But the whole thing scared me, and I kept even more to myself.

It was then, sometime in the middle of January, that I met Pannel.

I would go to the mess hall when everyone else was finished so that I could sit by myself. This one evening I must have come in early because the mess hall was still crowded. I picked out a table where only one other person was sitting. I had seen Pannel before, but I had never spoken to him. I knew he was the mimeograph operator and that he had a little room in back of the personnel section. He delivered mimeographed forms to the message center. There weren't many forms in the winter, so he didn't come in often.

Pannel was a spade, very tall and thin, with an emaciated, sunk-in face. I was never able to look at any one point in his face, the way you do with most guys. The other thing about him was that he was extremely neat. He always wore pressed fatigues, highly starched, although no one else in Camp Drum bothered to. He would pull his pants very high up on his waist. I've seen ballplayers do that; I guess being a highpockets makes them feel tighter and more compact.

"How's the mimeograph machine?" I asked. For some reason I felt I could talk to Pannel.

"Man, I don't work that machine," he said. "I seduce it. I'm the best mimeograph operator you'll ever see. I want to tell you."

He laughed.

Between bites I watched Pannel. You couldn't help but watch him. I've seen spades eat before, the way they use sauces and spices, but I never saw anyone do to his food what Pannel did. There

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was liver, and Pannel cut up the liver into small pieces and mixed it in with his rice and peas. He covered the whole mess with salt and pepper. Then he put ketchup and mustard on top of the salt and pepper and finished the whole thing off with big dabs of Louisiana Hot Sauce. Then he mixed it all up again.

He started to watch me watch him.

"Did you run track?" I asked. He looked like a track man. You could tell he had real thin ankles without even looking at them. He looked brittle. There was something startled about him, like he was just about to take off.

"Too much work," he said slowly. "I used to run the four-forty, and it did me in. I had to quit. Work don't exactly agree with me."

"I ran in high school. I did the hundred in nine-nine." I only felt comfortable when I was talking sports. "I ran the half-mile too, but then it got in the way of baseball. I don't like to let anything get in the way of playing ball."

Pannel didn't answer. He ate very fast, and when he finished, he left.

I saw Pannel three nights later when I pulled fire guard. The fire guard's job was to keep the furnaces going in the three barracks and in the orderly room and in the officers' quarters down the road. There was a big furnace in each boiler room for the heat, and then there was a smaller one for the hot water. I never minded pulling fire guard. I would bank the coal up real high so that there was an edge of blue flame in the back. I liked to keep the fires in extra fine shape. Some nights I would get to really piling it on. "Burn the bastards up," I'd say to the flames. I would wander from boiler room to boiler room all night with coal dust all over me. I could taste it, and it would get matted in my hair. They gave the fire guard the morning off to sleep. That was the best time, taking a hot shower and going to bed when everyone else was getting up.

I met Pannel in one of the boiler rooms. He was sitting up against the wall. There was a small portable phonograph next to him, but there wasn't any record on it. He had his eyes closed. When he opened them he didn't seem glad to see me.

"This is my spot," he said. "I'll keep your fires going."

He shut his eyes.

I made my rounds, and then I came back to Pannel's boiler room. I knew I was pressing him, but I needed to talk. Maybe I wanted to talk to him because he seemed so far away, as if it was safe to talk to him. I don't know. He had some kind of record on.

I sat down.

When the record stopped I started right in bitching about the army. I didn't even look at Pannel. I was gone. I went on about how I was through as far as playing ball went and how the army had screwed me up and about how my hands shook in the mornings. I told him about how I almost killed Geruzzi. I even said I wouldn't be too sad if they sent me out to fight somewhere, just for a while. Maybe three months. I could sort of live off the experience until I got straight. All the time I was bitching I got the feeling Pannel wasn't listening, that he didn't give a damn what I said. Which is not to say he wasn't polite. That strange smile never left his face. After a while I ran out of words.

Pannel had a weird way of sitting. He kneeled on both knees even though the floor was cement. He always took off his boots in the boiler room. He would sit very straight, giving you this impression of being very quiet. Sometimes he would breathe deeply and slowly, not so you could really notice, but more like he was using his whole body, starting the breath from his heels.

We sat there a long time. The silence began to make me uncomfortable. I began to think that I had better leave and that I had no real business being out there. I began to think that Pannel might even be some kind of a maniac.

"Why don't you say something?" I said.

He just looked at me.

"Don't pull that crap on me," I said. I was damn near crying. But as I stood up to go, Pannel started to speak. He didn't look at me. He looked at the floor.

"I'm having a good time," he said. "The army is a good time. It's very worthwhile. Out here I don't want to hear that the army isn't a good time."

I stayed where I was. It was better than walking out there in the cold between boiler rooms.

"I don't come to conclusions," he said. "You know what I mean? I don't ask nothing of nobody. I'm just here. You count the days, right?"

"Five hundred and ninety-two to go."

"I gave the whole thing up. I don't ever think about the time. When they came to get me, I canceled myself out. I don't bother to figure anything. They take care of that. There are lots of cats far out and lost, doing all kinds of misdemeanors, but not me. I gave up."

"That's right," I said. I wasn't really listening to him. I was looking at the open mouth of the furnace and the blue flames dancing over the coal.

"I come out here and drop my net way down and pull it up," Pannel went on. "I just let anything flop out that wants to."

I got it into my head that Pannel was putting me down in some way. I stood up and picked up my shovel. I didn't need anybody to tell me where I was at.

I walked out and checked my other fires. It was very cold, and my boots crunched on the dry snow.

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I was standing in front of the orderly room, and the stars were jumping and flashing around like silver bursts of rifle fire. I went back to Pannel's boiler room, but he was gone.

After that I went out every night to the boiler room. For over a week Pannel didn't talk to me. But it was warm in the boiler room, and it was better than sitting in the barracks. I sat there and listened to his records. The only time he would talk would be to say the titles very softly as he put a record on. Titles like Moose the Mooche, Frantic Fancies, and Scrapple From the Apple.

When we did start to talk to each other we talked sports. Pannel didn't like baseball too much, but he was good on the fights and on basketball and football. We went through a lot of fights we had seen. We talked about Marciano and Louis and Johannson and Patterson. We both had been fans of Jersey Joe Walcott's, even though he dumped that fight with Marciano. We preferred middleweights and lightweights, guys like Willie Pep and Jake La Motta, Sugar Ray Robinson and Kid Gavilan. We were terrific on football, especially pro football, and we would give out with our all-star lineups. I would say something like: "You got to have Y. A. Tittle as your quarterback. I'll back him with Bobby Layne."

And Pannel would say, "No, man. Tittle, now he's mean, but he don't hold *nothing* when it comes to Otto Graham. You ever see Otto Graham on a good day when Mac Speedie was his end? I mean, you got to take him. And Lujack, what about Lujack? And then Van Brocklin could throw. And we haven't even *talked* about Unitas yet."

"Who you got for halfbacks?" I'd say.

"You got to give me Doak Walker. Grange and them old guys I didn't see, but I remember Buddy Young when he was with the Yanks, and jack, he was fast, and I know it sounds insane, but I'll take Lenny Moore because for a halfback he can do anything, and then he just moves beautiful."

It got to be very important to go out to the boiler room every night. Pannel and I didn't see each other during the day. On the weekends Pannel wouldn't see me or anyone else because he said that he had to have at least two days alone. But during the week I went out to the boiler room like I imagine some people go to church or to a cathouse.

It calmed me down. It kept me together. We got so that we never talked about ourselves, only sports; and sometimes we didn't say anything at all; we would just sit and listen to the same records over and over. In Watertown I bought an old green felt covering that had been on a pool table. We put the phonograph and the records on it. We got into our own way of talking so much that eventually we just settled on basketball. We could talk basketball better than any two people I've ever heard. After we spent a few nights on our all-star teams, we started to play out some games. Pannel's favorite team was the Boston Celtics. I would have liked to go with the New York Knickerbockers, New York being my hometown, but they never could hold the Celts, so I had to go with the Los Angeles Lakers. After a while, though, we kind of mixed in our favorite players from the other teams, so it was more like two all-star lineups.

"Robertson puts the ball into play," I'd say, bringing my club downcourt. "He passes over to Guy Rodgers. Rodgers starts a weave, fakes a jump shot — he's *fast*, that Rodgers — passes it in to the big boy, Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain. Chamberlain is tied up by Bellamy. Out to Arizin. Arizin jumps, shoots — Good."

"Here comes Cousy," Pannel would say. "Look at how he works the ball. Either hand. He doesn't look. Over to Baylor. Baylor brings it hippity-hop over mid-court. In to Reed. Reed tries to drive down the middle but can't get his shot. Out to Barnett. Barnett dribbles in to the key, fakes once, twice with his head, falls back, delays, and there's a long, soft jumper. Off the rim and out. But Nate Thurmond is up there for the tap. Two points. One! Two!"

Sometimes Pannel would get cute and pull off a steal. I'd be putting the ball into play, and he would break in:

"K.C. Jones comes out of *no*where and scoops the ball away from Gola, and now it's the fast break and down the floor they come. It's two on one. Jones over to Cousy, Cousy back to Jones, and now it's the Couse with a behind-the-back dribble. He fakes right, goes left, and the ball is up and *in!* Beautiful!"

Most of our games would go into overtime. Once in a while there'd be trades and talk of fixes, and some of the players would get in fights, like the night Pannel was tired and wanted to go to bed, so he had Jungle Jim Loscutoff slug Robertson. We had to call the game off because the fans got out of control.

We got so good at talking basketball that we even started to invent players and different shots. We'd invent their whole history, where they played high school ball, how they did in college, and what happened to them in the pros. We had this one player, Alston MacKintosh, from Oleander College in Nebraska, who could hit nine out of ten from the foul line with his back to the basket. He was a real hot dog, but when we had him move up to the pros he couldn't take the pressure. He eventually blew up in a game with the Detroit Pistons when

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he threw the ball into the stands every time he got the ball. He had to be sent down to the Eastern League.

After a few hours in the boiler room, we would sometimes walk up to the NCO club and have a beer. It was a night in late February, after we had played a few games, when something happened that changed everything between us. We were standing in front of the NCO club. I was demonstrating how Warren Spahn pitched with the big windup, bringing my right leg around and following through the way Spahn does. I was using chunks of ice to throw at a mound across the road.

We were a little drunk. I asked Pannel why it was that spades never hit much from the outside. I was just talking, not really thinking about what I was saying, when Pannel suddenly became very serious. He said he never knew that spades could never hit from the outside. We discussed Guy Rodgers and Hal Greer and a few other backcourt men and how they hardly ever seemed to hit from the outside. I remembered old Sweetwater Clifton and how he used to try a two-hand set all the time when he was with the Knicks and how he never scored with it. Pannel said no one used long set shots anymore and that it didn't matter. He said that it wasn't true anyway. Then he sighed and said how nice it was that he was no longer a spade. I didn't know what to say so I imitated Warren Spahn again.

"You take any side of the question," Pannel said, although I didn't know what the question was, "and I'll agree with you."

He went on to talk about politics and urban problems and minority groups and other things that I didn't know about and that made no sense to me. He talked about slaves and about how some of them had been more free than he was ever going to be. They had boiler rooms, he said, that they could go to without thinking about it. He went on like that, and I couldn't listen to him. I had hardly ever heard Pannel talk that way. It depressed me. I thought we had decided not to bullshit. I wanted to go inside and have a beer, but I thought I should hear him out.

"You got to be a strange cat to do your own stuff these days," he said, "and Roadrunner, I'm not strange enough. If I was really doing my own thing I wouldn't be coming on with you like this. No, man, listen, when I get out I'll be hustling and talking my ass off and trying to be equal and different at the same time, which is about the stupidest thing a man can do. I know I will. But don't call me a spade. Right now I'm not a spade. And you're not a ballplayer."

Pannel turned and walked down the road. After that night it was never the same with him.

When Pannel was quiet now, he would make me nervous. I began to talk when I didn't really want to. I kept talking to him because I had gotten dependent on doing that, and besides, there wasn't anything else to do. He didn't seem to make a connection with me anymore. We stopped talking sports. Sometimes he would laugh, and the laugh would seem to come from nowhere, and I would never know what he was laughing at. Those laughs would last a long time, and they always made me feel self-conscious. I would try and laugh back, but because I didn't know what was happening, my throat would get stuck. We drank more. We'd get a carton of beer from the NCO club and take it back to the boiler room. Or we wouldn't bother and just get loaded up there.

Pannel didn't want to be alone anymore on the weekends, so he would come into the barracks and drag me away from a card game. We would go into the boiler room and drink and listen to music. I started to hate that music. But there was still something in the place, because I couldn't stop from going out there. But one night I couldn't take it anymore. I blew up. I stood up and yelled at him:

"Goddamnit, be a nigger, be a soldier, be a maniac, but be *some*thing."

I started to shake. I wanted to kill him, to snuff him out. I swear to God.

Pannel looked at me. He was cold. It was like when I first met him.

"The thing that's important," he said, "is to get to that point where it doesn't matter whether someone understands you. Where you never have to call on anyone. When you can wait and not expect anything one way or the other. . . But it's very icy there."

He got up and left.

I put on a record. When the record was over, I took the phonograph and the records back to the barracks and went to sleep. I didn't know how to think about anything.

The next morning Pannel missed roll call. He was reported AWOL. It didn't cause much of a stir. Going AWOL was no unusual act in Camp Drum, and no one had ever really noticed Pannel. He just wasn't there. The next day everyone forgot about it.

Everyone, that is, but me. At first I told myself that it was his problem. He would have said that himself. But I couldn't help wondering where he had gone. He only had five weeks to go before he would have processed out. Now if they caught him he would be in for a long time. But I don't think they'll catch him, because I don't think he's the type to go home. Pannel won't leave any tracks.

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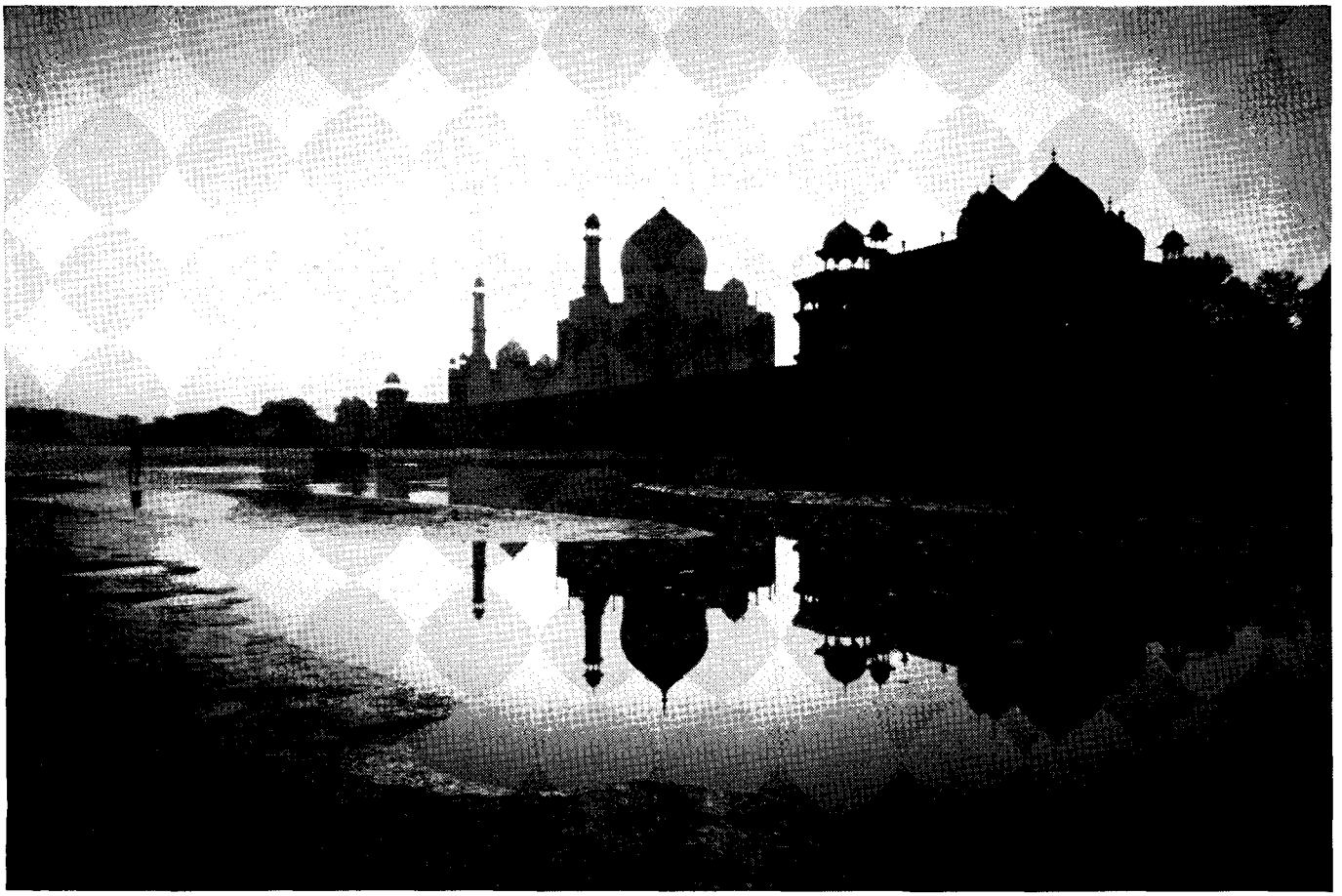

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It's strange, but I don't even know where his home is. He never talked about it. I assumed he was from New York because he talked about jazz so much and he seemed to know some musicians. But for all I know he might have been from North Dakota. If he had only said something to me about going. Even if he had just joked about it and told me a lie. If he had only said: "Roadrunner, I got me a beautiful cabin up in the Canadian woods. You ought to see it. I thought about it, and it's all set up. I have two thousand records and a lovely chick who just happens to have *lots* of money." That would have been enough for me. But the bastard, I thought. He didn't leave me with anything, except, maybe, his phonograph and records, which I kept. But I never used that phonograph once.

It was like I had been caught in a room without knowing how to get out. I tried the window, but it was too high. I tried the chimney, but it was too narrow. I got the feeling all I had to do was turn around and I would see the door had been open all the time — but I couldn't turn around. I was stuck.

It wasn't that I hated the army. I didn't hate anything, and I didn't like anything. If I could have spent some time in a gym I would have been all right. I would have been around some action, something I didn't have to think about. Something was wrong. My mind was going too fast, as if it was out of control. I didn't know how to put on the brakes. Before, I always had some little guy inside me, like a coach, telling me what I should do and what I shouldn't do. It was like he had disappeared or just quit. The more I shouted around trying to find him the worse it got. I would go out behind the barracks and walk across a field lined with pine trees. I would throw chunks of snow at the trees. Once I shouted. It didn't help. I went out to the boiler room. I tried to breathe deeply and feel completely still. I sat there for a long time. But nothing happened.

I DRANK my way into April. After a while just getting through the winter seemed enough and coming into April was like taking a hook slide from way out and just managing to touch the base with your finger. The weather got warmer and the snow disappeared. Two companies arrived from Fort Devens. We had inspections again and G.I. parties. I was busted to private for not having my name tags sewed on. I complained and started counting the days left, now five hundred and eighteen. The camp filled up. I played a little softball on the weekends. I even started to talk to the men in my barracks. Everyone has a bad winter now and then. And me, who wasn't smart enough to go to college or be an officer or just duck the whole thing, why should I have to figure out why one winter is good and another one bad? They do all that for you. So I sat back and tried to ride it out, and I was doing fine until Sergeant Harrison Mountain showed up in the beginning of May.

Sergeant Mountain was sent up from army headquarters to start the post newspaper. If you saw him from across the company area, you might think he was a general, or if you were closer and saw his stripes, you would figure him for one of the last of the old-time sergeants. He was very classy. People pointed out his resemblance to MacArthur, but I preferred to see him as an old Western scout, the kind you see in the comics and movies, pale-blue eyes, very straight and cool, ready to ride into hostile Indian territory without looking back. He had hair the color of steel wool and a white mustache that bent slightly at the corners. That mustache was better than Errol Flynn's. (I learned later that he wore a toupee; you could see it shift a little when the weather was warm and the top of his head sweated.) All of Mountain's uniforms were tailor-made, and he wore the combat infantry badge and three lines of ribbons. Pannel would have checked him out because Mountain's face was very hard to read. Pannel was always checking out faces. He said you could tell what most guys were doing just by looking at their faces. He was looking for the face where nothing showed. A lot seemed to show in Mountain's face, but there was finally some tight thing he did with all the lines around his mouth that kept it from you.

Mountain liked the message center. He would sniff and poke around the mailboxes and read all the return addresses on the officers' mail. He kept careful note of all leaves and three-day passes. There wasn't much else for him to do. He was supposed to set up a place for the new Public Information Office and recruit a newspaper staff, but he had done that kind of thing so often he could do it in half a day, and he had conned four weeks for himself.

Mountain was old, he had killed men, he might have raped women. And he treated me like a private, which I liked. I didn't have to think about Mountain. Everything was laid out by regulations. I made myself fit into his style. I became a kind of aide to him, although that was mostly in my mind because Mountain rarely talked to me. But I soldiered. I shined my brass and shoes, and I stood tall. I was putting him on, I guess. But I didn't want to think anymore. I wanted to rest. . . I guess what I'm trying to say is that I told him a lie. I waited about a week, just to feel him out, and then I told him I used to be a sports reporter

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on the New York *Post*. I wanted to work on the newspaper. Mountain was my way out of the message center. He had authority. He seemed to know exactly what he was doing. I made him my man. I got the job.

We set up the PIO office together.

But I don't want to talk about the newspaper, or about the PIO section, or about the summer, or about Camp Drum. All that doesn't matter. I want to talk about the way it ended. I want to put it down because I don't understand it.

When the camp filled with reserves and National Guard troops, we worked. Even Mountain went out to the field to cover stories. On weekends we often had three or four governors inspecting their troops, and we had to cover them.

One afternoon in the beginning of July, I took a jeep and went out to the field to get a story on an artillery company. It was a forty-minute drive to the range. The road was rutted by tanks. It was hot. Tired and out-of-shape platoons marched slowly along the side of the road. When I heard the howitzers, I pulled the jeep off the road. I had plenty of time.

I lay down. The ground was sandy, with a few scattered pine trees and tufts of grass. The only sound was howitzers going off at three-minute intervals. They were 105's. It was always unreal for me to drive out to the range and listen to big weapons going off. I never believed them. I never felt part of the game. That wasn't so unusual, there weren't many guys who felt part of the game, but I felt frozen, a little scared. The howitzers made me think about how much I hated noise. Any noise. I needed to play ball. If I could have just gotten to a ball park, anywhere, to work it out. I began to talk basketball to myself: "Robertson dribbles over the center court. He passes it in to Embry. Embry is tied up by Bellamy. Out to Twyman. He throws up a left-handed hook. . . Good. The Royals lead thirty-two to twenty-eight."

I spoke louder, trying to drown out the 105's. "Here comes Jerry West over to Komives. Komives loses the ball! Richie Guerin and Kevin Loughery on the fast break. It's in to Loughery, and he makes a beautiful driving lay-up and gets fouled in the process. A possible three-point play."

It didn't help to talk basketball. It never helped anymore. I got up and drove out to where they were firing. I interviewed a few privates, getting their hometown addresses, what they did in civilian life, that kind of thing, when I saw near the last howitzer in line, Mountain. It was really Mountain. I could spot him anywhere. There were three or four men around him, and they were coming up the line of howitzers. The men on the howitzers saluted as they walked past. Mountain would answer their salutes. When they got closer I saw the stars on Mountain's shirt. I walked away, behind a tree, and stood with a group of men drinking coffee.

"Who's that?" I asked, motioning toward Mountain.

"Some inspecting general. I never seen him before."

I walked forward. I went right up to the group. I didn't feel anxious. I don't know why. I didn't feel much of anything. Mountain looked at me distractedly, as if he had never seen me before. I saluted.

"Are you from PIO, soldier?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I want you to drive me back to camp. Something happened to my driver. Go back to your jeep and wait for me."

I went back to the jeep. Mountain was doing the whole shot. A brigadier general. I didn't laugh. It was real enough. But it wasn't fair, I thought. It wasn't fair to me that Mountain was a maniac. I didn't know how long he had been doing this. I didn't know why. But I couldn't handle it. To do something about it I would have had to be clear on a whole lot of things. And everything was muddy, very muddy. I couldn't report him. I wasn't afraid of him. It was something in myself that held me there, some kind of exuberance that I kept pushing down. Like on opening day of the season when you're so turned on you feel like throwing the ball into the stands.

Mountain came up to the jeep with the company commander, a brisk New York businessman, delighted to be in the army for two weeks.

"A fine company," Mountain said. "I am impressed, Captain. They have good spirit. They have a sense of order."

"Thank you, sir," the captain said. "I'm proud of them . . . yes, they're a great bunch of men. Are you sure you won't let us drive you in, sir?"

"It's perfectly all right this way," Mountain said. They saluted, and Mountain got in next to me. He was wearing a pistol. I drove off very fast.

"What's your name, soldier?" Mountain asked.

"Come off it, Sarge," I said. "You can play your game. I don't care. I'll just drive you back to the post, and you can do what you want. I won't squeal."

"We're not going back to the post. We're going to the nearest PX, and then we're coming back to the training areas. There are more troops to inspect."

"Not me," I said.

Mountain pulled out his pistol from the holster and shot it into the air.

"You have to understand, Schuller," he said, "there is something to do." He looked very tired and old. His voice suddenly wavered. "Look, Schuller, it isn't going to work. We're not going to

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take over the post. We're going to go out and look at the troops."

"Yes, sir," I said.

I drove to the nearest PX. Mountain was smart in choosing a brigadier general. There were lots of them wandering around. Anything with more than one star would be conspicuous. No one would notice him if he stayed out in training areas with the reserves. At the PX I stopped, and he got out and went in. I thought of driving off. I should have driven off. I know that. He came out a few seconds later. Without saying anything, he pinned two gold bars on my collar. I was Second Lieutenant Schuller. We drove off to inspect the troops.

When we got to the training areas he directed me up another road like the one I had come out on. After twenty minutes we passed a company bivouacked among some pine trees.

"Pull up," Mountain said.

We walked slowly up to the tents. It was about four in the afternoon. The company must have still been out in the field. No one was around. A mess truck was parked off to one side, and some KP's were setting up trays and food containers for the evening meal.

A lieutenant ran up and saluted.

"Lieutenant Maugham reporting, sir. Company K."

Mountain looked past the lieutenant's left ear.

"We've come to see if your company is up to par, Lieutenant. It's important that each and every one of your men is up to par. Tell me the name of your platoon sergeants."

The lieutenant stiffened. He was very young, probably just out of college. He pressed a swagger stick nervously against his side.

"There's Spalding in the third platoon, sir," he said finally. "Then there's my platoon, the fourth platoon, that would be Sergeant Randall. Tony Randall. Then there's Orback in the third. The first has, let's see, the first platoon has, it must have —"

He stood staring at us.

"This is not good, Lieutenant," Mountain said gravely, a little sadly. "This is not good at all."

"Yes, sir," the lieutenant said.

"No," Mountain repeated, "this is not good at all. We'll have to wait for your company commander. Bring us some chairs, and we'll sit under these trees." He waved toward a group of scrub oak trees at the end of the row of tents. The lieutenant hurried off. He came back carrying two canvas chairs.

"We won't need you, Lieutenant," Mountain said, waving him away.

We sat without speaking. One of the KP's dropped a stack of metal trays. A jeep went by on the road. I clung to each sound. Mountain stared off beyond the tents. I wasn't sure what he was thinking, even if he was thinking at all. I just sat there.

The sun began to move down through the trees in back of us. The light grew softer. The end of the day is always bad for me. I felt it in my throat, like something was stuck that I couldn't swallow. Mountain didn't move or shift in his chair when the troops were heard down the road. They were counting cadence, shouting it out the way troops do in their first few weeks of basic. They weren't army voices. The voices weren't weary or disgusted enough. They didn't tell you they had been through a boring, stupid day. They told you they were happy to be outdoors, happy to be doing a man's work, happy to be away from home. The platoons marched in and formed into company formation. Lieutenant Maugham saluted the company commander. The company commander looked over at us. Then he walked briskly over.

He saluted. "Major Tucker reporting, sir."

Mountain stared at him. The major was young and efficient. He didn't mind being looked over. He had an educated voice with a slight English accent.

"We've been inspecting troops all day," Mountain said after a long pause. His voice had become slower and more deliberate. "I won't inspect your company. What I've seen so far has looked good enough. A certain lack of military bearing in one of the younger officers but otherwise perfectly sufficient. I am even rather impressed by the way you set yourself up here, putting yourself under camouflage from air attack."

"Thank you, sir," Major Tucker said. "We have reason to be proud of K Company."

"We're tired," Mountain said stiffly, "extremely tired. I wonder if it would be too much to ask if we could share your evening meal tonight?"

"Delighted, General," Major Tucker said. He wasn't at all disturbed by having a general around. He never looked at me. "Dinner will be ready in half an hour. We expect pork and green vegetables. Our cook is a chef at one of Philadelphia's better restaurants."

We followed the major over to his tent. Three wooden tables with white tablecloths had been set up outside.

"This is comfortable," Mountain said, sitting down. "It's always encouraging to run across people who know how to live well in the field."

"To tell you the truth, General, I've picked up a few tricks on safari. When you've been hunting big game all day the evening is a precious time, a time to relax, have a drink, and enjoy good conversation. My officers and I have a little ritual we go through after a day's training. Two drinks before eating. These two weeks of training are precious

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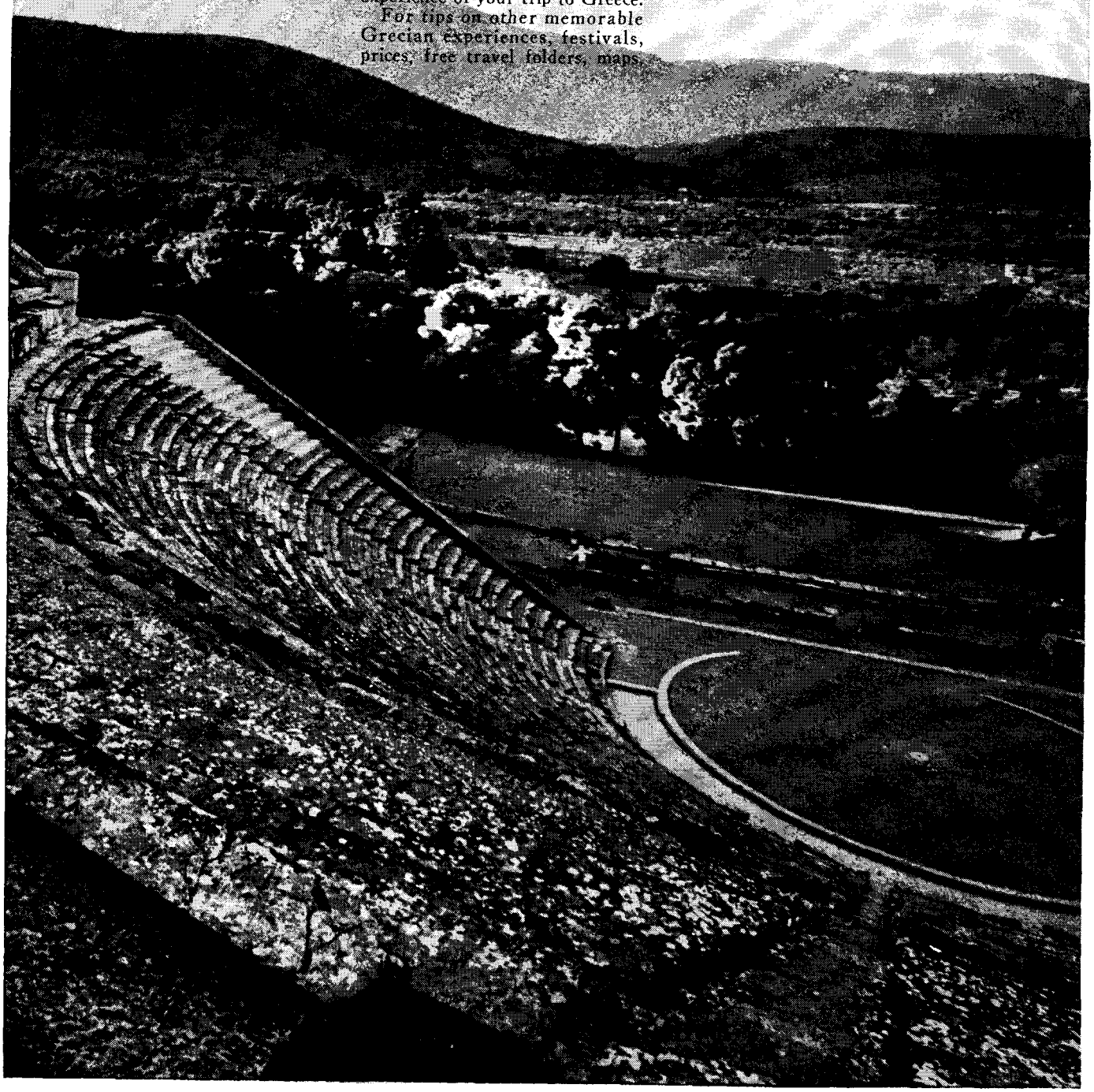

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to us. We try and get the most out of them. I don't suppose you've been on safari, General?"

"I spent three years in the Pacific hunting human beings."

"I see. Did you by chance know my father? The late Colonel Tucker? He served with General Wingate."

"I don't recall the name," Mountain said. "Wingate was never a great favorite of mine. Where did you say you served?"

"I beg your pardon, sir?" Major Tucker said politely.

"In the war, for god's sake, Major. In the war."

"I'm afraid I was a bit too young for the Second World War, but I was fortunate enough to get in on Korea."

"That kind of luck is uninteresting," Mountain said. "Damned uninteresting."

"Indeed," the major said. He stood up. "What would you care to drink, sir?"

"Bourbon on the rocks."

"And you, Lieutenant?"

"The same, thank you, sir." Those were the first words I had spoken. They were hollow and forced. As the major mixed drinks from a small portable bar, the rest of the company officers, two second lieutenants, came up and stood stiffly at attention.

"At ease, gentlemen," Mountain said. "For Christ's sake, sit down."

The company was lining up behind the chow trucks. They were quiet and orderly, the word having spread that the CO was eating with a general. I was afraid now but in a strange way. I was full of violence. I needed a woman badly. I tried staring at a point somewhat to the left of the major's head. Mountain had shoved off; he was on his own trip. All I could do was sit back and ride it out. I felt light-headed, my mouth dry, almost parched. If anyone had said anything to me out of the ordinary I would have been unable to reply. I concentrated on trying to hold on. Mountain was talking about the South Pacific.

"I had the great honor to be on Corregidor before it fell," he was saying. "Damned lucky I was friends with the engineers. They thought I was some kind of a fighting fool, they did. A regular god. Decent bunch, those engineers. Always ate well with the engineers. They would work like niggers when they had to, but when they were off they knew how to enjoy themselves. The Japs would be bombing hell out of us, and we would be sitting in a tunnel as comfortable as a bunch of retired sergeants, eating salmon and drinking white wine. They had stolen delicacies from a submerged Filipino yacht. MacArthur was there. We were always worried about MacArthur because he never paid the slightest attention to the bombings."

"I've often thought about Corregidor," Major Tucker said. "It was an interesting operation, tactics-wise."

"Don't you believe it," Mountain said sharply. "Don't you believe it when some old fogy stands up and says, 'War is a detestable thing.' The bastard is always a rear-line general embarrassed because he's not in it. You can bet on that. Of course, there were those who had bad wars. Terrible wars. But I had a good war; not a great one, you understand, but a damned satisfying one."

"I think I can see your point," Major Tucker said.

Dinner was served.

"I studied the morale of the British troops in Malaya in forty-one," Major Tucker said, trying to fill in the silence. "What was interesting was why the British didn't hold out longer."

"I don't want to hear about morale," Mountain said. "British troops are not the point about morale."

"Well, sir," the major continued calmly, "consider the problem. Malaya was a country that had been asleep for over two hundred years. But that wasn't the real reason the country collapsed. Nor was it that the climate was impossible. The troops simply hadn't been trained. Their equipment was too heavy and awkward for jungle fighting. But most of all, they had no hardness, no fighting spirit. They were too civilized. They weren't fanatic enough."

"Rubbish," Mountain said. "You either had a good war or you didn't."

"I don't understand, sir," said a lieutenant.

"I'm not interested in what lieutenants have to say or what they understand," Mountain said. "Or majors for that matter. None of you knows what it's like to stick a bayonet into someone's belly."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the lieutenant said. "I spent two years in Korea."

"Korea was a monstrosity," Mountain said. "No one was ever there. I won't hear any more about Korea."

I forced myself to take a bite of food.

"Consider the complete destruction of the Japanese Twenty-eighth Army," Major Tucker said hopefully. "They were caught and surrounded in Burma. It was a fantastic engagement. They were completely destroyed by the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Indian Divisions!"

"Captain, I am not interested in what happened to the Twenty-eighth Japanese Army," Mountain said. "I don't want to consider anything. I am only interested in what happens to one man. I want to know what one man feels like when, half-alive, he has a ring chopped off his finger by an enemy soldier. I am interested in the mind of the battle-fatigued soldier bending over a native

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woman. I am interested in what it feels like to see a man burn alive from a flamethrower. You are in the ice age of military thought, Captain. There is no more power of maneuver."

Mountain choked a little on his food. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and unloosened his shirt from his belt.

"I want to know what one man does when faced with fear," he continued, rising from his chair. "Does he relieve himself in his pants or does he fight?"

"Are you all right, sir?" Major Tucker asked.

Mountain took out his pistol and pointed it at the major's forehead.

"I want to know what one man thinks before the trigger is pulled, Captain."

One of the lieutenants started to stand up.

"Don't do that," I heard myself say.

The lieutenant sank back in his chair.

"Mountain," I said, "you'd better put it away. There's not much point in killing these guys."

"Not much point, you say," Mountain said quietly, sitting down. "There is no point at all."

He stared at the ground, the pistol hanging loosely from his fingertips. A lieutenant stood up and slipped quietly away.

"I would tell you a story, but I don't feel like it," Mountain said, placing the pistol on the table. "I just don't feel like it. You can all go to hell."

There was nothing to do. The major talked about something. A kind of delaying action. I don't remember. We sat quietly, waiting. Mountain looked at his plate. He took a small bite out of his pork chop, lifted it up to his mouth, hesitated, and then dropped the fork down on the plate. Then he stood up and pointed the pistol at the side of his head and pulled the trigger. A good deal of his head got on the table and a little of it on my pants. There wasn't any more to it than that. Everyone was stunned, of course, but it wasn't long before they swung into action. Someone pointed an M-1 at me. In a little while the MP's came and took me away.

The next day they sent me down to Governors Island. They didn't really believe what I told them. It doesn't matter. All I can do now is wait for them to decide something, which for them, I guess, isn't such a hard thing to do.

CHAMBER MUSIC, BAR HARBOR, OFF-SEASON

BY L. E. SISSMAN

Vivaldi's pizzicato winter falls
On my bared head, as on the tangerine
Tiles overhead, with a soft pluck that calls
Off summer, plain and Indian, to bring
On all-American autumn, full of tears
For all America's bright college years.
An instance: take this moldering hotel
Built as a monstrous cottage by a swell
Manhattan traction millionaire in 1910,
And now far past its hour; or take this room,
This second chamber: nobs bathed in its long,
Crazed tub with nickel fittings, and were clothed
In white tie, studs, and pumps by a slight man
(The Unknown Servant), and went down to dine.
Was not their bravery of living fine?
The closet holds a lockbox for their jewels;
The ceiling is as high as their desires;
The fireplace, dead, is ample for their fires;
The bed and desk conform to their taut rules.
Outside, the maples shed stars in the pools
On the decedent lawn. The chamber group
Strikes up its water music on the roof
Encore, fretting fleeting, immutable
Silver-toned strings, tuned at the cedar eaves,
Bowed by the balustrade, frayed on the ground.
Likewise impermanent and perpetual,
What will we leave half as ebullient,
Triumphant, telling, personal as this
Old place, old pergola, old hearth, old house?
Roll on, then, fall, sole death that we remember,
Routing the summer in our rented chamber.

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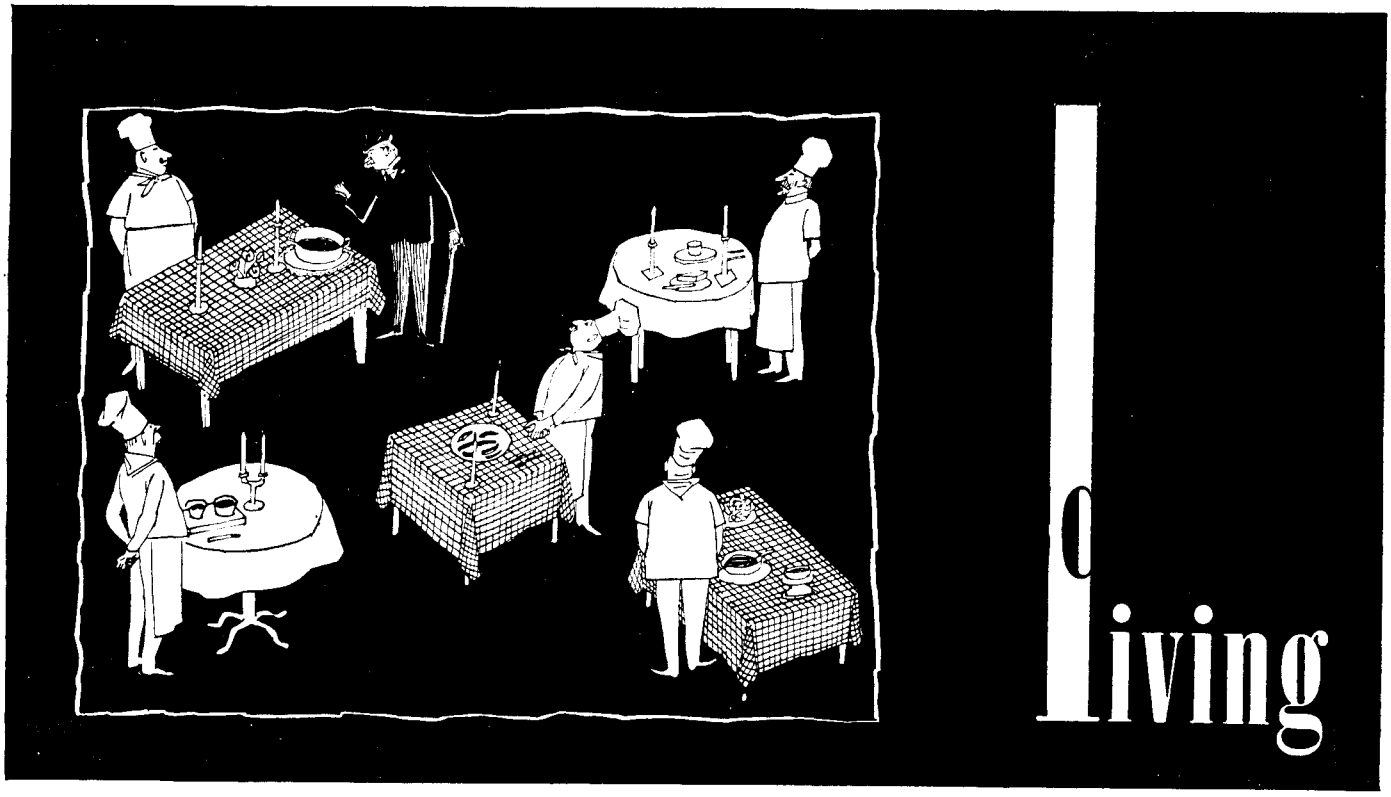

A GOURMET'S GUIDE TO EUROPE

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

A neighbor recently returned to me *It's Still Maloney*, inscribed by the author to me and my wife. The neighbor had kept it for years. I have lost around a dozen copies of H. F. Ellis' masterpiece *The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth*, no longer possess it, and my bookseller is unable to find one for me. I once achieved the return of *The Great American Novel*, by Clyde Brion Davis, by sending a collect telegram demanding it from the friend who had borrowed it several years earlier. I still lend books inscribed to me by the author, and I persist in the delusion that my name on the flyleaf will ensure their return, even though these books disappear like ordinary copies.

One book I have long since ceased to lend, after losing two copies and finding it hard to replace, is a small red volume stamped in faded gilt *The Gourmet's Guide to Europe*, by Lieut.-Col. N. Newnham-Davis. My copy is the second edition, dated 1908. I have read it many times over the years, as much for enjoyment of the author's crotchets and opinions as for information about the restaurants he sampled so energetically. A dozen or more of his recommended places in France were still flourishing when I first went there in 1925, and a few are extant today, however severely beset by battery-bred poultry and quick-frozen vegetables. But rambling about with Col. Davis is pleasant: a true Edwardian exploring the pleasures of the period, bringing his own Englishness with him to whatever foreign locality he goes.

Prunier's, for instance, the colonel classifies under the heading "Foreign Restaurants of Paris," on the grounds that it "has been partly captured by the United States." Of its oysters he concluded, "I am sufficiently patriotic to prefer a Colchester Bag to a Boston Steak, but the latter combination of good beef and good oysters is to be obtained in perfection at Prunier's."

The colonel seems to have begun his venturing among menus as a schoolboy at Harrow, when his French was so inadequate as to bring him a mysterious meat dish which he ordered on the bill of fare in the expectation that its position far down on the page meant that it would bring him a very sweet dessert. A typical Newnham-Davis anecdote describes his luncheon one day with a lady at the Tour d'Argent and his conversation with its proprietor, Frederic Delair. "It is a small old-fashioned house, with a narrow entrance hall and a low-ceilinged parlour," he begins. "I can remember the days when its floors were spread with sawdust. . . ." At any rate, the colonel gives a tentative order: "'Eggs, a bird, a vegetable, an *entremet*,' I had said, as if I were inventing a new drawing-room game, and Frederic had gone into a reverie — the reverie which precedes some wonderful combination. I insinuatingly said, 'For the eggs,' as the cue for his first pronouncement. Frederic breathed hard and looked at the ceiling. '*Uffs à la plat*,' said the lady, who fancied we were both at a loss as to how eggs could be cooked. Frederic came back from the clouds and gave the lady one look. It was not a look of anger or contempt, but simply an expression of pity for the whole of her sex."

The colonel is full of good information on the matter of *hors d'oeuvres*. He calls them "a Russian invention," designed to keep the diner at ease while the chef is cooking the fish,

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but oysters and caviar are too desirable to be included in so lowly a category. "The real gourmet," the colonel contends, "who orders a dozen *Cancales* or *Marennes* with which to commence a dinner rarely introduces fish into his menu. Caviare, be it black or grey, be it sent from the land of the Volga or the states of the Danube, is too excellent to be a mere relish. It is a dish for déjeuner; and the man before whom has been placed a jar of good caviare sunk in cracked ice, who has a fresh lime and some Brittany butter at his elbow, and who is brought relays of hot toast, may well leave the consideration of the *plat* which is to follow until his appetite for caviare is appeased."

His own preference to the *hors d'oeuvre* is "a thimbleful of strong hot soup" which "would stimulate without cloying" and leave the diner's appetite undiminished. One could continue quoting the colonel at length, for he went everywhere and tested the local specialties, including *Tripes à la mode de Caen*, and it was in Caen that the proprietor sought to add to his meal a *Caneton Rouennaise*. The colonel declined: "I told him that 'to every town its dish.' "

The Real Cultural Article

BY PETER DAVISON

PETER DAVISON *is the director of the Atlantic Monthly Press and author of* BREAKING OF THE DAY AND OTHER POEMS.

I have long been puzzled over why book reviewers increasingly turn their attention to one another rather than to the books they are supposed to be writing about. Not until recently, when I ran across a brilliant article by Sigmund Quarles (author of *A Critic's Critique*), was I fully enlightened.

Quarles's essay first appeared in the September, 1965, issue of *Intimations*, whose editor has kindly allowed me to quote it in full. Though (as the reader will perceive) it soon reaches far, far higher than its origins, it begins its flight as a review of *The Drums and the Fire: My Second Term As President of the United States*, by Henry Popham.

THE DYING BREED:

Arthur Sturbridge Speaks Out

by Sigmund Quarles

The new review by Arthur Sturbridge in *Nemo II* for March, 1965, is by far his finest. It makes a reviewer grateful that such an intelligence should be exercising its powers in this arid generation. Sturbridge's utterance takes as point of departure a work by Henry Popham — and, more specifically, the degeneration of standards in Popham's latest so-called volume.

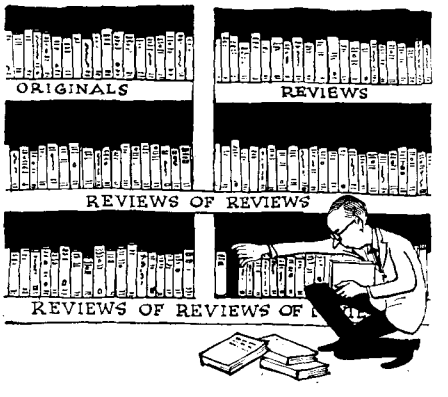
Beginning with a hard, level look at the dilemma of the writer in our time, Sturbridge turns playful. But it is the playfulness of the tiger. Under such conditions as these, he asks, is it better to have read and writ than never to have writ at all? Such a question is beyond clear decision by a reviewer (how modestly Sturbridge assumes the mantle!), but no reviewer worthy of the name can avoid grappling with the questions raised by Popham's book.

The critic's task weighs heavy, even on such shoulders as Arthur Sturbridge's. Should Popham have written this book or another? Might he not have written a general study rather than a personal one? Did he have access to all the source material? Even though these questions might perhaps be answered yes, surely someone had blundered: the book should surely not have been allowed to be what it is, but should have been edited. Having said this much, Sturbridge leaves alone the question that troubles this reviewer: why should Popham's book have been published at all?

Sturbridge next reverts to a theme that makes its majestic appearance over and over again in his work: the decline in the contemporary imagination; the impotence of this generation of writers to cope with the central human experience of rape, torture, and extermination; the speciousness of contemporary authorship, force-fed as it is by a publishing industry which grows more and more hopelessly enmeshed with the mass media. If Popham had chosen to write about the Civil War prison camp at Andersonville, Georgia, Sturbridge asks, what publisher today would have had the courage to publish his account? Obviously there is something rotten in the state of letters. We are, Sturbridge quotes, "fastened to a dying animal."

Arthur Sturbridge believes in facing facts. The craft of criticism is dying for want of exercise, just as medicine would die without cadavers for the use of students. How can a critic deal with Popham, for instance, when for all we know he may have written the wrong book? How can a critic keep his scalpel sharp when, week after week after month, there are no new volumes worthy of his steel? It is chastening to imagine what will become of the next generation of critics without a *Ulysses* or an *Across the River and Into the Trees* to practice on. Without a constant supply of classics, Sturbridge ventures, a critic is like a squirrel who can find no nuts to sharpen his incisors on. His teeth may grow so long he cannot close his mouth.

All this has been mere preparation for Sturbridge's threnody — a theme that all his work of the past two



decades has been pointing toward. Why, he asks with astonishing boldness, why criticism at all? Has it perhaps outlived its time? Since no adequate books are being written, why should criticism hold itself ready to strike? The question has been advanced before, but never in such terms nor from such a source. Is not criticism, perhaps, a luxury in times so aus-

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tere as these, as was the clavicembalo during the Thirty Years' War? Have we in fact, Sturbridge inquires, approached the moment when books may be published without drawing any fire at all? If so, can what we loosely call the literary world survive the lack? The moose in parts of Canada died of disease when there were no longer any wolves to keep their numbers down.

No, Sturbridge concludes, there *is* a way out. The critic, like all other artists, must adjust to the altered challenges of our time. He must learn what to notice and what not to notice. He must recognize the terrible truth that never again will he be able to review the first edition of *Swann's Way*. Twilight is everywhere. But until the darkness falls, critics have one task left: reviewing one another's works.

COMPLIANCE

BY JOHN L'HEUREUX

"Before John L'Heureux can become
a poet, I feel he must be born again."
Morse Allen in a book review.

I died last night,
Was born again this morning
Poet.
Six A.M. and there I was
Singing with a cuckoo's voice
An Easter antiphon.

Everyone came running
From the bathroom not to miss
Rebirth.
(We rarely see a miracle
And even faith can profit by
A little oomph.)

A cuckoo sings,
They said, where only yesterday
L'Heureux
Flapped his clumsy wings
In ribald limericks. They left
To shave and marvel.

Song all day. Already
They and I are tired of me
Poet.
Tonight I hope to die once
More — and resurrect again:
This time, real.

The Hero Bullet and other related nonsense

BY JACK BELCK

A Boston University graduate, JACK BELCK *is now working on his master's degree in journalism at the University of West Virginia.*

Every moviegoer and TV watcher knows about the hundred-shot six-gun used in low-grade Westerns. This firearm that, to coin a phrase, "you can load on Sunday and shoot all week" cuts manpower requirements considerably and allows a maximum amount of blood (ketchup) shed for the fewest dollars, since one Grade B cowboy armed with this device can polish off a large tribe of whooping Indians in nothing flat.

Although historical experts and ordnance authorities now sit in film and TV studios to make sure that the right gun does the right thing in the right frame of reference, they still miss.

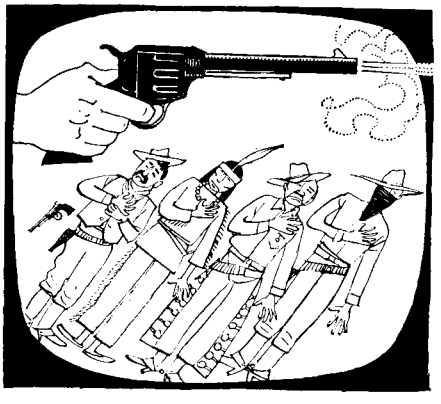
Not only do strange and impossible things occur with weapons in the thirty-five-millimeter commercial dreamworld, but authors continue to hand their heroes and villains pieces of artillery that make even the amateur shooter laugh. And what the actors do with these guns escapes the understanding of a man with even a basic knowledge of firearms and how they work.

In a recent 1870-style Jimmy Stewart Western, one of the villains sat atop a rocky outcropping and took aim at a distant man careening across Warner Brothers' back lot on a buckboard pulled by two lathering horses.

The crook propped a Winchester saddle gun on his levi-clad knee, and bang: one empty buggy and one perforated rancher. The effect was very dramatic, especially since the rifle was an 1894 model, a little out of place for 1870. The range was a good 500 yards, and considering that a brand-new 1894 Winchester is doing well if it can keep its shots inside a four-inch circle at 100 yards, this was remarkable shooting, particularly when the assassin had to pot at a wagon going along (and up and down) at 20 mph.

The veteran Western watcher knows what would have happened if the villain had missed, as he would have done had the buckboard rider been the hero and not a bit player: the bullet would have ricocheted into space with a lusty sharp whine no matter what.

But as any shooter is well aware, not one bullet in a hundred ricochets to the accompaniment of



a soul-stirring whang, even when shooting is going on around granite boulders and ironware. In filmland, however, the damn slugs carom noisily off (a) water, (b) sand, (c) wood, and will even oblige with a melodramatic buwaaaaaaaaaar when fired into the air.

And what would have happened had the hero been in the buckboard and had the villain on the half-mile-away rock misread the script and popped lead into him? The bullet would have gone into either his non-gun-hand shoulder or his leg, for the superaccurate bullet which whines at the drop of a trigger also refuses to penetrate the torso of a Good Guy, except perhaps in a foreign film.

Our hero-missing slug has another useful attribute — it doesn't kill a villain who has something to say before he dies. Extras and assorted gunhands drop like the lead in them when hit, but the star rascal usually ends up with blood oozing out of his mouth, along with broken phrases that either quote philosophy in third-grade English or more or less tell the hero, bent carefully over the

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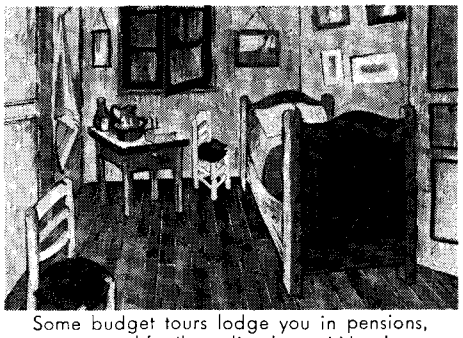
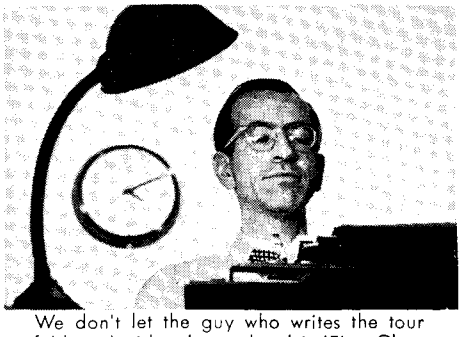


Some budget tours lodge you in pensions, a nice word for 'boarding house.' Not these.



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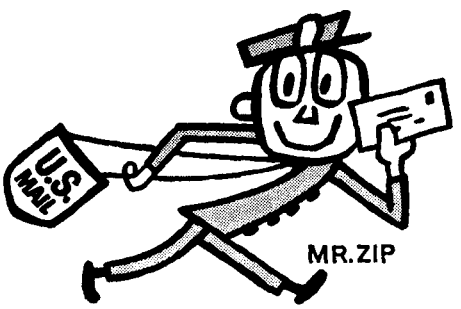

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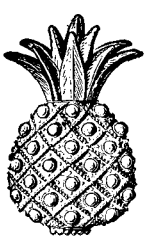

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gut-shot dying man, where the loot, girl, mine, map, or evidence is.

Possibly the most remarkable feature of the hero bullet is that it does a fantastic job on Indians; not only does it send the redskin flying dying into the dust, but his horse too, suggesting that the hero bullet can kill at least two objects while hitting only one. If so, it would seem more sensible to aim for the horse; it's a bigger target, and if it is hit, the rider will get killed too. This is real economy.

We can't help adding that the hero bullet contains some form of anesthetic, because heroes and villains alike grab their newly acquired bullet wounds, either to stop the flow of blood or to locate the hole for viewers whose eyesight isn't too good. Anyone who's ever been shot, however, knows that clutching at one's gunshot wound is likely to be unpleasant, if not extremely painful.

Shooting back at someone chasing him as he rips across the prairie on his slavering nag is a reflex deeply ingrained in both hero and villain, even if a few minutes' shooting would bankrupt the average thirty-dollar-a-month cowboy who is obligated to pay five cents for each bang he wastes in this exciting but useless fashion.

And the cowboy, trapped in the bunkhouse or behind the old corral, will rap off 642 shots at anything, anywhere, but when the director signals "Now!", his cartridge belt, which didn't hold more than 25 rounds to begin with, suddenly runs dry, and our hero has to fight it out hand to hand with a villain who usually is smart enough to keep a few bullets in his gun at the very end.

Worst of all, considering how important the six-gun and thirty-thirty rifle are to the lives of the characters and the plots of the stories, we cringe when we see both Good and Bad Guys shoot their weapons and then not clean them, even after dropping them in the dust, down wells, in mud puddles, and, presumably, on stable floors. Since black powder was the usual propellant before the early 1900s, and it rusts things if not washed out immediately, we suspect our film gunmen know as little about firearms as their writers, directors, and producers.

INCANTATION

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

In those days Evil, insolent in its powers,
Wore monocles, spit curls, spats, and blatant frippery —
No gauze of ambiguities, as in ours,
And hence no grappling with the morally slippery.

In those days Goodness, bleached to the roots and quivering,
Batted its lashes, pleaded, poignantly shrank,
Smiled through a leak of tears, and started shivering
In utter funk before the vamp who slank.

Virgins were sure to spot their male equivalent:
Cleft at the chin, clean-cut, and capped with curls,
Sweetly asexual, briskly unambivalent,
He poleaxed cads and rescued hamstrung girls.

Babies from floods or fires were snatched by balloons.
Mothers were saints who beamed in the blackest emergency.
Brothers were claimed from fleshpots, dads from saloons,
And the Lord Himself stepped in when asked with urgency.

We need you, Doug, and come to the rescue, Wally.
Simper again and save us, Bessie, Lil.
Disarm us with a pratfall, Harold and Charlie.
Or smite us, God of our fathers and Cecil de Mille.

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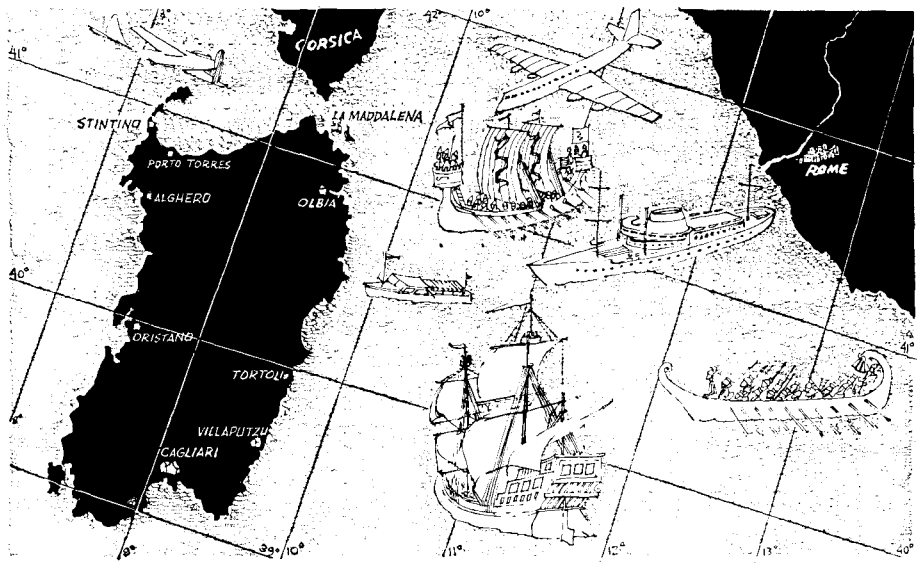
pleasures *and* places



SARDINIA

BY PHILIP DALLAS

In February, 1922, D. H. Lawrence spent five days in Sardinia: he landed at Cagliari from Palermo and left from Olbia for Civitavecchia.

He then wrote a book, *Sea and Sardinia*, which put the island on the literary map, if rather sketchily. He traveled third-class in unheated trains and decrepit buses and stayed in village inns of medieval rusticity. He saw so little of Sardinia that he had to pad his book writing about the rest of his little sally from Taormina, where he was living at the time.

He saw the sea and the coast only from the deck of a ferryboat on a raw winter's day, and except for the fierce masculine bearing of the mountain shepherds, he disapproved of almost everything he did see. His book was a potboiler in the true literary sense of that word. In fact, he actually reports his German wife (whom he refers to as the Queen Bee) ever boiling a pot of hot water on a spirit stove (referred to, equally archly, as the kitchenino) to make tea — on station platforms, in bedrooms, in the street, and finally on the deck of the ferryboat as they leave for the mainland.

There is, however, one passage (it is about the city of Cagliari) which stands out as acute observation rather than the condescending reportage of a member of a higher civilization paying a visit to a lower one — and it might be recalled, if only fleetingly, that Lawrence was the son of a coal miner. It runs: "The more well-to-do children are so fine and so elegantly dressed that for the first time in my life I recognised the true cold superbness of the old noblesse."

His intuition was right, because the children he describes going to a carnival party were, in fact, the sons and daughters of the Spanish aristocracy which for centuries ruled the land. The ethereal beauty of these children is still a fascination. I recall going to lunch at Villa Orri, some eight miles out of Cagliari. It belongs to the Villahermosa family, but once Prince Carlo Felice, who was the Piedmontese viceroy, lived there. It appeared to belong to him still because his furniture had not been moved in a hundred and fifty years except in one room, where the antiques, which included some fine military cutlery and allied hardware, had been pushed back a little and some contemporary armchairs and a TV set, it seemed, smuggled in. We lunched off plates of old silver and drank champagne from tall glasses, and talked of America and Africa while the two very young sons elegantly and courteously entered into and exited from the conversation with the aplomb of diplomats. Young Sardinians all have an extraordinary vivacity, but with the years they become pensive — though not sadly so.

Sardinia is either an island heavily bound by tradition and with a history longer even than Italy's or it is a bouncing one just reaching its twenty-first birthday. However, I do not wish to give the impression that it is a pastoral society breaking its feudal bonds. It has two universities, which produce a remarkably large number of doctors, engineers, architects, lawyers, and academics who in the past have often had to look to the mainland for recognition and utilization of their talents.

In the Etruscan Museum of Rome, there are three tiny Sardinian bronzes of the eighth century B.C., which were found in a pre-Etruscan tomb north of Rome. These statuettes demonstrate a greater skill and beauty than anything the Etruscans ever achieved. The museums of Cagliari and Sassari between them have some five hundred of these, excavated in the last two decades, and they are still little known to the world. There are also about three thousand little fortresses standing, some of which are in course of excavation, which date from prehistory to about the third century B.C. This ancient nuraghic civilization (as it is called) has only really been revealed since the last war, at the same time that the Rockefeller Foundation was setting about the task of destroying the island's endemic malaria.

There are still the fierce shepherds that Lawrence saw living in that ancient world, and it is curious to note how their dialect resembles Latin. Their wives live independently of the contemporary world, weaving their own clothes and coverlets, making their own baskets and other household needs. Cattle rustling is a sport with long traditions; and I am assured by the carabinieri that there is nobody else like a Sardinian for making a flock of sheep disappear without a trace. All this, while over a billion dollars is being invested in the island in dams, public works, communications, subsidies to agriculture and industry, and a huge amount in hotels and other tourist facilities.

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This modernization has meant yet another invasion of the island by foreigners. First it was the Phoeni-

cians, followed by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Arabs, the Pisans, and the Genoese, and then, for a long time, the Spaniards. By the Treaty of London, in 1720, the house of Savoy was forced to swap Sicily for Sardinia, which Austria had picked up after the War of the Spanish Succession. However, so little did the Savoyards value it that they tried to give it to Napoleon in exchange for Milan and Parma; but they were grateful in the end to own Sardinia when Napoleon rejected the offer and went on to capture the whole of Italy, totally ignoring the island, where the Savoyards took refuge.

By a trick of history, the Risorgimento also passed Sardinia by because it was already on the winning side (the king of Sardinia became the king of Italy), but the mainland Italians scarcely were aware of Sardinia's existence till World War I, when the "fiercely masculine" shepherds sooted their faces and their rifles, and using their old cattle-rustling techniques, crawled over no-man's-land time and time again taking Austrian trenches before the Austrians even suspected that anything was afoot.

The foreigners who are now moving into Sardinia are Milanese, Parisians, Swiss, Germans, English, and Romans. They are setting up highly automated factories and luxurious hotels; but they are moving in by proxy and behind a smoke screen of lawyers, engineers, and architects, who fly in and out continually on brief visits, meeting their Sardinian opposite numbers who are overseeing the practicalities of the various enterprises. Simultaneously, hundreds of Sardinians are moving out, bringing their already small number to less than a million and a half on an island the size of West Virginia.

Sardinia is undergoing the inevitable throes of industrialization, but it is also having another fundamental change in its outlook. For centuries it has looked inward to the mountains, leaving the coasts uninhabited. Now it is looking out to sea, no longer fearing the Moorish pirates who as late as the nineteenth century marauded the coast.

Today there are many fine hotels: El Faro and Capo Caccia at Porto Conte; La Pitrizza, Piazza Cerbiato, Cala di Volpe, Romazzino, Abi D'Oru, Motel Touf-Touf on the Emerald Coast; Il Gallo and Il Moresco at Santa Teresa di Gallura; Rocca Ruja at Stintino; Is Morus at Santa Margherita di Pula; Capo Boi at Cape Boi; and the Timi-Ama at Capo Carbonara — prices run from about $20 to $30 a day including meals and service.

But these are not old-style hotels close to "civilization," five minutes from the railroad station and fifteen from the airport. Rather they are in isolated spots of great beauty because the whole concept of vacationing in Sardinia is to get away from the urban proximity of other human beings.

Visitors usually base themselves at one of these first-class hotels and make expeditions out. But increasingly people are yacht-borne, especially in July and August when the sea is at its calmest and perfect for skin diving and underwater photography, which is a current fashion. Should you need a yacht broker, Prince Pepito Moncada, who can be found in the Rome telephone directory or through any Alitalia office, is probably the best-informed person on what is both available and reliable in the charter field.

Most of the pleasure craft upanchor for the Aga Khan's Porto Cervo lagoon from Porto Santo Stefano, just north of Rome — it is the shortest crossing. At Porto Santo Stefano there is a small American-owned shipyard, Cantiere dell'Argentario, where provisioning can be done in the English language and British skippers who know the Mediterranean and its caprices can even be taken on contract. The Emerald Coast is a desirable port of call if only to see the remarkable originality of the buildings and the interior decoration — done by some of France's and Italy's finest architects and interior designers. Rome's distinguished architect Michele Busiri-Vici has just finished a magnificent new hotel, the Romazzino, in his now well known "Sardinian style." He is currently building a homespun luxury village from scratch, with its own little church, its piazzas and shopping streets, above Porto Cervo. Since the technical bugs of building in Sardinia have at last been solved, this will not take long to complete. However, the Romazzino is perhaps of more immediate interest as it is an English-speaking and English-owned hotel and is about a mile from Porto Cervo, which is nowadays an international merry-go-round, chosen by mariners and millionaires because, unlike most Sardinian anchorages, there is electric current and power in all forms, food and water, and excellent communication with the outside world.

Some of the fast new boats make the 114 international nautical miles there from Porto Santo Stefano, crashing through the waves, in less than six hours. The Emerald Coast can comfortably be reached from Nice, with a stopover at Ajaccio in Corsica, in two hops of 135 and 74 miles respectively; and Sardinia is also fairly convenient for sailing to from Majorca, only 345 miles from Cagliari, as the Phoenicians happily discovered over 2000 years ago, and the Proto-Sards much earlier if we are to believe the archaeologists who assure us that they had a cultural-exchange program with the Majorcans.

Cagliari is the only first-class port in Sardinia, with all the conveniences of a big city, but Alghero, Porto Torres, La Maddalena, and Olbia can serve most necessary nautical functions. The Sardinian coastline is so indented with inlets, natural harbors, and tiny fishing ports that if a storm blows up, it rarely means one has far to run for shelter. There is still an abundance of fish in the sea, from tuna for line fishing to big dentex and a wide variety of bream and bass for the skin divers; lobsters are plentiful, too. The east coast is best for tuna, while the Emerald Coast, Tavolara Isle, Caprera Isle, and Capo Carbonara are widely fished by skin divers. But the experts prefer to search out small offshore islands and lonely inlets where the fish are still innocent, because elderly and experienced dentexes and bass manage to keep well out of harpoon range. The professional divers long ago gave up fishing as being insuffi-

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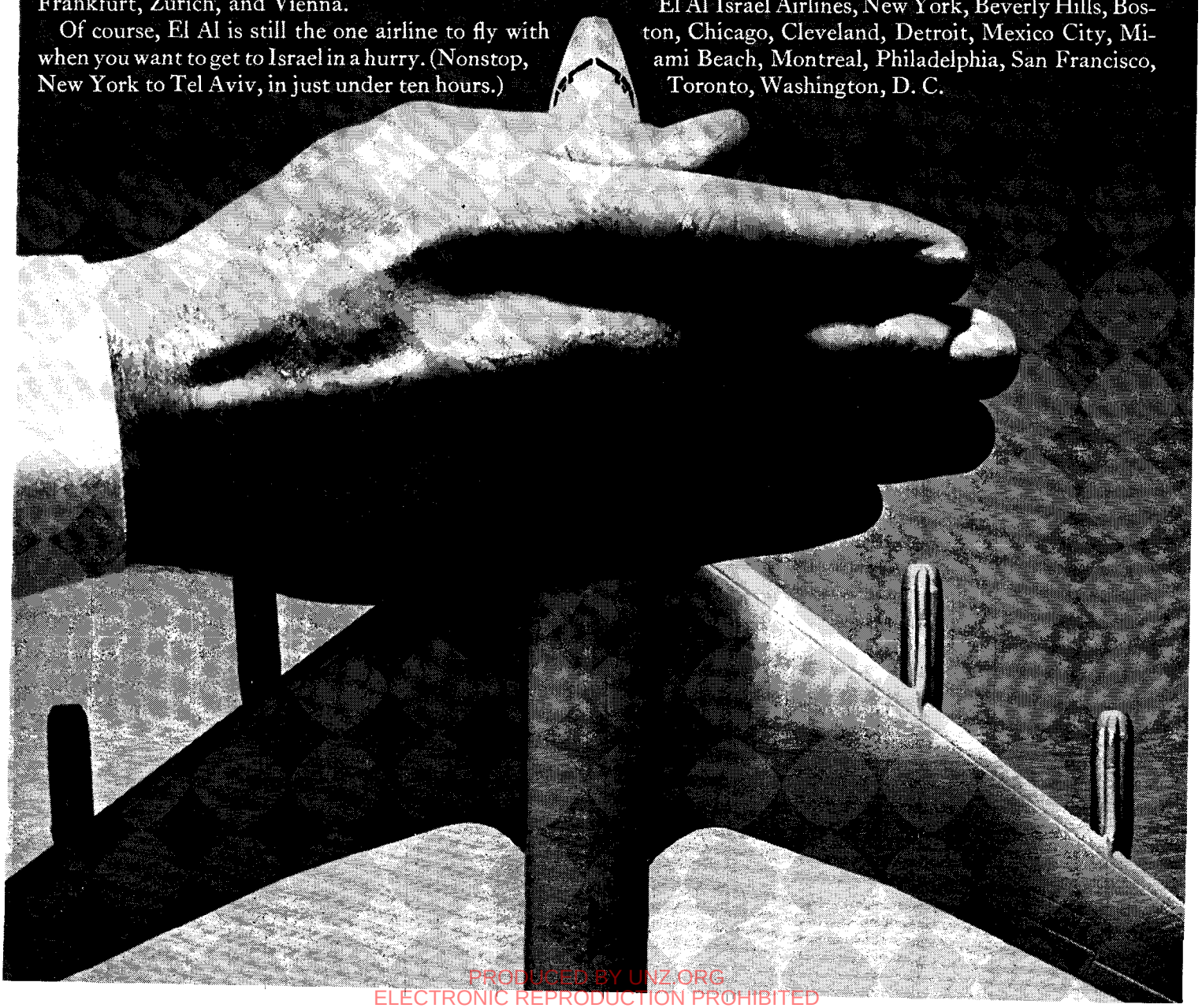

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ciently rewarding, and nowadays they put to sea with an echo sounder looking for "hills" on the sea floor. They then go down well below the safety levels of their equipment and bring up coral which they can sell for $100 a pound back on the beach.

Unless you are booked into one of the best hotels with your travel reservations well organized or will be staying aboard ship, July and August are not the best months for visiting Sardinia. The car ferries to the mainland, and the air services and hotels, are booked heavily, and it is probably easier to get to Sardinia or off it on the London-Alghero B.E.A. flight than via Rome, though a "kangaroo" line car ferry from Genoa and one from Civitavecchia which have recently gone into service will certainly ease the pressure. Also a new airline, Alisarda, has a four-times-a-week linkup of Rome, Genoa, and Corsica with Sardinia, using nine-seater planes. But good weather lasts from May to October, and for winter hunters and car tourists, January is almost always sunny and dry, though by no means beach weather.

An off-season visit not only makes driving less wearisome but brings many added gastronomic pleasures, such as all sorts of game, including wild boar, unusual local cheeses, roast suckling pig, roast lamb on the spit, certain species of fish and seafood not available in high summer; and most important is the pleasure of drinking the fine Sardinian wines, many of which are almost too strong to drink in the heat of a summer's day.

Sardinia has a handicraft tradition which is very much alive. Handwoven carpets, tapestries, coverlets, unusual baskets, and carved wood chests are among the most practical buys, and as informal furnishing they are in admirable good taste. Perhaps the most interesting place to visit on this score is the ISOLA (Government Handcraft Organization) shop and warehouse at Sassari. (They have a store in Rome too.)

Each of Sardinia's two principal cities — Cagliari in the south and Sassari in the north — has its sphere of influence and a youthful sense of rivalry. If Cagliari puts up a high-rise building, Sassari must have one too, no matter how little it needs one. However, Cagliari is a historic, if not a prehistoric city, while Sassari is only eighteenth century, though not without a considerable provincial charm. At Cagliari there is an early Christian church, San Saturnino, which is redolent of the age of the desert hermits, and there is also an enormous Roman amphitheater to visit, which is sliced out of the hillside and which often holds crowds today of up to twelve thousand. Just out of town is the large Nora excavation of Phoenician and Roman buildings which twelve years ago was but a cornfield jutting out to sea, with a romantic Spanish watchtower on its headland.

Directly north of Cagliari is Barumini, Sardinia's largest prehistoric fortress, excavated right after the war. Around the castle is a village, and inside it there is room for some two hundred warriors — in all, a remarkably well thought out defensive system and one which the human mind did not reach again until the towered castles of the Renaissance. Proceeding into the uplands, called the Barbagia (the wild lands), one reaches a little plateau, Giari di Gesturi, where wild horses roam; to the east is Italy's missile-testing range at Perdasdefogu. The juxtaposition of the old and the new is as ever present as the difference between the Sardinians and the mainland Italians. The former consider the Italians to be altogether too frivolous and to be wearing their hearts on their sleeves; the Italians, for their part, hold a high opinion of the Sardinians, but chuckle a little at their seriousness, which often adds up only to shyness. However, one of the most notable differences between them is that Sardinians love horses, and every *festa* becomes a cavalcade, whereas horses are quite a rarity on the mainland. In Rome, when a cavalry squadron passes, I check the troopers over one by one as they ride past, slouched in their saddles in the continental style, and count the Sardinians with their small features, dark skin, and piercing eyes — they usually are well in the majority.

Farther into the uplands there are now two hotels that are more than adequate — the Villa Fiorita at Sorgono and the Esit at Ortobene. The latter has a magnificent view over the wild lands that the completely forgotten Nobel Prize winner for literature in 1926 wrote about. Her name was Grazia Deledda, and she lived at Nuoro, the provincial capital nearby. This is the land of blood feuds, of outlaws, of cattle rustling, but also of great friendliness. Here it is worth remembering that if one meets an outlaw on a lonely country road, he will not appreciate having his portrait taken, not even with the latest cinecamera and in color. There have been a few cases of highwaymanship recently, and the government is very embarrassed about it — so much so that when a nightclub was raided and everybody looted (but with utmost courtesy: the bandits ordered drinks

on the house for everyone during the raid and tipped the waiters handsomely), the foreigners, at least, were reimbursed by the government for the value of what they reported to the police as having been taken.

Lonely Orgosolo is a village with a bad reputation, though perhaps this has been exaggerated because of a movie that was made about it a few years back. However, there is a vigilante organization, called the Barracelli, which aims to resolve those matters which are beyond the competence of the carabinieri. The villages nearby, such as Sarule and Ollolai, are peaceful and are noted for their fine carpet-making; Oliena is known for its fine wine.

In the north in Sassari Province, there is a fine nuraghic fortress at Toralba and a thirteenth-century abbey at Saccargia which was built by the Pisans in their customary style of black and white horizontal stone stripes. I particularly remember another Romanesque church about two miles from Borutta which stands alone in the countryside and which symbolized so much of the austere beauty I had seen in this unusual land. I remember also going shooting one chill winter's morning there, and when each gun brought down only sixty birds, my Sardinian companions were a trifle disappointed. Romans, however, are more than satisfied with such largess from nature, as there is too much competition for the few birds left

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near Rome, and they fly over in large numbers in the open season every weekend.

Alghero, in the northwest of the island, is the only town organized to receive holidaymakers on a fairly large scale and at group prices. It is an old Spanish port, and the dialect spoken there is an antiquated Catalan. It has considerable charm, but it does not rival the elegance of the resorts I have mentioned earlier. However, the IRI, Italy's biggest, and government-backed, holding company, has set up the Golden Parabola Company, which is building on this solid Alghero infrastructure of travel agents and transportation (it also includes the airport that serves all north Sardinia) a big development at Porto Conte, twenty miles to the north. This is a large bay where they have put up two fine hotels already (El Faro and Capo Caccia), and secondary roads are now under construction; the land will eventually be sold in lots for villas and also will be offered, with all services functioning, to universities and wealthy foundations. Stintino, farther north still, has had a natural growth, encouraged by the younger generation which found it and which has been roughing it there on its long sandy beaches for years very happily. Now it, too, has its first luxury hotel, the Rocca Ruja, which specializes in yachting and other aquatic sports.

Development on a luxury level is still in progress on the northeast corner of the island and even on Maddalena Isle, once a lonely naval base. This island is linked by a causeway to Caprera Isle, which had the reputation of being even more lonely.

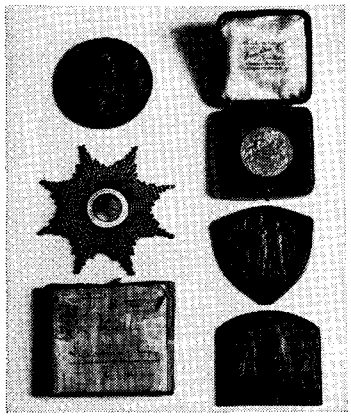
When Garibaldi retired from the world, disillusioned by the ingratitude of man, in order to express his feelings categorically he settled on Caprera Isle. Today it is surrounded by luxury, by yachts, by skin divers, and by the cheerful members of the Club Méditerranée, who live in a Hawaiian-style village nearby.

So it is that Sardinia offers to the intelligent traveler a swath of interest stretching from prehistory to rocketry, and a variety of strata of civilization which are little known even to the most learned of Italophiles. The Italians still consider a visit to Sardinia something of an adventure — and I think they are right.

GETTING OUT THE MEDALS

Jack Daniel's whiskey won generally starts a round of stories Mr. Jack used to tell.

Jack Daniel liked to tell about going to the



St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, hardly knowing anybody, and leaving it the best-known man in whiskey-making. And folks around here say that when the King of England ordered a case after the Liege, Belgium Fair, Mr. Jack was the proudest man around. They don't taste whiskey at Fairs anymore. But we're just as proud of all the folks who favor Jack Daniel's now.

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ORIGINALITY AND SUCCESS

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Two years ago a new label called Nonesuch, priced at $2.50 and specializing in baroque music, appeared on the racks in record shops. Such appearances are by no means rare; there are approximately five hundred labels listed in the Schwann catalogue, of which perhaps a twentieth manage to lead a durable, not to say thriving, existence.

But in its two years, Nonesuch has not only managed to establish itself securely; it has begun to cause a re-evaluation, at least in a portion of the industry, of long-established pricing and repertory practices. At the same time, it has re-created to a degree some of the excitement and adventure that characterized the early days of the LP era, and that have diminished so drastically in recent years.

Nonesuch is the brainchild of a thirty-four-year-old record executive named Jac Holzman, who founded (and still runs) Elektra Records, a firm specializing in folk song releases, which are particularly prized by college audiences. Elektra, which began operating fifteen years ago in the back room of a cigar store in Annapolis, Maryland, where Holzman was enrolled at St. John's College, today occupies a modernistic suite of offices and sound labs in a midtown New York skyscraper. It was there that Holzman, self-assured, businesslike, and loquacious, developed his concept of a purely classical line to be called Nonesuch.

"Originally, it was a merchandising concept," he says. "Elektra had been successful, and we wanted to diversify. I like baroque music, and I knew the difficulty of buying such records at $5.95. It's a tough choice at that price. So the idea came to me of creating a low-price record line that would not be a cheap record line. I didn't want a $1.98 line; $1.98 *sounds* like a cheap record, no matter how good it may be. The $2.50 price — the same both for monaural and stereo — was the basic idea of the series. I filled in the details later — about ten minutes later."

To get his recordings, Holzman went to Europe and began licensing tapes from companies in England and on the Continent. "I had been collecting European catalogues for years and knew what to go after," he says. "I didn't want Beethoven symphonies; I knew I couldn't compete with the other labels on warhorses. What I was after was unusual repertory or possibly unusual performances. And I found there was plenty. In fact, some had been available to established companies here, but they weren't interested."

Pye in London and Club Français du Disque in Paris were the producers Holzman wanted most to affiliate with; he also wound up with Critère and Cycnus in Paris, Camerata in West Germany, Tono in Zurich, and several others. Whereas he originally had to seek out the Europeans, now they are coming to him with recording projects. Nonesuch has also issued a few American products, and has plans for further recording here.

The first release of the new label, early in 1964, gave a fair cross section of its wares. Included were such items as a set of Renaissance songs by Claude le Jeune, a French sixteenth-century master hitherto unknown to the record catalogue; two cantatas by Bach; an all-Albinoni record; an anthology of works by various composers entitled *The Baroque Trumpet;* and a collection called *Symphonies and Fanfares for the King's Supper*, consisting of music by obscure French composers originally written for the delectation of the court of Louis XIV.

Having decided to concentrate on specialized and even scholarly recordings, Holzman then took the seemingly contradictory step of dressing them up in glossy and festive garb. All jackets were laminated, a procedure previously unheard of in a low-priced line. The jacket designs were bright, colorful, and touched with humor. Liner notes were authentic and ample. And a catalogue of the entire series was thoughtfully included with each disc. "We wanted to make it fashionable for people to buy a low-priced record," explains Holzman.

To longtime collectors, the Nonesuch releases, which already total more than 100, have reintroduced a welcoming freshening of repertory into the catalogue. But their appeal apparently is particularly strong among collegians and other young customers, who are attracted by both the low cost and the novelty of the repertory. A new generation has come into the market since the original Age of Discovery which followed the triumph of the long-playing record around 1950. In recent years there has been a shift away from unexplored repertory performed by unknown musicians toward established works done by celebrated performers. In this sense,

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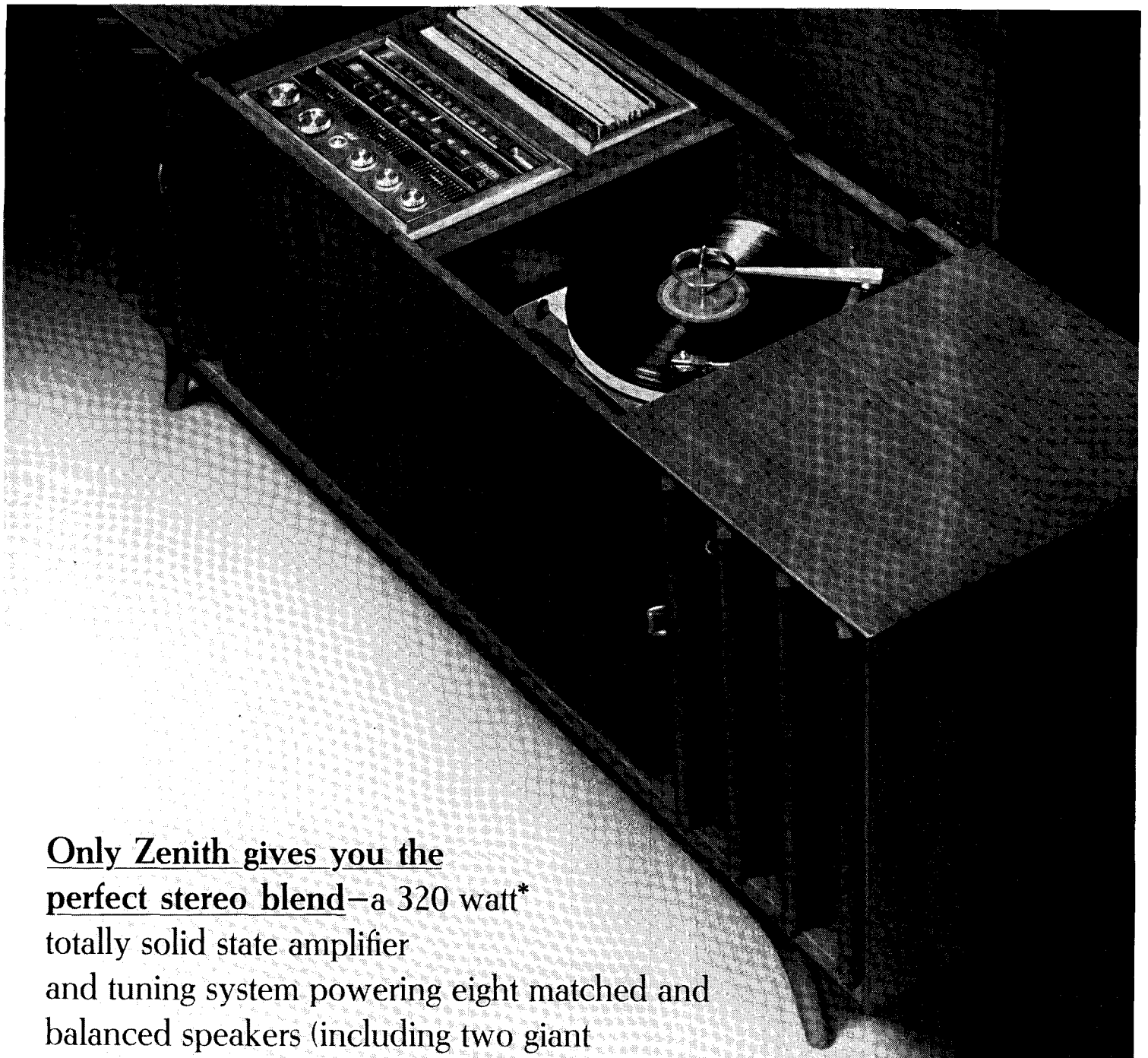

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the activities of Nonesuch are a throwback to the pioneering and exploration of the dawn of LP.

Curiously, the process has turned up not only some fascinating music but some admirable performers as well. The city of Saarbrücken, for example, boasts an expert ensemble known as the Chamber Orchestra of the Saar, conducted by a highly capable musician named Karl Ristenpart. He has made a dozen recordings released by Nonesuch, including Bach's *Magnificat in D* and Mozart's *Vesperae Solonnes de Confessore*, K. 339, both with breathtakingly beautiful singing by the American soprano Teresa Stich-Randall. Similarly adept are the Little Orchestra of London, conducted by Leslie Jones, which specializes in early Haydn symphonies, and the Gürzenich Symphony Orchestra and Chorus of Cologne, which participated in one of the most ambitious Nonesuch projects to date, a two-record album of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.

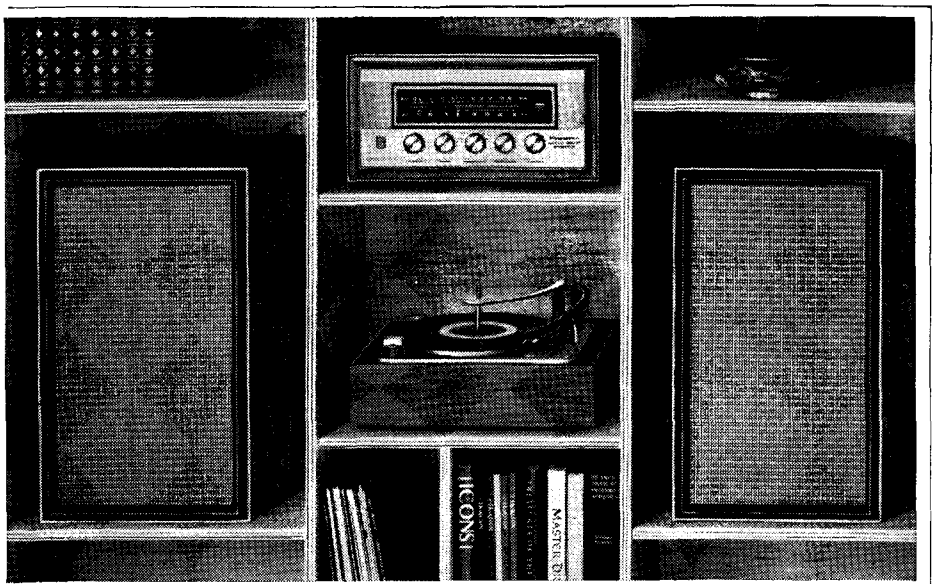
Actually, in choice of repertory Nonesuch has expanded far beyond its original concept of specializing in the baroque. Naturally, it is in the thick of the current revival of the works of Georg Philipp Telemann, with six records devoted to this contemporary of J. S. Bach. But it also is the only company in the catalogue with records of music by Johannes Tinctoris and Franz Berwald. Tinctoris was a Flemish theoretician and composer whose dates are 1436–1511. A recording of his *Missa Trium Vocum* (Mass for Three Voices) by a French instrumental and vocal ensemble under Roger Blanchard reveals him as a musician of bold originality, one who made especially striking use of the bass voices, much in the manner of Russian liturgical choirs today. Franz Berwald, by contrast, can be considered almost a modern; he lived from 1796 to 1868 and composed romantic symphonies that show the influences of Berlioz and Schumann and have a terse and brusque melodiousness of their own. A Nonesuch record of two Berwald symphonies (the *Sérieuse* in G minor and the *Singulière* in C major) played by the Stockholm Philharmonic under Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt promptly appeared on classical best-selling charts in trade publications. As a result, further Berwald releases are on the way.

Most recently Nonesuch has invaded twentieth-century repertory with a spectacular recording of Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring* by Pierre Boulez and the Orchestre National de la R.T.F. At this late date, recordings of Stravinsky's *Rite* are no novelty; in fact, this record comes as close as any other on the Nonesuch list to breaking Holzman's self-imposed ban against war-horses. What makes the recording so unusual is the freshness and excitement that has been imparted to the score by Boulez, who is one of France's most original and controversial young composers. In effect, Boulez has taken a fresh look at *Le Sacre*, scrubbed it clean of encrustations, and set it forth in something approaching its original newness and sharp-edged splendor.

Artistic considerations aside, what fascinates the rest of the record industry about Nonesuch is its indisputable commercial impact. Industry statistics are notoriously unreliable, but Holzman says he is selling a million records a year, and his competitors acknowledge that, whatever the precise total, he is selling a lot. In the record business, imitation is the promptest of compliments, and it took less than a year for copies of the Nonesuch line, complete even to jacket design, to appear.

But the effect has been even broader, for several larger companies are seriously considering bringing out a competitive $2.50 line. Of course, some of the established producers have long had budget lines, such as RCA Victor with its Victrola series, London with its Richmond label, and Vanguard with its Everyman line. All of these offer quality products, but almost invariably they are reissues of records that came out previously on the parent label. And they stick pretty thoroughly to standard symphonic and operatic repertory.

Holzman professes unconcern over a possible upsurge of competition. He feels that he has had a sufficient head start over any rivals, that his European affiliations are solid, and that his production and distribution system is firmly established. Holzman's Elektra folk song line runs to about twenty releases a year (one of them is the fastest seller in the company's history, the recent *Baroque Beatles Book*), but he hopes to con-



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"I think we've changed the concept of the classical price structure in the United States," he says. "And I also think we've forced the large companies that have been sitting on some fine material to open up the repertory. All of us here are enthusiasts; I guess this is a kind of personal record company. When it comes to deciding what to record, you can't feed the data to a computer and devise a formula. If we like it, or if it's fun, we'll do it."

Record Reviews

Alkan: Le Festin d'Ésope; Barcarolle; Quasi-Faust; Symphonie

Raymond Lewenthal, pianist; RCA Victor LSC-2815 (stereo) and LM-2815

Alkan was the name used by a nineteenth-century French pianist born Charles Henri Valentin Morhange. He was a contemporary of Chopin and Liszt and, like them, composed as well as performed. If his music is less appreciated today than theirs, it may be because it lacks the poetry of the one and the brilliance of the other. And yet it has qualities of its own, especially an inventiveness and bizarrerie that mark it as the work of an original and imaginative mind. It is music of inordinate difficulty, which also helps explain why most pianists have been content to let it lie. Raymond Lewenthal, however, regards Alkan as a challenge, and he lavishes his considerable technical prowess upon these demanding scores. Some of the eccentrically titled selections on this record represent only portions of complete works (*Quasi-Faust*, for example, is the second movement of a sonata). Among the intriguing pieces still left unrecorded is *Le Chemin de Fer*, Opus 27, believed to be the first composition descriptive of the railroad.

Bartók: Violin Concerto No. 2
Stravinsky: Violin Concerto

Joseph Silverstein, violinist, with Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf; RCA Victor LSC-2852 (stereo) and LM-2852

That the life of a concertmaster need not be limited to playing occasional wisps of solo passages during symphonic concerts is demonstrated by this record, in which Joseph Silverstein, the admired first violinist of the Boston Symphony, steps forward in two difficult modern works. The terse and witty Stravinsky concerto, which demands close collaboration of soloist and orchestra, comes off with particular élan. In the Bartók concerto, Silverstein has some formidable competition in the form of recordings by Stern, Oistrakh, and Menuhin, but he conveys much of the work's warmth and color.

Offenbach: The Tales of Hoffmann

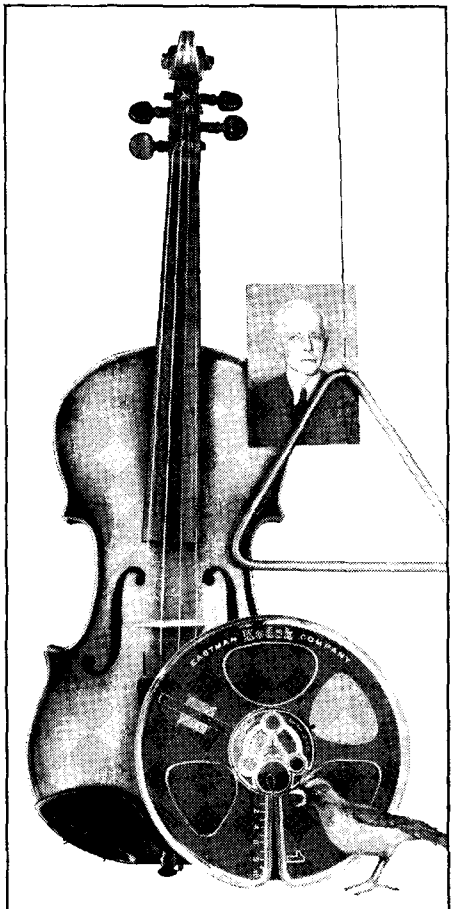
André Cluytens conducting Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and Choeurs René Duclos, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Gianna d'Angelo, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, and Victoria de los Angeles, sopranos; Jeannine Collard, mezzo-soprano; Ernest Blanc and Jean-Christophe Benoit, baritones; and George London and Nicolas Guiselev, basses; Angel SCL-3667 (stereo) and CL-3667: three records

A first-class recording of this marvelous opera has for so long been absent from the record catalogues that this release is almost too good to be true: a *Hoffmann* that captures most of the melodic splendor, dramatic thrust, and fevered imaginativeness that Offenbach poured into his one serious opera. Nicolai Gedda, as the tormented poet whose three ladyloves are really one (or is it the other way around?), has seldom sounded more eloquent or impassioned, and of the three sopranos he courts, two (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as the courtesan Giulietta, and Victoria de los Angeles as the young girl Antonia) are just about perfect, while the third (Gianna d'Angelo as Olympia, the mechanical doll) is only somewhat less so. Among the quartet of villains, George London makes for a black-voiced, menacing Coppelius and Dr. Miracle, while Nicolas Guiselev is equally malevolent as Councillor Lindorf, with only Ernest Blanc lacking the dark smoothness of an ideal Dappertutto. But *Tales of Hoffmann* really isn't a roster of names and roles; it is a masterpiece of musical sorcery.

Thomson: Four Saints in Three Acts

Beatrice Robinson-Wayne and Inez Matthews, sopranos; Ruby Greene, alto; Charles Holland, tenor; Edward Matthews, baritone; Abner Dorsey, bass; and others, with chorus and orchestra conducted by the composer; RCA Victor LM-2756 (monaural only)

Four Saints in Three Acts, with words by Gertrude Stein and music by



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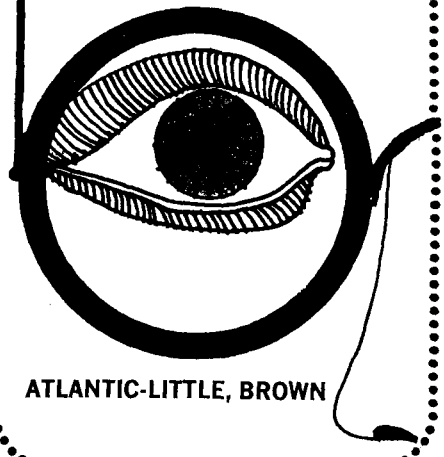

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

From suffragette to flapper, from thatched cottage to development housing, from patriotism to pacifism, from the horse to the automobile — British society in transition during the years of the first World War.

THE DELUGE

by ARTHUR MARWICK

$6.00 at all bookstores

ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Virgil Thomson, was completed in 1928, first produced in America in 1934, and recorded in an abridged version in 1947. This is that recording, in a triumphant reissue on LP. Even at this late date it would take a bold man to say what *Four Saints* is about; Mr. Thomson states that the objective was to evoke "something . . . of the childlike gaiety and mystical strength of lives devoted in common to a non-materialistic end." It might be noted, though, that after thirty-seven years, *Four Saints* contains some of the most direct, melodic, and singable music that any American composer has written in our time. It also contains two of Miss Stein's most famous utterances, "Pigeons on the grass alas" and "When this you see remember me," both of which find their perfect setting in Mr. Thomson's music. The sure vocalism and precise diction of the 1947 cast, all of whom are Negro, are as gratifying today as they were then, and a libretto is provided.

Bentley on Brecht

Songs and poems of Bertolt Brecht adapted and performed by Eric Bentley; Folkways FH-5434 (monaural)

Eric Bentley is a Columbia University professor and authority on the drama, who has a special predilection for the works of Bertolt Brecht, the German Marxist poet and playwright who died in 1956 after a number of not very happy years in America. Brecht's songs (many of them with music by Kurt Weill) have had countless interpreters through the years, but none more dedicated or determined than Mr. Bentley. On this record the Columbia professor not only is responsible for the selection and translations of the songs; he also does the singing and accompanies himself on the piano and harmonium. Among the typically Brechtian ballads are "The Hymn of the Great Baal," "A Man's a Man," and "Ballad of Sexual Submissiveness." College was never like this.

Jacques Brel

Jacques Brel, singer, with orchestra conducted by François Rauber; Reprise R-6187

Jacques Brel is a young Belgian popular singer who has so far made only one brief visit to America. On the strength of this recording, more would seem to be desirable. He is something of a male equivalent of the late Edith Piaf in his sense of drama and irony. His chief need would seem to be repertory. These songs are of his own composition, and there is a certain sameness in their symbolism, and heaviness in their effort to sound significant. However, the last two numbers, "Bruxelles" and "Madeleine," indicate that a more joyous and less complex Brel may be lurking behind an all too grim facade. "Bruxelles" is an enchanting tribute to a city that deserves more frequent celebration in song.

Bob Dylan: Highway 61 Revisited

Bob Dylan accompanied by guitar, harmonica, organ, piano, bass, and drums; Columbia CS-9189 (stereo) and CL-2389

Nobody blends folk rock and social fervor as expertly as Bob Dylan, and nobody adds such a sprinkling of literary and historical allusions. In this collection Dylan turns his driving beat on such numbers as "Like a Rolling Stone," "Desolation Row," and "Tombstone Blues," a sample stanza from the latter running:

> The geometry of innocent flesh
> on the bone
> Causes Galileo's math book to
> get thrown
> At Delilah who's sitting worth-
> lessly alone
> But the tears on her cheek are
> from laughter.

Dylan pours such conviction into his singing that his phantasmagoric world almost becomes real. And certainly his originality and inventiveness show no sign of flagging.

Edith Hamilton: Echoes of Greece

An address by Edith Hamilton on January 31, 1958, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, Washington, D.C.; Spoken Arts SA-928 (monaural only)

Edith Hamilton was ninety years old when she delivered this talk on education, but her voice was reasonably steady and her views unshakable. This is a civilized discourse by a woman who knew much about civilizations, our own and those earlier. She reminds her hearers delicately that the Greeks believed in individuals, not in committees or the mass. She also has some wry comments to offer on what she regards as the modern cult of unintelligibility in the arts. Listening to her quiet words, it is possible to regret, with her, the decline of classical studies today, and even more, the loss of so gentle a reproving voice.

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Man of La Mancha
Music by Mitch Leigh, lyrics by Jo Darion, with Richard Kiley, Irving Jacobson, Ray Middleton, Robert Rounseville, and Joan Diener; Kapp KRS-4505 (stereo) and KR-4505
This musical play about Don Quixote, one of the most imaginative of the current season's Broadway productions, makes for a fine and flavorsome original-cast album. Granted that the score is not of surpassing musical quality, it still abounds in ebullient and tuneful numbers, and its Spanish flavoring, however artificial, is not without tanginess. Moreover, the performers, headed by Richard Kiley as the Don, Irving Jacobson as Sancho Panza, and Joan Diener as Dulcinea, pour zest, wit, and eloquence into the songs. *Man of La Mancha* has the element most Broadway musicals lack — a character of its own — and it gives point and piquancy to this recording.

Robinson-Latouche: Ballad for Americans
Paul Robeson: Carnegie Hall Concert, Volume 2

Paul Robeson, bass, with American Peoples Chorus and Victor Symphony Orchestra conducted by Nathaniel Shilkret, and Alan Booth and Harriet Wingreen, pianists; Vanguard VSD-79193 (stereo) and VRS-9193
Few records capture a past era or a lost voice more eloquently than this one. Earl Robinson and John Latouche wrote their *Ballad for Americans* when they were working in the WPA Federal Theater Project; Paul Robeson first sang it on a CBS broadcast in November, 1939; RCA Victor recorded it in 1940. Its ten minutes of music seemed to be the kind of patriotic, socially conscious affirmation people in those days wished to hear. *Autres temps, autres chansons;* the *Ballad* vanished years ago. Perhaps its view of history was too simplistic, or its sentiment too obvious, or its music too banal. In any case, a new generation may discover on this Vanguard reissue of that old Victor recording that the *Ballad for Americans* still packs a surprising punch. At the very least, they will find a graphic musical expression of the emotions of a bygone era. And in addition, there is the Robeson voice in its magnificent prime in the *Ballad*, and in a collection of songs and spirituals sung on the stage of Carnegie Hall in 1958.

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Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

With several hundred thousand others I belong to a small club known affectionately as "We Happy Few in Gander." People began joining WHFIG early in World War II when the transatlantic seaplanes found it necessary to refuel in Newfoundland and lit on Gander as a haven of comfort and relief. Membership from the outset was signalized not by a striped tie but by a Short Snorter, a dollar of the old-fashioned size, on the blank surface of which other members inscribed their names. When one greenback was covered, you simply pasted another to it with Scotch tape and kept on collecting signatures. Much-traveled members like Edward R. Murrow or Air Marshal Peter Portal must have had Short Snorters of prodigious length. I wonder whatever became of them.

The club included the airport and the rambling hamlet of Gander, and there was nothing as imposing as the Century or the Pacific Union Club in either. The few dwellings wore a disconsolate air, and on one lawn, if such you could call the stubble, reposed a bathtub which I noticed on my first visit and again on my second and third. Could it be the same tub, planned for a spring planting of nasturtiums, or had the owner taken out a trial subscription to Crane Plumbing?

As a comfort station Gander was, let's face it, rudimentary: the toilet facilities were so primitive, if I remember rightly, that there were not even partitions between the single-seaters. Not until late in the war was there a hideaway providing comfort, steak, and liquor for the V.I.P.'s, appropriately referred to by the G.I.'s on the base as "Hotel De Gink."

But no other club in the world ever generated more relief than Gander. The flights originating in America usually took off at Baltimore, and those aboard who were making their first Atlantic crossing often began with a queasy fear of airsickness. But by the time we coasted into Gander they had gained confidence, and were in the act of gaining the goodwill of their British compatriots. At Baltimore the British entered the cabin of the plane with their prehistoric hauteur; they were loaded down with food parcels and bulkier objects wrapped in brown paper containing their gold-visored hats, their swords, and other accouterments of war which they could not wear as they passed through the neutrality of Eire. They made straight for the corner seats — in a corner you could ease your shoulders into a sleeping position; they appropriated just as much space as possible, and then slowly began to thaw. By Gander they were treating some of us with the civility one finds on St. James's Street, a softening up which was accelerated by the steak dinner served in the airport barracks.

However hot Gander might be in midday in July, when at dusk we were aloft on the long leg between Gander and the River Shannon, the unheated, nonpressurized cabin at 18,000 feet became zero-cold. One skimpy narrow blanket was allotted to each pair of passengers, and on my initial flight afforded precious little warmth for me and my immaculate English seatmate, the economist Henry Clay, as we sat bolt upright, shivering and snatching at the inadequate strip.

"Mr. Clay," I said finally, "have you ever heard of the American custom of bundling?"

"No," was his reply, "I can't say I have."

"Well," I said, "it's a method of heating once practiced in the Colonies, and the first step is to remove your shoes —"

We did so, then lay side by side in reverse positions, head to feet, pulled the cover on top of us, and in moments were asleep.

"Jolly fine that!" he said when we came to.

For all members of WHFIG who came down on the Shannon estuary there was a special dispensation in the form of Irish bacon and two or three fresh eggs, the last to be had in a long time. We were the first of seven seaplanes to land at Limerick on one unforgettable morning, the last three coming in from the British Eighth Army in Libya, and the dining room was full of masculine banter

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as the relays went to work on those eggs. Then the purple clouds which had been lowering at us like a Victorian painting opened, and before the marmalade was finished, the downpour drowned out any hope of reaching London that day. It was announced that we would be taken by bus to different hostelries in Limerick and Foynes, and as the allocations were made, Archibald MacLeish, who was one of our company, was badgered by his table: You're a poet, they cried, and now that you are going to spend the night in Limerick, you should give us a new one for the occasion. It was not long in coming:

> There was a young lady of Foynes,
> An ardent collector of coins,
> She took threepenny bits
> With the quick of her wits
> And pounds with the quick of her loins.

MacLeish was a proper member.

BLACK RULE GONE MAD

It is one of GRAHAM GREENE'S many gifts to make a story so plausible in its disreputable and dangerous setting that we follow every lead of his characters eagerly and with apprehension. He prefers the Latin countries of the South because of their corruption, naked power, and unlimited pretense. His new novel, THE COMEDIANS (Viking, $5.75), has been placed in Port-au-Prince at a moment when Haiti is in the hands of Papa Doc, a dictator who has frightened away the tourists, expelled the Western diplomats, and now intimidates his own people with the cruelty of his secret police. For style, irony, and invention few living writers can hold a candle to Mr. Greene when he is at his best, as he surely is in *The Comedians*.

Haiti under such a regime is black rule gone mad. Into this nightmare ventures a handful of passengers from a small freighter, some as innocent as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the American zealots, and at least one Mr. Brown, part Englishman, part gambler, who has no illusion about what he is stepping into. The Smiths are vegetarians — he stood as presidential candidate and polled ten thousand votes against Truman — and both are dedicated to the belief that what Haiti most needs at this moment is a vegetarian center, for which they have collected a meager fund. (Few English writers can portray Americans, but the Smiths are drawn to a T.) With their absurd food and their blind faith in the future they would be laughable were it not for their courage and their unconquerable loyalty to each other. To offset their innocence there is the self-styled "Major" Jones, who hints of his military exploits in an improbable way, and Mr. Brown, the narrator of the story and a charmer, who in his shrewd disenchantment gives color and credence to whatever happens. These are the comedians.

Brown, a man to remember, got his start in Monte Carlo, where his mother was a high-priced courtesan and his father reputedly English; with impeccable French and good luck he has lived on his wits until middle age in England, bluffing his way as a waiter into a soft berth in the Trocadero and later parlaying a tidy profit from the sale of phony drawings to suburbanites. Luck was still with him when a postcard from his mother in distress brought him to Port-au-Prince, where it seems she had been running a tourist trap known as the Trianon. When it became his, he set out to make it the best hotel on the island, and was well into the black when Papa Doc's tyranny rubbed out his fortune and his safety. Now he is returning, having failed to unload his hotel in New York and because of his love for his mistress, Martha. Brown is shrewd in his suspicion of human nature, obstinate in the tough questions he puts to the police, always deprecating his loyalty to Martha, and resourceful when desperate; a superbly drawn character.

ART OF RETELLING

The art of retelling the exploits of the great discoverers — and in ALAN MOOREHEAD'S hands it is an art — depends upon the faithful assimilation of the original chronicles, the selection of what is most revealing and dramatic, and finally, in striking a fair balance between our hindsight and the contemporary reaction. In THE FATAL IMPACT (Harper & Row, $5.95) Mr. Moorehead has highlighted the penetration of the Pacific over a period of eighty years, from the late 1760s to the 1840s, choosing in three areas — Tahiti, the temperate east coast of Australia, and the South Polar regions — "that fateful moment when a social capsule is broken open, when primitive creatures, beasts as well as men, are confronted for the first time with civilization."

When Captain James Cook sailed the *Endeavour* into Matavai Bay on April 13, 1769, the Tahitians were probably happier than they were ever to be again. It was not the first time they had encountered white men. Bougainville had touched there briefly only two years before, but Cook, his scientific companions, and his crew were to be there three months, living ashore and entering into a social compact which was to have profound effect. Cook, who began life as a farmer's boy and grocer's assistant, was twenty-seven when he joined the Royal Navy, and a well-ripened forty when he commanded this, the first of his three uncharted voyages. He was a masterly navigator, a man of great common sense, trusted and followed by his crew. "He was a big man," says Moorehead,

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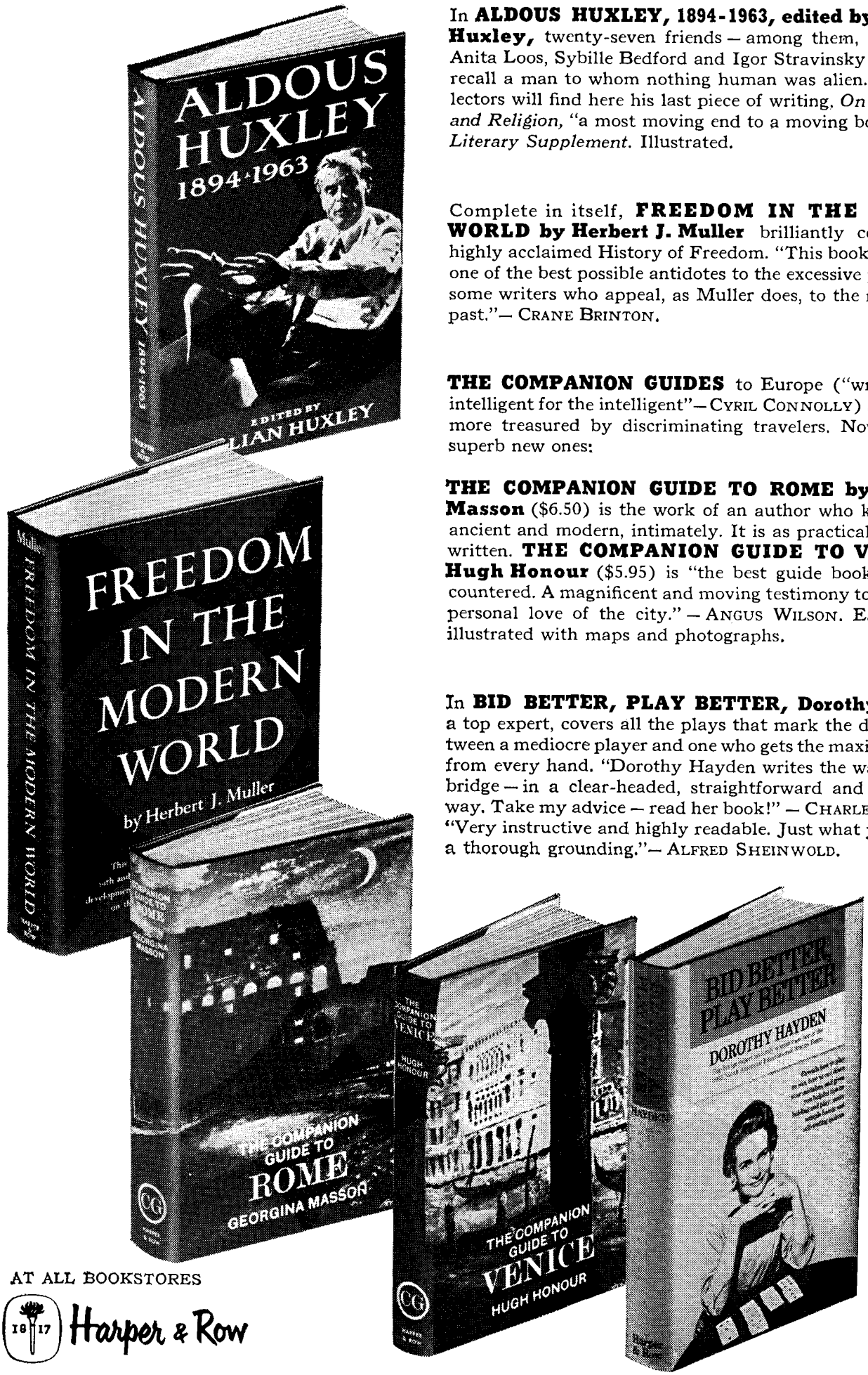

In **ALDOUS HUXLEY, 1894-1963, edited by Sir Julian Huxley,** twenty-seven friends — among them, David Cecil, Anita Loos, Sybille Bedford and Igor Stravinsky — intimately recall a man to whom nothing human was alien. Huxley collectors will find here his last piece of writing, *On Shakespeare and Religion,* "a most moving end to a moving book."—*Times Literary Supplement.* Illustrated. $4.00

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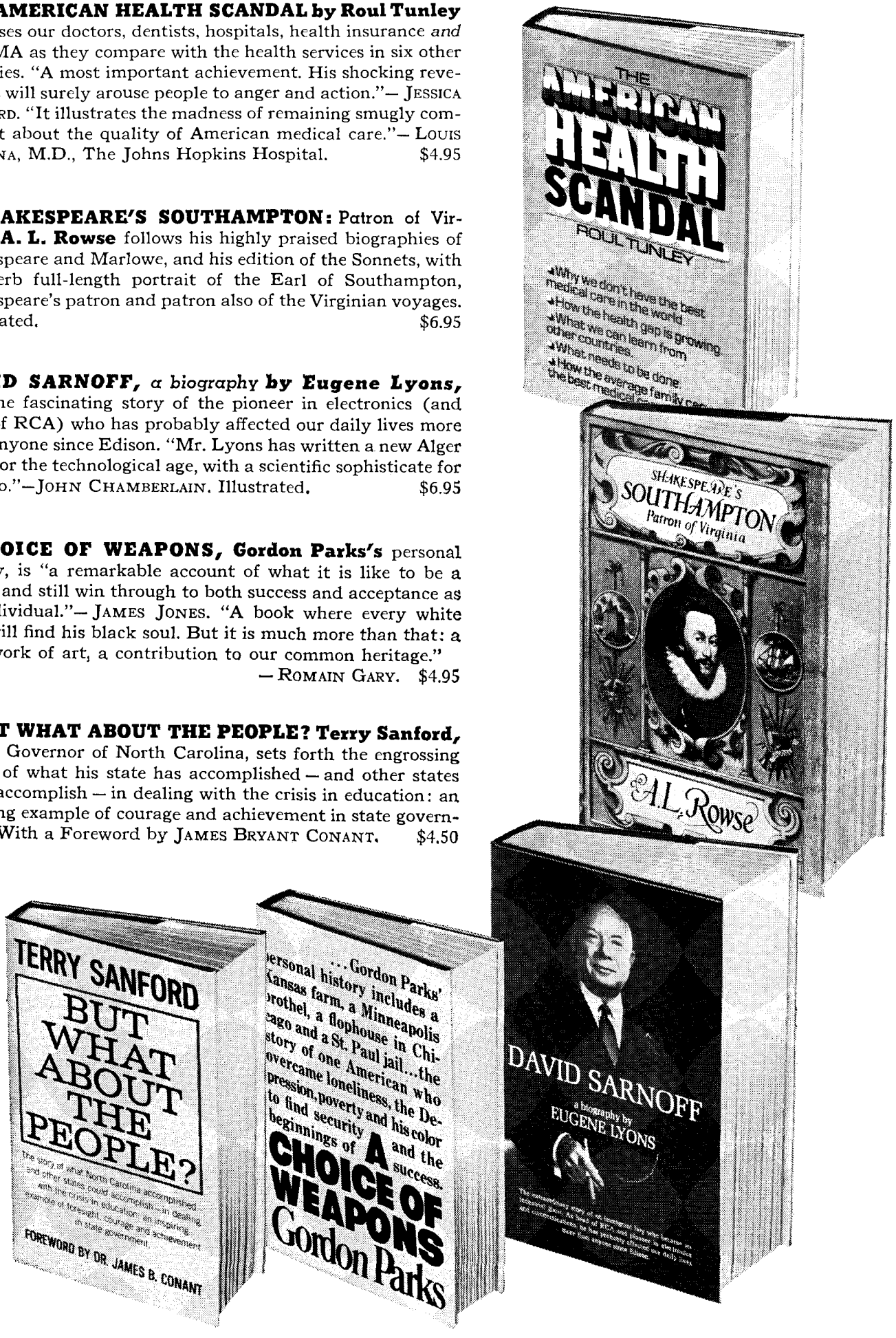
In **BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE? Terry Sanford,** former Governor of North Carolina, sets forth the engrossing record of what his state has accomplished — and other states *could* accomplish — in dealing with the crisis in education: an inspiring example of courage and achievement in state government. With a Foreword by JAMES BRYANT CONANT. $4.50



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"with a tight and determined mouth . . . but the eyes are patient and understanding . . . and always when he is dealing with coloured people he is without prejudice." With him on the first voyage went a wealthy young botanist, Joseph Banks, with the likable manners of Eton and Oxford, and money to pay for part of the expedition; and among his retinue were a Swedish doctor, a pupil of Linnaeus, two artists, two Negroes, and two greyhounds.

They found the Tahitians people of uncommon beauty, the women generous, and the days idyllic. True, the Polynesians were light-fingered and could and did steal almost everything — watches, compasses, firearms — but Cook was severe about this, and the missing objects were eventually retrieved. Banks and company were busy collecting scientific specimens; the crew lent themselves to the tattooing; and those who watched the amorous dances were never to forget.

Cook was to make three voyages in all, and they are lustrous and poignant reading. Those who came after, the French who claimed the islands for their own and the missionaries, so intent on wiping out the ancient culture, depleted the *joie de vivre*. Disease reduced the population from forty thousand to eight, and when Gauguin portrayed the women more than a century later, they were never smiling. As the book moves into the second and third zones the narration becomes more brutal and more hazardous; not less readable but an anticlimax.

When the publisher proclaims that IN COLD BLOOD by TRUMAN CAPOTE (Random House, $5.95) is "a serious new literary form" and a "masterpiece," he is providing readers with a high-minded aesthetic excuse for reading about a mean, sordid crime. Mr. Capote is a dramatist, but what he has put together here is a meticulous, long-winded, often tedious, always synthetic chronicle of a four-person killing and the torture that preceded it in a well-to-do Kansas farmhouse. The author spent years working up the elaborate transcripts of what the townsfolk, the police, and the murderers said; and I think his time would have been better spent had he exercised the freedom of a dramatist. The obligation to abide by his script results in a milk-and-water characterization of all the victims and in endless special pleading from the murderers. Before we swallow this sauce of a "new art form," let us remember William Bolitho's magnificent analysis of criminal behavior in his *Twelve Against the Gods*, and Rebecca West's terse and withering book *The Meaning of Treason*. Those two authorities were using the factual record just as scrupulously as Mr. Capote, but in the dramatic quality of their writing they made good where he does not.

Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

CHILDREN OF ALLAH (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $6.95) is AGNES NEWTON KEITH'S fourth effort to describe the encounter of an American woman with the underdeveloped regions of the world. Mrs. Keith was born in the United States but married a Canadian forestry expert whose duties have taken him for thirty years to live among primitive peoples. The Keiths' experiences in North Borneo supplied the data for *Land Below the Wind* and *White Man Returns*. *Bare Feet in the Palace* dealt with their life in the Philippines. The subject of *Children of Allah* is the newly created nation of Libya and its bleak desert territory.

Mrs. Keith's strength lies in the honesty and clarity of her perceptions. She writes not as an expert, but as a wife and mother, occupied with her household, husband, and children, sensible and kindhearted, but subject to the ordinary misfortunes of life. There is only this difference from any other American woman, that she happens to live in a strange country which she makes comprehensible because it is viewed through the eyes of a familiar kind of person. She writes simply, without condescension toward her subjects and with a determined effort to understand and sympathize with the people she encounters.

In a sense, the pattern of her reaction is recognizable. It derives in good part from the missionary impulse that in the past sent thousands of Americans on errands in the wilderness. Like them, Mrs. Keith is eager to help; she becomes "Mom" to the houseboy and doles out first aid to the neighbors. But unlike the missionary, she is relativistic in her point of view. She does not claim to possess a unique truth; nor does she sit in judgment upon the people or the society she encounters. She is willing to accept others on their own terms and thus escapes the trap of self-righteousness.

Mrs. Keith arrived in Libya in 1955, four years after that nation had been pulled into being from the three rather heterogeneous provinces of Tripoli, Cyrenaica, and the Fezzan. A newly created king had been installed, who ruled as religious chieftain as well as temporal monarch.

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The area, however, is rich in history. The Turks, Romans, and Greeks who were once its suzerains have all left their marks upon the countryside. The physical survivals of great cities still dot the landscape. Some of Mrs. Keith's most vivid pages describe the settings and the historic background of these ancient monuments.

Nevertheless, her chief concern is with people. The diverse population of Libya consists of Arabs, Berbers, and Africans, as well as a residue of Europeans left over from the Italian occupation. The cultural and social differences among these elements give the country its unique character. Three important forces, on the other hand, unify Libya by the common problems they create. Mrs. Keith perceives and describes each of these carefully.

The most pervasive influence on the country is the desert, which for centuries has been edging toward the sea and which subjects the humans who live in it to unusual strains. Mrs. Keith was particularly concerned with desert life because it was her husband's task to plan the reforestation that might halt that advance of the waves of sand. Her vivid descriptions of the hardships of trips deep into the interior and her accounts of the life of the permanent residents of the oases are exciting and moving.

Islam is the second force that holds the new nation together. Mrs. Keith is not concerned with theology or the formal organization of worship. She focuses instead on the social impact of North African Mohammedanism. Her descriptions of the effect of the traditional faith upon women and upon family life are perceptive. The absolute seclusion of wives and daughters and the total authority of the male head of the family narrow the opportunity for the development of individual personality. Custom, habit, and inertia are oppressive and diminish the capacity of Libyan society to meet the challenges of the modern world.

Yet it will not be easy to shake off the fatalistic qualities of the established religion, even though their human cost is high. After the earthquake in Barce, for instance, fresh blood is flown in by the Americans, "but although it is badly needed it is refused by Libyan authorities because of the possibility that some

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Moved by the Holy Spirit, Christians of all faiths are making giant strides toward unity through a historic movement called Ecumenism. This involves, on the one hand, the deliberations of the apostolic Church for its own renewal — for the "opening of its own windows" — through the Vatican Council. It also involves the quest of all Christian faiths for the spiritual unity of Christ's followers through prayer, through dialogues, through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

The restoration of unity among all Christians is one of the principal concerns of the Vatican Council. For, as Pope Paul said, the division that exists "openly contradicts the will of Christ, scandalizes the world, and damages the holy cause of preaching the gospel to every creature." But in recent times, the Pope added, our Lord "has been rousing divided Christians to remorse over their divisions and to a longing for unity." Christians of all faiths, he said, are feeling the impulse of this grace and joining in the search for unity.

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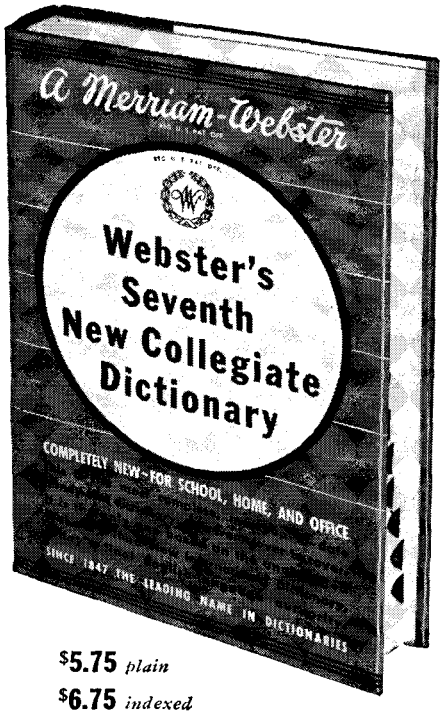

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may have come from Jewish donors."

Finally, the disruptive consequences of modernization have a unifying influence. Mrs. Keith considers this phenomenon primarily the outcome of the discovery of oil. But the shake-up of the traditional society, no doubt, is part of a larger process which is also transforming much of Asia and Africa in our times.

Modernization at first creates as many problems as it solves. The few women who have adopted Western ways and values are no happier than those who remain within the harem. Riots in the streets and the questioning of all authority are the outcome of changes which generate energies for the flow of which there are no acceptable channels. Corruption, a normal part of life in the old regime, becomes intolerable in the new.

The appropriate response to the problems of a poor and backward society is by no means simple. Libya has been the beneficiary of aid from the United Nations and its agencies as well as from the United States. But there can be no certainty about the beneficence of the results. Barce, for example, had only 10,000 inhabitants before its earthquake; the provision of emergency relief, however, elicited fully 20,000 names on the list of those receiving aid. Some perhaps belonged to nomads attracted to town by the lure of handouts; others no doubt were imaginary and existed only to fill the pockets of influential chieftains.

Nor does aid always win friends for those who extend it. Mrs. Keith is indignant to find that she and other Americans are consistently overcharged. The Libyan attitude seems to be: "Only two piastres each to the Italians who ground our noses in the dirt for years! But three piastres to the Americans who send us gift wheat!"

It is with reference to the problems of modernization that Mrs. Keith, like many other Americans, is uncertain about the proper standards and objectives. The missionaries of the nineteenth century had no doubt about what was right or wrong; consciousness of their own superiority shaped their attitudes. Mrs. Keith is more tolerant, more willing to accept the validity of other points of view, less anxious to impose her own standards on others. She knows, for example, that unrestrained population growth creates difficulties, yet she is unwilling to give birth control advice to women who request it but whose husbands disapprove. The tolerance is admirable. But will a modern state emerge in the desert unless someone is willing to shatter the crust of custom?

THREE NOVELS

INCUBUS by GIUSEPPE BERTO (Knopf, $6.95) is the fourth of this author's books to be translated into English. His earlier novels and collections of short stories attracted relatively little attention in the United States. *Incubus* deserves a larger audience than its predecessors. It is a genuine masterpiece.

The protagonist of the novel, approaching the age of sixty, looks back over the course of his life. His youth was spent in the fascist period. The tattered values inherited from his family were hardly relevant to the world in which he had to make his way; nor was the schooling which left him half-educated. He drifted into the army, where he acquired thoroughly hedonistic attitudes. Demobilized, he became a hack writer, turning out movie and TV scripts while toying with the three chapters of the unfinished novel that would bring him glory. Much of this part of the narrative is undoubtedly autobiographical.

When the hero is about forty, the death of his father precipitates an emotional crisis. Spiritually adrift, the man feels that he is guilty of something, although of what he is not sure. The need to identify the burden he bears raises the question of the purpose of his whole life.

At first, he considers the cause physical and launches upon a long effort to locate the disease, in the course of which he blunders into marriage and fatherhood. Then it becomes clear that the cause is not physical at all, and that awareness brings him to psychoanalysis. In the end, he withdraws into isolation, severs the ties with his family, and is content to work, as his father did, in a little garden, looking without desire at the unattainable golden oranges of Sicily across the straits. He has recognized the futility of struggle against his heritage.

The book is a successful effort to probe the individual consciousness. The hero, who never gives his name,

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seeks an awareness of himself, an understanding of his relationships with family, friends, and the outer world. The style is appropriate to the theme. The narrative is perfectly lucid, yet it pours out without conventional syntax or paragraph breaks in long sentences which reflect perfectly the stream of his consciousness while remaining miraculously readable. The writing sustains hilariously funny passages, such as the hero's first encounter with a brothel, and yet also reaches lyrical heights, as in expressing the adolescent's yearning for beauty or the old man's parting from his daughter. The translation by William Weaver is a tour de force, done in a subtle, colloquial English prose which nevertheless retains the flavor of the Italian original.

American readers of *Incubus* will be reminded of *Herzog* both in theme and style. Yet Berto's novel is far superior to Bellow's in its coherence and its control of detail. The amazingly successful use of shifting time perspectives is an illustration. The story is told by a man of about sixty; when he remembers his father's death some twenty years earlier, he also recalls that he then remembered his own boyhood, thirty years before that. The shifts are not only managed so skillfully that the reader is never confused, but they are also reflected in the writing, which moves without apparent break to the diction appropriate to each age.

There is a cinematographic quality to the book as a whole. The continuity of the narrative, the flow of the conversations, and the techniques of cutting and flashback reflect the experience of the scriptwriter. The nameless character and much of the subject matter show a close connection with the early Fellini of the *White Sheik*, De Sica, René Clair, and Chaplin. There are scenes in which the humor is so funny as to be literally painful — the hospitals, the rendezvous of husband and wife in a Tyrolean hotel, the miserable family hat shop, the boy cheated of his promised bicycle by his sensible parents, even the description of a father's cancer. As in the great movies, we laugh at those scenes to make the anguish of their truth tolerable.

Among modern novels, *Incubus* is most akin to *Ulysses*. Like Joyce, Berto has attempted to show modern

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man, in a process of self-discovery, learning to face his loneliness and his inability to communicate with others. There is one difference. *Ulysses* ends in a great paean of affirmation, *Incubus* in resignation. A half century of history separates the two works.

DAN JACOBSON'S THE BEGINNERS (Macmillan, $6.95) is a family chronicle written in a much more conventional mode. The novel belongs in the familiar genre of treatments of Jewish family life in which the elements of chief interest are the realistic descriptions of detail. The narrative focuses on South Africa, although it reaches back to Lithuania, from which the Glickmans migrated, and it follows the third generation to Israel and to England.

An occasional character stands out: Sarah as a young woman in her first encounters with the unfamiliar environment of the veld. There are moving incidents, such as the description of the anti-Semitism of the university. But the crowded pages lack coherence or narrative force, and the effect of the short episodic chapters becomes tedious well before the conclusion.

The father-son relationship appears in a Communist context in YURI BONDARYEV'S SILENCE (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), a novel of post-war Russia, translated by Elisaveta Fen. Bondaryev is a competent writer, able to invest his characters with interest. But his book is worth reading less for its literary merit than for the light it casts on current Soviet values.

The story concerns two young men who return from the war to Moscow, a city dominated by the spirit of Stalinism. Konstantin lacks principle and is therefore able to adjust to the environment of intrigue. But Serghéy is honest, and his convictions create difficulties. The secret police unjustly arrest his father for cosmopolitanism, and Serghéy himself is expelled from the Party and forced to give up his post in the Mining Institute. In the face of these injustices, silence is the prevailing attitude of the bystanders.

But from his father, an old Communist, Serghéy inherits the true faith. The young man does not lose hope, but moves to the frontier, where he accepts a lowly position in which he will assist in the upbuilding of his country. We leave him looking "at the iron pile-driver of the mine, at the steam-engine, the railway trucks, the houses." There is work to be done. "And at that moment he felt himself undefeated."

All the faults from which Serghéy suffered are due to Stalinism. The injustices are products not of the social or the political systems, but of the malevolent personality who happened to hold power. Furthermore, Bondaryev does not doubt that cosmopolitanism is a crime; he criticizes only the falsity of the accusation, for he writes entirely within a framework of Party-line assumptions.

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

In 1966, the United States still operates within the framework of a Constitution devised in 1787. A great industrial nation rules a population of almost 200 million by the terms of a document written almost two centuries ago in a sparsely settled rural society. However excellent the original frame of government, its success depended also upon a dynamic adaptation to changing conditions. The Constitution itself and the mechanism of adaptation are complementary aspects of the American political system.

CLINTON ROSSITER'S 1787 THE GRAND CONVENTION (Macmillan, $7.95) is a straightforward account of the process by which the Constitution was composed. Professor Rossiter is strongest in his description of the dominant personalities assembled in the Constitutional Convention. But there is also an adequate analysis of political theory and of the social and economic background.

Rossiter's interpretation emphasizes the quality of the elite group which wrote the Constitution. This was not a popular document but the product of a select gathering of distinguished and principled men.

The case is not quite that simple, however. The framers were not working in a vacuum, and they did not deal with abstractions. They had to devise a Constitution that would conform to the experiences of the people, who could either reject or accept it. And once adopted, the organization of government did not remain static. The ingenious electoral college for the choice of a President, described in detail, never operated as intended; and the Cabinet and political parties, to which no reference was made, quickly became pivotal institutions.

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It was not the genius of its authors that accounted for the success of the Constitution, but its flexibility. Its close relationship to the life of the people facilitated adjustments that kept the Constitution alive. The capacity for development is above all evident in the evolution of the presidency, which has changed radically in practice although without any alteration in the letter of the Constitution.

PRESIDENTIAL LEADERSHIP

JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS'S discussion of PRESIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95) provides the material for an interesting evaluation of recent developments. A knowledgeable political scientist, Professor Burns has examined the consequences of the tremendous expansion of presidential power in the past sixty-five years. His conclusion is optimistic. The presidency is at the peak of its prestige, and far from being a threat to democracy — as the Founding Fathers feared — it has become the major single institution sustaining it. No cult of personality has developed around the office despite its power; instead it has become "a bulwark of individual liberty, an agency of popular representation, and a magnet for political talent and leadership."

Professor Burns was, of course, writing in 1965; one wonders whether the prospect would have been as pleasing in 1955 or in 1925. Still, the failures of the past century have sprung from the inadequate rather than the excessive use of power. For the structure of our political institutions demands a President who is not an isolated charismatic individual, but a leader capable of harnessing a collective executive impulse toward the achievement of a national purpose. The men of 1787 could hardly have foreseen that.

WESTERN CHARACTER

RICHARD DILLON'S THE LEGEND OF GRIZZLY ADAMS (Coward-McCann, $5.00) is the well-told story of a mountain man who supplied an important ingredient in Western character. A Yankee who headed to California in the gold rush, Adams was a hunter and trapper who successfully puffed up his own reputation and established a profitable alliance with P. T. Barnum.

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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

When I went to school I was taught, as a matter of unquestionable fact, that while the Romans were inferior to the Greeks in most matters, they excelled in colonial administration, engineering, and the carving of individualistic portraits. It is a great satisfaction to discover, from a study of GISELA M. A. RICHTER'S PORTRAITS OF THE GREEKS (Phaidon, $75.00), that on the last point I was misinformed. Miss Richter's three-volume work amounts to an illustrated census of the surviving examples of Greek portraiture, which are, it must be admitted, for the most part in the form of copies found in Italy. The Romans had a convenient mania for decorating their houses and gardens with busts of famous Greeks, and reproducing these from Greek originals must have been a lively and profitable trade. Lest it be thought that this makes the pieces Roman, Miss Richter points out that devices for the accurate reproduction of sculpture were in use by the first century B.C., that portraits of the same individual bear a strong resemblance to each other, and that it is therefore reasonable to assume they were made with a high degree of fidelity to a Greek original. The enormous number of illustrations in the book demonstrates that Greek portraiture, while never as idiosyncratic as Roman (presumably no Greek would have tolerated the wart on Cromwell's nose), achieved quite as vivid a re-creation of character. Even the necessarily imaginative heads of such long-gone worthies as Homer and Hesiod have a quality of personal, specific life. Aside from the quantity of information it contains, the book is valuable because it assembles in one spot works which, scattered as they are in museums strewn over two continents, are ordinarily seen in isolation from each other.

UNDER FIVE SHAHS (Morrow, $7.95) is the autobiography of General HASSAN ARFA, a progressive-conservative monarchist (if there can be such a thing) whose long military and diplomatic career encompasses the whole history of modern Iran. As history, particularly of Iran's wartime tightrope walk between Axis and Allies, the book is dense with detail. It is also peppered with items like General Arfa's recollection of the time he was sent, evidently about age fifteen and an unsatisfactory student, "to stay with a schoolmaster who was a strict disciplinarian. However, after a few weeks I eloped with the professor's wife. . . ."

During the years he lived in Santa Fe, OLIVER LA FARGE wrote, among other things, a weekly column for the *New Mexican*. Extracts from these columns have been assembled and edited by Winfield Townley Scott under the title of THE MAN WITH THE CALABASH PIPE (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95). The pipe man was an invention, a huffy intellectual with a nonrunning car and a great deal to say against La Farge's campaigns to arouse proper respect for Indians, preserve Santa Fe's old buildings, suppress billboards and Texans, and fill up potholes in the main street. The column's other character was a Hopi gentleman called the Horned Husband Katchina Chief, whose opinions are beyond summary. They must be read, but not in the presence of people who object to loud laughter.

JANINA DAVID'S A SQUARE OF SKY (Norton, $4.50) is the memoir of a childhood spent largely in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. It is well written, but suffers from the fact that the horrors of life in the Warsaw ghetto have been told, written, filmed, dramatized, and melodramatized until there is simply nothing new to be said of them. Nevertheless, Miss David's book is worth attention, for she has the gift of arousing interest in the people she describes, and her life before the outbreak of the war involved a number of odd and amusing episodes.

The outbreak of that same war found NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS in England, trying to figure out how the tight-mouthed, businesslike islanders could ever have produced a Shakespeare. Kazantzakis' travel books are all brilliant and highly subjective, but in ENGLAND (Simon and Schuster, $5.00), the crisis in which he was caught up led him to observations of a more practical nature than usual. The result is a fascinating and still relevant description of the country and the people.

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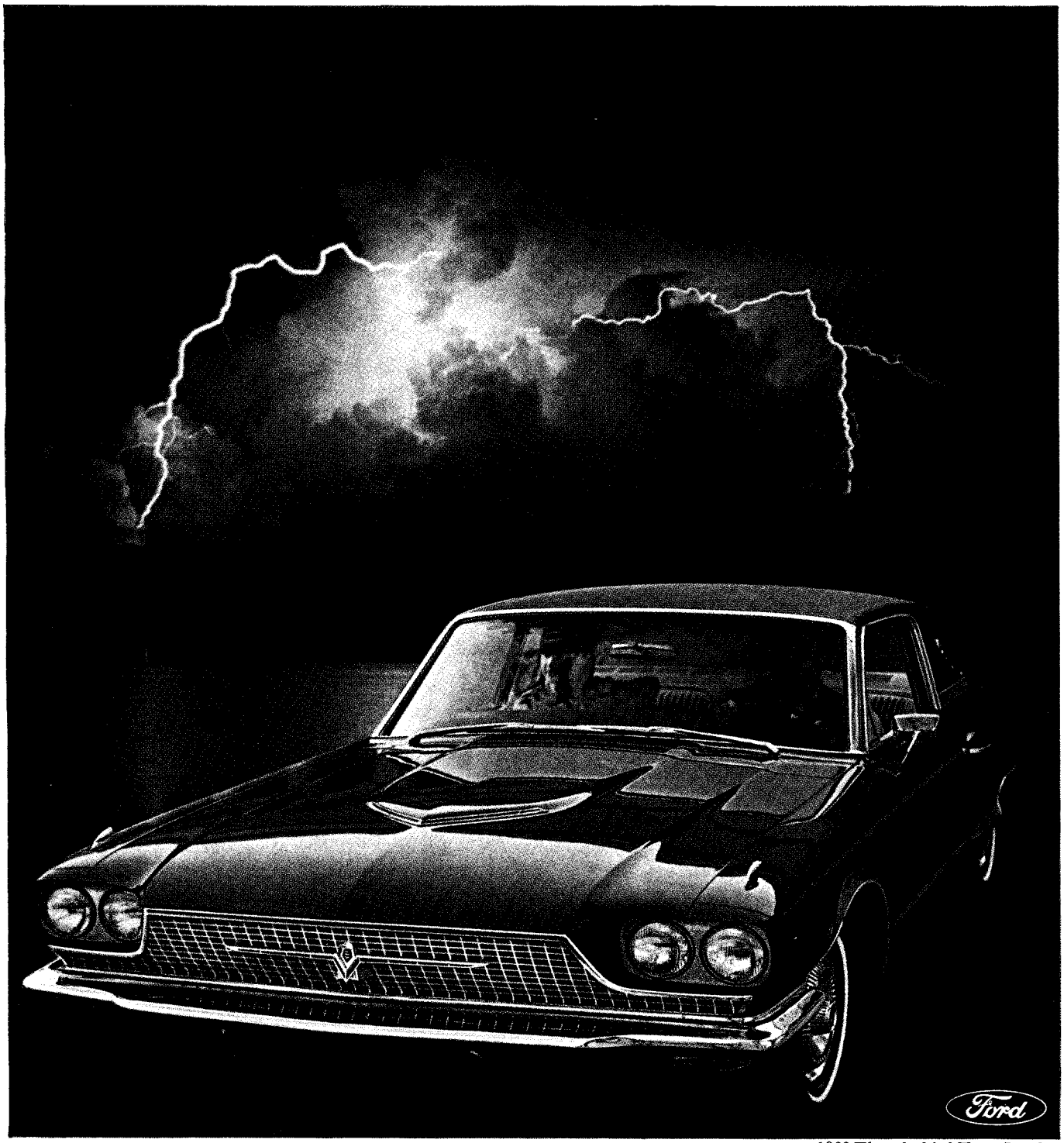

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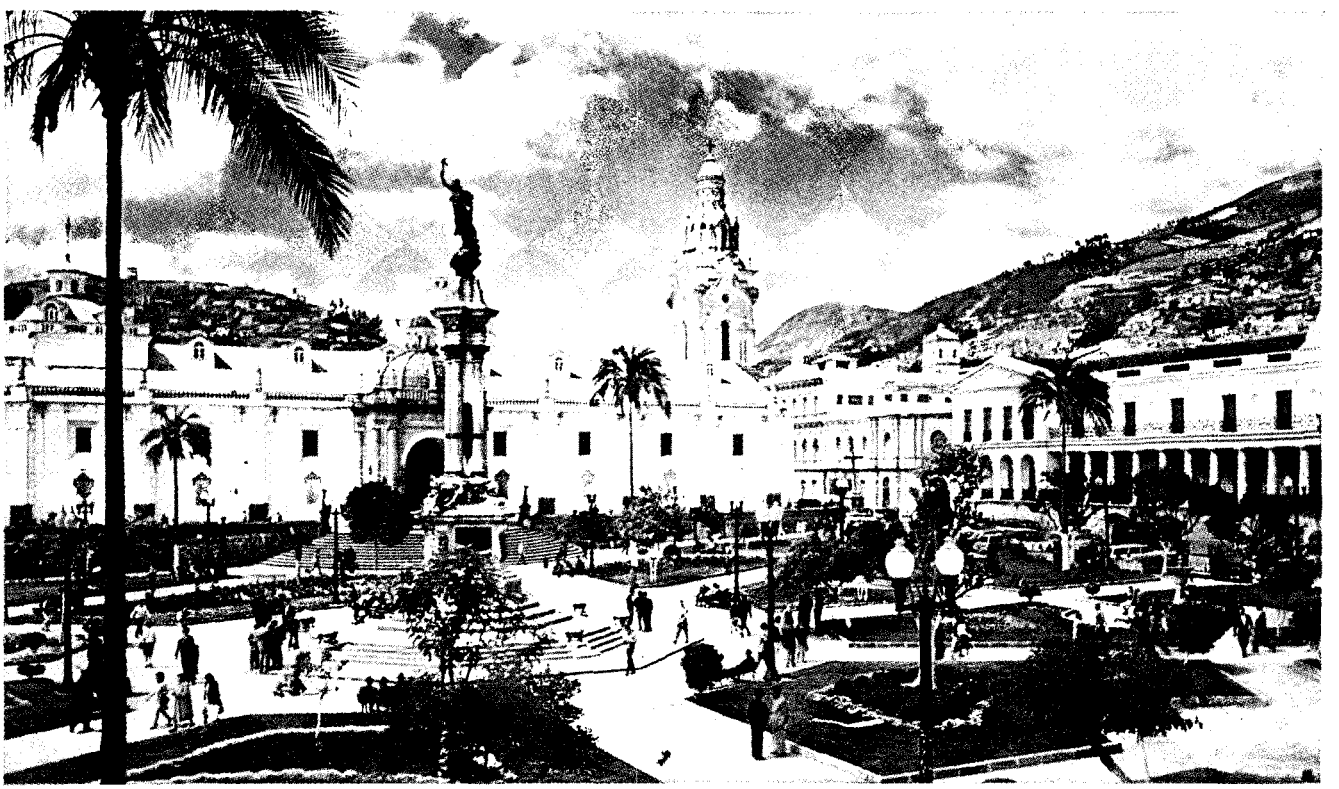

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On an ordinary Caribbean cruise you visit the Caribbean. On a Casual cruise aboard Grace Line's new *Santa Magdalena, Santa Mariana, Santa Maria* and *Santa Mercedes* you visit the Caribbean, sail through the Panama Canal, cross the equator and cruise the Pacific Coast of South America to Peru. All in 26 days. It's a unique opportunity to stroll the streets of Quito, loll the beach at Playas, admire ancient Inca art. And get a Caribbean sun tan.

The new "Santas" are as unusual as their itinerary. Each is 20,000 tons, yet caters to just 117 passengers. Naturally, with "living room" like that, everything is First Class. Every stateroom has individually controlled air conditioning and a private bathroom. Patio Decks overlook a tiled outdoor pool; the ship-top dining room overlooks the Caribbean, the Canal and the Pacific.

A sailing from the Port of New York every Saturday. See a Travel Agent. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Sq., Digby 4-6000 or 628 Fifth Ave. (Rockefeller Center), New York, Circle 7-3684. Agents and offices in principal cities.

Grace Line also has 13-day luxury cruises to the Caribbean, 24 to 26-day voyages to the Caribbean, and 40-day voyages to Chile. Ask about them.

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